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MUSICAL ESSAYS

IN

ART, CULTURE, EDUCATION

SELECTED AND REPRINTED FROM

"THE ETUDE," 1892-1902

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PREFACE.

For a number of years requests have been sent to the publisher of THE ETUDE for a certain issue containing an article on some special subject, requests that could not be complied with on account of not having such back numbers. We have therefore made a selection of the most valuable articles published in THE ETUDE during the past ten years and have put them in a permanent form, so that they may continue to convey the stimulus, the help, the knowledge they gave to their original readers.

The title, "Musical Essays in Art, Culture, Education," well indicates the scope of the collection. Each essay will fall under one or the other of the three heads. The subject-index, although not exhaustive, gives the general topic under which each article should be classified. It must be remembered, however, that practically every article touches upon more than one subject. In looking up the contents of the work on some special subject, it will be well to read the articles noted under cognate topics.

With the hope that the teachings of these essays, which are as fresh and apt to-day as when first written, may have a wide circle of appreciation and help the seeker after musical knowledge, the volume is offered to the musical world.

EDITOR OF "THE ETUDE."

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Musical Essays

IN

Art, Culture, Education

AVOIDANCE OF THE COMMONPLACE.

BY FRANK H. TUBBS.

In what a whirl of activity, leading to advancement, this whole world of ours is! Pass over the great inventions in connection with lighting, traveling, and telephoning for now, and note the changes in less talked-about things. The florist passes us chrysanthemums so much larger and more beautiful than were known ten years ago that we open our eyes in astonishment. His pinks and roses have made us lose our reckoning. Our gardener presents for our table luscious berries and fruit; the clothier and dressmaker show us, every year, a dazzling array of new raiment; we decorate our houses with wall-paper and other ornaments which would certainly surprise the last generation could it look around now. Evolution is working out her inexorable law in all things. We don't want, and we will not have, last year's goods or inferior fruit and small flowers. Everything must be new, the best, and latest. Where this is leading us startles our thought. That we see in it marks of the progressive race is a duty. None the less is it demanded of us to use advancement. There has been, and always will be, "survival of the fittest." Only through selection can progress be. Nothing possessing life is exempt from this law.

The music teacher holds a relation to his fellow-man which possesses significant peculiarity. He is especially prone to fall into routine. It may be only individual opinion, and perhaps that of no worth, that one reason why the musician is held in a degree of estimation "a little lower than the angels" (to put it mildly), is because he fails to keep abreast of the times and seems odd and "out of style." Let us see how the musician is situated in relation to progress. Delightfully, in relation to his own comfort. Sure of income, pleasant surroundings, loving friends, facility for seeing life, what more needs he? These very delights have their nullifying influence. The teacher surrounds himself with a group of admiring friends. His pupils, of course, love him; his church where he plays or sings knows he is the best in town and makes a pet of him; the dear public says he is the sweetest performer ever heard every time he appears, and even the newspaper critic praises him! What situation more delightful could any man wish? But this very situation would make any man contented, conceited, and commonplace. It would make a Hercules effeminate and a Shakspere dull. Small wonder is it that the music teacher who once ruled the town, now that old age has come, is a back number. The remedy and preventive of certain decadence is mental and physical activity.

Again, glance into the musician's studio. His shelves are loaded with music and music books. They form a feast. Hour after hour he pores over their contents, and many more hours does he use in necessary technical practice which enables him to dexterously extract musical pabulum. Very delightful is such feasting, but can we not recall how thoroughly oblivious we are to all the world after partaking a hearty dinner? The musician is feasted to satiety over and over again, and is as unprepared to fill a place in the rapidly-moving procession of life as is he who, from good living, has rolled under the table. Some one begs, "Don't spoil my feast!" No, no! But some time when younger blood drives you to hunt for the crusts, you will wish some one had uttered a warning.

Were it possible to concentrate rules of life into single sentences, one which it would be very well to post upon our walls to be consulted as often as every six months, between the ages of twenty and sixty, would be: "The musician's life has three periods:—imitative, tentative, and originating. In which am I?" Test with this any branch in which we engage, recognizing it as a fact that progress depends upon moving on those lines, and little danger exists of being entirely away from the line of advancement, and never "under the table." We may fully realize that the nature of the music teacher's work leads him into routine which to many becomes monotony, yet we may use the office of music teacher without being once in a rut.

Probably more young teachers have had the first promptings of ambition crushed by sensitiveness to popular opinion, than from any other cause. What other teachers will say, what the newspapers will print, and the feeling of distrust of self which belongs to modesty, are potent factors in causing stagnation. It is not for us to say now, "Don't mind what anyone says, and have confidence in yourself," for that has been said a thousand times. Rather, go about filling your office, to which you have been Divinely called or you do not belong in it, as if you were the only musician within thousands of miles, and as if the newspapers were owned in your own family. If distrust in self is honest, learn, learn! One who wants to learn, can do so in some way. At any rate, realize that your true self is a spirit which can rise above every untoward surrounding and enable you to keep in your place in the line of progress in the rapidly-moving world. The musician is not one whit behind the foremost of men. More than that, he is endowed with a nature far more rich in appreciation of beauty, goodness, and truth, than are most men. To be a musician requires that one should be so endowed. With this nature the musician should head the procession, and not so conduct himself as a class that he could be quoted as evidence of degeneration. We need arousing in order to understand our birthright and heritage.

Do not understand that the feast of music which the music student can have all by himself in the studio should be entirely avoided. A musician *must* study. There is a world of study open to him and he must go far into it if he would hold his proper place in the coming generation. The idea that one can have too much knowledge is absurd, although a prominent minister recently used ten minutes of good sermon-time talking on his first statement, which was, "The world is education-mad; the misfortune of youth is its desire for knowledge." No, get knowledge, get understanding, but do not shut yourself in the room and doze over music—go to sleep over it—get more than full of it. That is music dissipa-

tion, and is just as harmful as any other form of dissipation.

Some form of music-study must ever be followed, but systematize the study. More thought can be given the scientific side. Why, it is astonishing how little is known of the science of music. Even that which we thought Helmholtz, Spencer, and Thompson had settled for us we learn is wrong, and we must go to the foundation of musical science again. When anyone does clear the mysteries it will be found, in my opinion, that music has for its underlying principle the very fundamentals which control the revolution of the earth and all other bodies of the universe. It would be well worth devoting lives to research in scientific music. Could a young man just from college and scientific school, provided he had musical tastes and talent, be given his support so his mind would be free from the necessity of making his living, be given a laboratory fully supplied with the instruments and implements needed for experiments and research, and allowed twenty years in which to study before giving forth anything, I believe that when he did report what he had learned he would revolutionize the music of the world. It is quite probable that all present means of musical expression (except perhaps the violin and voice) would be abandoned. Some line of such research might be followed by every musician without danger of falling into laxness. In fact it would be so unusual as to form contrast with the ordinary music study. Every one needs some interest which may run parallel with his professional thought, to which he may turn his mind for avoidance of monotony. If one has taste for botany and horticulture, no field furnishes more delightful study. How the florist gets his chrysanthemums, pinks, and roses, and to grow them himself gives a line of parallel consideration. More than that, the business side of professional life can be helped by such outside interest because it attracts to us people whom we would not otherwise reach. Many of them will be drawn into music as time goes on, and their lives will be helped thereby.

If it is true that the musician profits by outside consideration, men in other walks of life need music as their side issue. Study of horticulture leads one very close to Nature with her inexhaustible wealth. The mountains, the sea, the wooded ravine—each has its world of life in birds, shells, ores, ferns, plants, and stones. To be sure we are taken away from the studio for a time, but we return better fitted to supply the bread of musical life to our flock. Then there are lines of art (artificial or man-made fields) which ought to be explored by musicians, and to round out his educational life he must enter them. What a world of its own literature has! Closely allied to music is it for it is a means of man's emotional expression. So few of us know more of literature than what we get from reading a few standard volumes and keeping up with modern novels, even then reading only popular books that we may appear learned to those who know less than we. The most superficial glance into a volume of Chambers' Cyclopedia, with its brief extracts from good authors shows us what a regular and systematic course of reading, covering five or ten years, might give us. What refining influence! What gems added to our mutual casket! Locke, Gibbon, Butler, and Johnson would become more than a name. We are content to know a Hawthorne, Dickens, or Trollope, and consider ourselves quite literary if Bacon, Kingsley, and Browning are among our literary acquaintances. One steps only to the line of truth, and not across it, when he asserts that a musician is not yet capable of expression who knows nothing of literature, and a teacher knows not how to instruct without he possesses the knowledge of blending the kindred arts—poetic literature and music.

These channels of outside study are only a few of the many which could be named. Painting, sculpture, and engraving are arts, each possessing the element of all arts—expression of emotion. In that, music touches all arts. Then the sciences—the thoughtful reader needs no further hint. Only one special science will be suggested. Metaphysics, that science which has engaged during our generation the greatest intellects, is but now showing her rich treasures. Who but feels the need of mental influence in the studio, and where can one find more practical aid to every-day work than in that science which deals with mind?

But close the studio for a few weeks. Let us get away from the usual routine entirely. The most complete method of prevention of the commonplace is to keep our minds bright by rubbing against greater minds. They may be within our own profession or outside it. All professions have their annual or quarterly gatherings for comparison, instruction, and inspiration. We have ours—a few of them. They are good, provided one does not sit through the session merely as a stupid absorbant, which, unhappily, is much the attitude of most musicians who form the audiences at music teachers' associations meetings. But we will let that class of gatherings go for now, and take a longer trip. Escape to the seaboard, take an ocean steamer, and go to Europe for the summer. "Oh, my, that is a great way to escape the commonplace, but will it serve, can I find time for it, and I never could afford it!" exclaim many. The quotation is made to serve as topics for three short paragraphs.

No man realizes how small he is until he compares himself with others. A man, great in his small town, becomes insignificant in a large city. A music teacher in any small town, though he may seem a giant to those around him, is small indeed when placed beside the average music teacher of London or Paris. In these large cities no man can live, or get a living, who is small. There they come into contact with active business which develops all there is in them. They are obliged to look after the interests of students who seek professional engagements; they are instructors of the ablest students; they receive the choicest—the selected students—from all small cities and towns of the world; they entertain brilliant people; they examine a large collection of choice music; by their study and contact every cell of thought creation is made active. Mingling with such men, even for a few weeks, will do more to make a stagnated or locally-adored musician realize his insignificance and his duty toward himself than will a year of ordinary music study. One absorbs

from such European teachers in a summer's vacation the result of their growth of years. To value at a price the stimulation and instruction to be had from such teachers is impossible. That one gets more business because he has been to Europe counts little in estimating the real value. The unmeasured good, mental growth, broader conceptions, surer teaching,—those things which the man himself feels that he has obtained and which make him certain that he is nobler and greater in the sight of God and man, are the real benefits which come from the trip to other shores. Who can say that this can be had otherwise than by associating with men of great minds? Thus will one be able to escape the commonplace. Why, on a large ocean steamer one comes into such close contact day after day with his fellow-passengers, many of whom are the most active in the various business circles of the country, that the ocean voyage alone, as a means of mental stimulus, is worth the trouble and cost.

Finding time for a European trip leads to the simple remark that no man can teach music twelve months every year for a series of years and be a good teacher. He becomes drained. The housekeeper cannot take daily helpings from the flour barrel without needing a new barrel of flour after a time. A teacher cannot give his life day by day, without renewing that life at some fountain. To be sure he can learn new music and even devise new ways of obtaining technical results, but he who teaches music only, is a poor teacher. The best teachers lead, shape, and round the very lives of their pupils. New life must come at some time during the year. "How do I transact so much business?" answered a noted judge; "Because my year is only ten months long." Even nine months are as long as a real live music teacher ought to work in any one year. The clergyman and schoolmaster need their long vacation, and church and town council recognize the need. Neither, as a class, works so hard or with so excessive use of brain- and nerve-force as the active music teacher.

That question of cost must enter consideration of all plans. Perhaps an annual trip would take too much money, but suppose trips are biennial or triennial. A little saved from the income of two or three years will pay for the trip. The expense is not necessarily very great. Two months need not cost, aside from lessons, the frequency of which can be regulated by the amount of surplus, more than a hundred and sixty or eighty dollars, and most of us use half that sum or more every year at vacation time and get but a small fraction of the good that a trip to Europe gives. The best endorsement of this means of securing activity is given by those who, having once been to Europe, go again and again, and this class is very large.

Above all things, give up the idea that teachers' activity can come from nervous enthusiasm. So many try to make good impression in this way, not knowing that no great good comes to a man from within himself. He must be clothed upon from without. Get out from self into higher circles, into lofty mental altitudes, and absorb life from them. Pour that out on the return to labor, but again charge the receiver. Every new year makes a step toward the perfect day, and while that day may not be reached because life ends, it is a glorious and soul-satisfying journey marked by comely annual milestones.

IS MARRIAGE INIMICAL TO MUSIC? IF SO, WHY?

BY EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

It has been a common experience with teachers that matrimony puts a quietus upon the musical ambition and development of even the most promising lady pupils. In nine cases out of ten the piano is dropped like an old worn-out toy at the first mention of the trousseau, and is never seriously taken up again after marriage, unless it may be years later, with a view to teaching its exasperating and useless complexities to an unwilling daughter, who will play with it laboriously for a little time, and then drop it just as her mother did. Why is this? Is music a mere amusement which perhaps even failed to amuse, and is therefore laid aside at the advent of the serious interests of life? Was it a mere perfunctory part of the boarding-school education, taken with a wry face, like the zoology, the Latin, or the chapel exercises, as necessary evils imposed by the curriculum, and escaped from gladly the moment the diploma is obtained? Or was it, alas, as many would have us believe, only one more of the incident pleasures of girlhood reluctantly sacrificed to the relentless Juggernaut of necessity, when wifehood and motherhood, the cares of the home and family, came to engross the attention, the thought, time, and strength, and make weary with household drudgery the fair hands that once made merry with the ivory keys.

In many instances, no doubt, this last is too nearly a correct statement of the case; for to keep up,—to say nothing of increasing any degree of proficiency in music—requires some leisure, some reserve of unexhausted vitality, some freedom of mind and heart; and I do not know, in all the world's annals, of a slavery more mercilessly tyrannical, more cruel and unrelieved, more crushing alike to physical and mental well-being, than that so patiently endured all about us by delicate young women of taste, refinement, and intellectual aspirations, handicapped by several small children and restricted means. Truly, in their case maternity means martyrdom. Still, with the majority, time is found for many things outside the home; for church work and club work; for the reading of many good books and periodicals; and for innumerable calls for the inanities of society; and worst of all, for that most useless, most valueless, most senseless of all amusements—card playing.

But music, in which they have spent so much time, money, and effort, is left neglected on the shelf, with the dolls, the childhood puzzles and other obsolete pastimes. Of course there are some praiseworthy exceptions; some in middle life and even older, who in spite of the calls of home and nursery, in spite of the calls of society, and that insatiable little tyrant, the needle, in spite of the open in-

difference, not to say ridicule of husband and friends, still preserve their interest and enthusiasm for music, and fly to it often for rest and refreshment, as to the green oasis in the desert of commonplace. But these are comparatively few. I am speaking of the mass, and I ask why is it? and the question is one which is frequently raised by all thoughtful minds in the musical profession.

The answer is not far to seek. In my opinion it is very largely, if not exclusively, because music has been regarded and studied, and even taught as an accomplishment, not as an art. Therein lies an antipodal and fatefully pregnant difference. Let me make it clear. An art is a vehicle of expression for the noblest thoughts and purest emotions, bringing them to us in the most attractive and easily assimilated form, so that we may, if we will, make them a part of our own lives. An art is a subtle medium through which we may come into direct contact with the grandest souls of earth in all ages, and that upon their most elevated plane, and by it we can lift our own standards and ideals by comparison and companionship. An art is a means of culture,—that is, of becoming acquainted with the best that has been thought and said and written, in all lands and times, by the most gifted of humanity. The pleasure and benefit that is derived from it is wholly impersonal and unselfish, therefor of the most worthy and enduring kind. An accomplishment, on the other hand, is merely a superficial, and for the most part mechanical acquisition. It touches only the surface of our being,—is only skin deep. In fact, hardly that, for it rarely reaches below the outer cuticle to the sentient nerves, except in that particular spot where phrenologists tell us the bump of self-love is located. It is wholly and selfishly personal, the mere means of display, of gratifying our vanity, or exciting the envy of our neighbors. At the best, it is only a more refined sort of bait for the other sex,—a match-making accessory, put on like jewels and fine clothes by many young ladies, and for the same purpose; namely, to attract the eyes of the young men who are, like themselves, instinctively, though unconsciously, seeking a mate. Such girls you will notice, and their name is legion, never speak of music in the abstract, but always as *their* music, meaning such small portions of the art, or rather accomplishment, as they have been able to appropriate and utilize for *their* personal ends; just as they speak of *their* French, designating thereby not the French language as a means of becoming acquainted with the thoughts, sentiments, and discoveries of a brilliant nation, but a few show phrases which they can display to their own advantage on special occasions. ill understood perhaps, and worse pronounced, but kept always ready to hand, safely corralled, like so many pet lambs, within the sheltering pale of the possessive case.

To show how woefully music as a personal accomplishment preponderates over music as an art in America, you have only to select at random from any town 100 piano students, and note how few of them really care to hear a piano played by anyone but themselves. They are spending time, money, and labor to learn to play a few pieces on the piano indifferently well. Yet there is scarcely ten per cent. of them who will cross the street to hear the best pianoforte programme that can be given by the best professional artist, thus showing conclusively that it is not music, but *their* music, which interests them; that their real motive is vanity or hope of gain, not love of art.

In the small minority, however, the pitiful ten per cent., you will find the real talent, the true ambition, and above all the genuine intelligence and taste. Students whose interest is sincere and enduring, whose ideas are high and aspirations worthy,—it is they who must be encouraged, aided, stimulated. It is upon them we must depend in large measure for the little leaven that is to leaven the whole lot; for the slow but steady improvement in the musical conditions and atmosphere of our country, for which we ardently hope, and which is actually coming, as some of us can attest, though at a rate which tries our patience. Courage then, brothers in arms! The signs of the times are full of promise. The right spirit is abroad in the land. A truer, deeper interest in our art, for her own sweet sake, stirs on the verge of awakening.

The hundreds of musical clubs forming all over the country for the serious study of the art, numbering now hundreds, with their comprehensive scope and their admirable system of work, are at once favorable symptoms and powerful influences in the right direction. Success to their efforts!

But after all, it is with the musical profession, especially with the thousands of obscure teachers in small towns and isolated schools, that rests the heaviest and most thankless part of the task of regeneration. An uphill fight year after year, with little hope of reward and less glory, against interference, prejudice, ignorance, and frivolity; a tireless, heroic, self-sacrificing battle for an ideal. With them are my strongest sympathies. I meet them by the score every season. I know their silent, patient work, their uncomplaining devotion to the cause. To them I say again "Courage! stand to your posts yet a while longer. A better day is surely dawning. Strive to teach your pupils the art of music, not simply the technic of the piano. Appeal to their intelligence, their imagination. Awaken their love for the beautiful and expressive, rather than an admiration for the difficult. Use literature as an ally, poetry as an auxiliary. They are more familiar and better understood by our people than music, and may open the doors of heart and brain, where music alone would fail."

We claim that music is an art. Most of our countrymen deny it practically by their actions, if not openly and avowedly by speech. It lies with us to prove our position. If it be truly an art, it must do what other arts do. It must cheer and develop the artistic nature, not simply the joints of the fingers. It must win for itself a cherished place in the inner life—the heart and soul-life—of our young people,—a place so deep, so vital, so enduring, that their interest in it will not wither and die with the orange blossoms of the wedding feast. Then it will hold its own, side by side with the best literature, as one of the most lasting and most valued treasures of mature life, as one of the most essential factors of our modern civilization.

THE SECRET OF MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

BY HENRY T. FINCK.

WITH the exception, perhaps, of some Australians, the African Bushmen are considered the lowest of human tribes. Their language is said to resemble the chattering of monkeys; they dwell in caves and live on roots, reptiles, and insects. They have no idea of the distinction between girl, maiden, and wife, and they live in isolated families, uniting socially only for defense against an enemy or robbery of their neighbors. Yet Burchell, who knew them well, wrote:

"Music softened all their passions, and thus they lulled themselves into that mild and tranquil state in which no evil thoughts approach the mind. The soft and delicate voices of the girls, instinctively accordant to those of the women and the men, the gentle clapping of the hands, the rattles of the dancers, and the mellow sound of the water-drum, all harmoniously attuned and keeping time together, the peaceful happy countenances of the party, and the cheerful light of the fire—were circumstances so combined and fitted to produce the most soothing effects on the senses, that I sat as if the hut had been my home, and felt as though I had been one of them."

In speaking of the phalanx dance of Mazamboni's warriors in East Africa, Stanley says: "There are solos and duets, but there must always be a chorus, the grander the better, and when the men, women, and children lift their voices high above the drums and the chatter and murmur of the crowd, I must confess to having enjoyed it immensely." Bonwick says that, "previous to their wars with Whites the Tasmanians indulged in songs which pleased Europeans as well as themselves;" and "eye-witnesses," says Wallaschek, "tell of examples when the deepest emotion was aroused by their national songs; tears were shed until the passionate excitement became almost tumultuous."

The books of travelers are full of such examples, showing how passionately primitive races, whom we call savages, are devoted to their music *for its own sake*. We know, too, that the ancient Hindus, Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, and Chinese were so devoted to music that they said it was an art which the gods themselves invented, and attributed to it all sorts of healing and miraculous powers. They had music in their temples, at funerals, weddings, and all social gatherings. Shepherds played the Pan's pipes, mothers sang lullabies, and everywhere there was music in the air. To the present day the peasants of Europe, however unpolished and ignorant they may be otherwise, sing their pretty folk-songs, and *sing them with expression*.

Some years ago, after an attack of typhoid fever, I followed my doctor's advice and spent a few weeks on the borders of the Italian lakes. One evening, at Locarno, I took a walk along the shore of Lago Maggiore with the chief forester of Switzerland, who had been in the hospital with me. Presently, from a parapet above us, came the sound of a voice angelic in sweetness, singing with charming expression an artless folk-song. We stood spellbound, and listened for half an hour to this unpremeditated solo. We had both heard Patti, but agreed that Patti never sang with such genuine feeling. Our curiosity was aroused and we mounted the steps to see who the great artist might be. She proved to be a plain peasant woman, who blushed and looked uncomfortable when she found out that she had had other listeners besides the babe in the cradle by her side. An unhappy thought came into the forester's head. He offered the woman several francs if she would come down to our hotel and sing there for us. She blushed again and protested that she could not sing; but finally she was persuaded, and a few evenings later she appeared at the hotel and sang several pieces there. But, of course, she felt out of place and nervous, the audience frightened her, her voice trembled and lost its charm, and of expression there was not a trace. We were disappointed, but I was not surprised, because I knew that at the hotel she sang, not for love of music, but for money.

Does the shrewd reader guess that the moral of my tale is that if you sing or play for money, you cannot sing or play with expression? If he does, he guesses wrongly. Paderewski plays for money,—for a great deal of money: he has played for as much as $7000 in one evening,—and yet he plays with the most exquisite expression! What, then, is the difference between him and the numberless pianists who do not play with expression? The difference is that he has not only mastered his art but loves it. He plays for a public which pays him money, simply because money is a necessary thing, and because artists always like luxury. But, depend upon it, Paderewski would much, very much rather play for himself alone, or for a small circle of silent friends, than for a public of 5000 frantic applauders.

Every music teacher, I believe, will agree with me when I say that nine-tenths of his pupils come to him not because they love music and want to be initiated into its mysteries and beauties for their own sake, but because they wish to become teachers of others, or else because they want to learn singing or playing as an accomplishment. In other words, they want to study music as a profession or as a means of amusing or dazzling *others*. Such pupils will never learn to play with expression because they do not love music for its own sake, but only as a means to gratify their vanity. A few winters ago a friend of mine invited me to his house one evening. Among the guests was a young girl who had spent several years in Germany studying the piano, and who wanted to make her début (with dreams of a brilliant career as concert-pianist) in New York. She begged my permission to play something for me, and without explanation or apology, sat down and —would you believe it? played through a whole long concerto, the solo part alone, without accompaniment! Her one idea was to impress me with her "accomplishment," but the only thing she did impress on me was that she was nothing but a bundle of vanity and ambition. She played in public and was, of course, a dismal failure, for the public has a keen scent and easily distinguishes between vanity and love of music.

It is one of the paradoxes of music that while from one

point of view it is the most social of arts, since it unites many performers and listeners in a common object and emotion, from another point of view it is the most unsocial of arts. I have just intimated that to hear Paderewski at his best you must hear him when he is alone or with a very few friends. And in general it may be said that the more genuinely musical you are, the more you will abjure vanity, hate publicity, and long for solitude and a chance to sing or play for yourself and for art's sake alone, not for pay and applause. And here is the point where extremes meet. The African and Australian savages and the European peasants referred to above, sing with expression because they love their song for its own sake and indulge in it for their own pleasure, not with a view to making others think how clever and "accomplished" they are. If you transferred them to our concert halls, their unconscious desire to please themselves would be converted into a conscious effort to impress others, and the result would be that the expression and spontaneous fervor, which give a charm even to the wildest music of primitive men, would be lost, and their performance would be as dull and stupid as most of our orchestral entertainments, at which the players are obviously inspired by only two ideas—the desire to do their work for a maximum of money and a minimum of rehearsing, and to get to their beer as soon as possible.

I confess that, after being a musical critic for sixteen years, I am deathly tired of concerts and operas, and recitals of all descriptions. I long more and more for *expression*, but never get it unless a great leader like Seidl conducts, or a great pianist like Paderewski plays. I long to go among savages and hear them sing their thrilling war songs or listen to their impassioned drum solos. I hate these conservatory pianists with their finicky "touch" and "methods" and "pearling scales," and technical abominations; I detest those singers of the "Italian school" whose one idea is to sing notes loud, high, and shrill, that will be sure to arouse "thunders of applause." I often come home from a long piano recital so hungry for real music that I have to sit down at my Steinway and play a Chopin prelude to appease the craving; or I come home from a symphony concert so starved for orchestral expression that I have to sit down and play a piece on my Æolian, which, I say it in all seriousness, can be played with infinitely more expression than one hears at a majority of concerts by professional "artists."

Teachers are largely to blame for this state of affairs. Instead of recognizing that a simple folk-song or Bach choral played with expression is infinitely higher art than a Beethoven or Chopin concerto played with perfect "method" and execution but without soul, they aim at making a concert-pianist of every pupil. They make technic the one thing to be worked for, leaving expression for the "finishing touches;" and when the pupil has wasted several years on mere technic, he has got into the habit of devoting all his attention to that, and fancying expression to be a mere fad of amateurs. In a word, these pedagogues teach music as our college professors teach Latin and Greek. Because they, being professional philologists, are interested in minute questions of grammar, they compel the poor students to waste all *their* time on trifling details of philological erudition, while the *expression* of the classical authors, their literary charm and splendid ideas, are entirely ignored; and when the students get through with these tormentors, they never again look at a Greek or Latin book. Is this the reason why so many pupils give up their music as soon as their parents do not compel them any longer to continue their lessons?

What, then, is the secret of musical expression? It is to learn and perform music *con amore*, for the love of it, and not for the sake of technic, or money, or applause. Paderewski is much more unhappy if, at a concert, he fails to please himself, than if the public fails to applaud him. Unless you feel like Paderewski on that point, for mercy's sake drop music at once, for you will be a miserable failure. You will simply torture yourself, your neighbors, the public, the critics; and the critics, as you doubtless know, are like rattlers, which bite venomously when they are foolishly disturbed and irritated.

FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF DIN.

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

SOME years ago, when compelled to live in the heart of New York, I was made miserable by the din that seems to be part of the life in all large cities, and for a time I seriously considered the organization of a Society for the Suppression of Noise. Among those whom I had thought of as possible and even probable members of such a society were, first of all, music teachers. My argument was simple enough. If I, as a newspaper critic, compelled to listen to music, most of it pretty good and some of it admirable, for several hours daily, was thereby rendered peculiarly sensitive to discords and noises, surely the average music teacher, compelled to listen to music, most of it pretty bad, six or eight hours a day, must find noise one of the trials of life. It happens, however, that beyond writing a few articles in favor of such a society, the project was given up. No one offered to help.

We have societies for the suppression of vice, of "treating," of "tipping," of cruelty to animals and children, and of other evils; but no one came forward with an endowment for the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise. Nevertheless, I am still convinced that here is a field for mission work upon the part of every one and especially upon the part of music teachers, one of whom once confessed to me that she often felt qualms of conscience as to the amount of din her pupils made in the world. By way of reparation she did all in her power to lessen the noise made, not only in practicing and playing, but in talk and work of every kind.

Noise constitutes one of the evils under which civilized man suffers without recognizing the root of the trouble, and I am sure that the man of the future will protect himself against noise as he now does against malaria, fever-bacilli, and other insidious evils that have only in recent years been recognized as sources of danger. In all probability the original use of our sense of hearing was

to enable man and animals to perceive the approach of danger and avoid it. To primitive man noise meant danger. When the savage heard a noise, whether it was the roar of the tempest, the thunder of the avalanche, or the soft approach of the foe at night, he put himself on guard. Noise awakened all his energies; it had the quality of terror in it, and it still has this quality—for me. It is true that civilized man is no longer so acutely affected by noise; but it still acts as an irritant, and the time is coming when it will be so classed. Even in children—and children are supposed to enjoy noise of the most maddening kinds—I can see a growing appreciation of quiet. Some time ago, when we had made our yearly escape from town to the hamlet where I live in summer, my little girl of seven said on our first evening in the country: "Isn't it good to listen to the silence?"

The advance of the savage toward civilization is marked by the abatement of noise. The more primitive the savage the more noise he requires. One of the great clock manufacturers of this country makes a certain cheap clock with a peculiarly loud and aggressive tick for export to the South Sea Islands. The natives will have no other kind—the louder the tick, the better the clock. We are beyond that—some of us—but in our American cities we do tolerate an amount of noise that Paris and London would sharply suppress. Only from time to time do we hear a faint protest. I have always admired Webster for his reply to a gabbling barber who asked him how he would like to be shaved. "In silence," said the great man. But as a nation we tolerate an amount of senseless, aggravating din that we should have outgrown a century ago. Our notion of a popular rejoicing is still the savage one—lots of noise. Our Fourth of July is made hideous by Chinese crackers and other exploding devices, and our fashion of ushering in the New Year is to ring all the bells of the town for half an hour, to let the whistles screech till steam runs low in the boilers, and to fire off guns and pistols.

So-called music is responsible for much of our modern din. Is there anything more doleful, mournful, heart-rending, than much of this street music? If ever I am driven to suicide by noise, it will be after an hour of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" upon an organ at one end of the block, together with "Hear Me! Norma!" upon an organ at the other end. If in the last twenty years I have had occasion to make what the champions of Italian music are pleased to consider vicious and uncalled-for attacks upon Verdi and Bellini, the "Miserere" and "Hear Me! Norma!" as interpreted by the several million hand-organs that have played for me are responsible. "Hear Me! Norma!" is innocent enough as music; *i. e.* is watery stuff. But its endless repetition has upon me the same effect as the drops of water upon the head of the criminal who finally died of the torture. In London and Paris the householder has the right to order the street musician to move away from before his premises. In Brazil, a street musician must receive the consent of the man before whose door he wants to play.

There may be noises more irritating than hand organs, but if so, I have had the good fortune to escape them. Schopenhauer, in his essay, "Ueber Lerm und Gerausch" ("On Noise and Din"), says that the sharp cracking of whips was the most painful noise he knew. He never heard "Silver Threads Among the Gold." He never heard the young hoodlums of our American cities shout their "extras" in the dead of night. A story is told that in the olden time every one in the world agreed to shout at the same moment so that it might be known how great a noise might be made. The eventful moment arrived and was marked by a silence such as the world had never known before. Every one had listened to hear the rest of the world shout. Nowadays it is all the other way—every one shouts; no one listens.

To come back to my point of departure, cannot our musicians and music teachers, the class most likely to suffer from noise, do something to abate this nuisance? Teachers may be able to instil a hatred of din as well as a love of music into their pupils, so that when some of these latter become voters and aldermen they will have the will and power to enforce a reasonable degree of peace. I have no expert knowledge of the practical value, or lack of it, of the many devices for noiseless piano practicing, dummy key-boards, soft-pedal stops, etc., but if they will save our ears I am willing to take upon my artistic conscience the risk of recommending them all. Let us have peace!

THE OBSTACLES THEY MET, AND HOW THEY OVERCAME THEM.

Lessons in Perseverance from the Lives of the Masters.

BY W. F. GATES.

No greater lesson is taught the music student by the lives of the great masters than that which may be expressed in the one word, *perseverance*.

We are apt to think that these men were heaven-born geniuses who could not help knowing what they knew, writing as they wrote, and playing as they played; but such is far from the truth. While they were geniuses in the highest sense of the word, it is equally true that every one of them brought his genius to its fruition by unremitting toil and by perseverance of the most ardent kind.

Let us take a backward glance at the obstacles that stood in the way of these men who made musical history,—who made the music of to-day what it is.

Of all the great musicians hardly a trio can be found who did not have to fight their way to the altitude they attained, over obstacles that would have daunted any but the most resolute mind. These men had not only the genius that is the "infinite capacity for taking pains," but the genius that is the capacity for taking pains infinitely long,—the capacity for undiscouraged perseverance with that sublime faith in self that marks the really great.

But that perseverance was not developed as a *result* of success or of greatness; it was one of the prime *causes* of their greatness. We find, as a general thing, the lot of

the great composers has been one of poverty, often of physical ailment, and of obstacle in environment. But this faith in their art, in themselves, and in their mission, backed up by their genius and indomitable perseverance is what gave them their place in musical history.

It is but a few months since we might have seen Mascagni in a strolling opera company, earning a pittance as musical director, and studying his composition whilst living on a crust; and, but a few years since, Dvorak was playing in Bohemian café orchestras, that he might earn a scanty livelihood while he pursued his studies. And it is not many years since Wagner was hooted at as "the crazy musician,"—since he too, in Paris, where now his works are just beginning to be appreciated, was eking out a slender existence by arranging melodies for cornet and piano, and, as he says, with starvation staring him in the face.

Were these men dismayed by non-appreciation or by rebuff? Their very position in the musical world answers that question. There is no greater example in history of the triumph of perseverance over obstacle than is the life of Richard Wagner.

Then, taking another backward step, we find Robert Schumann meeting with strong parental opposition as to his musical study; and when that was conquered, and his feet fairly planted on the road to virtuosity, then came the accident to his hand,—that fortunate accident—for, though that generation lost Schumann, the pianist, all succeeding generations gained Schumann, the composer. Not daunted by the destruction of his possibilities of performance, he turned his energies to composition and criticism; and as a result Schumann's works stand second only to Beethoven's. As a critical writer he is without a peer.

Schubert's life seems most pathetic of all. An almost unknown man, an underpaid school-teacher, turning out compositions by the hundred that he never heard performed, living on in poverty, working in the dark, as it were. He may be likened to a flower that springs up by some obscure wayside, overshadowed by some more gaudy growth, perhaps trodden on by some careless foot, yet sending out on the air the delicate perfume of the modest wild-flower. Such was the life of Schubert, a man in some respects the most endowed of all our composers.

There is a lesson for us in the fact that Schubert had, just prior to his death, arranged with a well-known theorist of his day for instruction in certain forms of composition in which he felt deficient.

And then, Beethoven! That mountain of energy and perseverance! Reared in the family of a shiftless drunkard, dependant at times on the kindness of others, writing his greatest works while too deaf to hear a note.—in spite of these things he was perseverance personified. His life was one of continuous strife against environment, of battle with obstacles, real and imaginary. Was there need for this greatest of composers to study harmony, counterpoint, and composition? The very fact of this study is what gave him, as his genius applied the material thus gained, the title "The Shakspere of Music."

And Mozart! A brilliant meteor was he! Brilliant in childhood, brilliant in manhood, and then—an early death and a pauper's grave. A life full of disappointment, of non-appreciation in high quarters,—this was his lot. At home a mismanaging wife and an empty cupboard. Yet the name of Mozart will last while melody is known. Did he not have to strive, labor, persevere, overcome?

There is no greater example of continuous application under difficulty than that given by Haydn in his younger days.

Sent out into the world when but a boy, he, too, lived in a garret and on a mere crust, while he mustered the standard authorities on composition. One by one he managed to procure them and, though having no regular instruction, he became by industry and observation, master of his subject. This mastery of detail which he obtained in his days of youthful poverty stood him well in hand in his later days of happy surroundings, and made possible for him the title "Father of the Sonata." But had he, when shivering in his garret, or when doing menial chores for Porpora, his master, not persevered against the obstacles that beset him, we would not now know the name of Haydn.

Händel was another to meet parental opposition to his music study; but this was overcome and his early life was full of success in study and in composition. But later came failure.—failure in keeping in the good graces of the public, and failure financially, for Händel became bankrupt as a result of his operatic enterprises; and not only this, but broken health was added to the obstacles that stood in his way. But out of this failure of health, finance, and popularity came those grandest of oratorios, "Saul," "Israel in Egypt," and "Samson."

And then in later years, when deprived of eyesight, even this was not an obstacle to which he gave way. No obstacle seemed to daunt him, no trouble seemed insurmountable. Certain it is that Händel's life teaches the lesson of perseverance.

Every student of the life of Bach will remember the obstacles in his path, both as boy and as man. You will recall the story of how he managed to get his little hands through the latticed cupboard doors and get the forbidden music; how he copied it by the bright moonlight in his garret; and how the cruel brother, discovering this copy, destroyed the boy's six months of work. Well, that was one example of the boy's perseverance. How many boys of eleven nowadays are so in love with their music?

While his life was one of fair content, we would call it one of poverty; for the year's salary of this greatest of organists a modern fourth-rate organist would not consider adequate compensation for a month. His very burial-place was forgotten, and his wife was buried at the town's expense.

The man of the greatest genius was combined with the man of the greatest perseverance and the result was,—a Bach.

The old Roman said: "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus*," and the musician must either persevere or be nobody; for no matter what the genius, if it is not accompanied by the necessary factor of perseverance he will be as nothing in the musical life.

AWAY WITH METHODS!

BY CONSTANTIN VON STERNBERG.

It is said that the great philosopher, Kant, never left the city of Koenigsberg, and that within this narrow space he confined his movements to a few streets in which he transacted his business and took his daily constitutionals. Yet, this narrow space contained all the elements of a world for him and furnished the entire material for his synthetic and transcendental philosophy. Any other place would have been just as well; the smallest lense can encompass the largest space; and I think that for the study of humanity no place offers better opportunities than a teacher's studio. All the classifiable species of humanity, masculine and feminine, at one time or another they will turn up at a teacher's studio.

There is the lady who tells you her family history four generations back, and then wants one lesson every two weeks for her daughter. Then there is the man who is afraid that he might inadvertently acquire the skill of a professional, and guards against it by warning you that he wants to learn music "only for pleasure," meaning, of course, that he wants to play only the worst kind of music. There is also the cautious father, who in bringing his child to you tells you that he "does n't want to make a mistake" and inquires into your career, your associations, your morals, your health, generally forgetting only your teeth and your musicianship. There are also those who want to know "how long it takes!"

But the funniest, though most frequent type is the parent who either starts the preliminaries by asking "What method do you teach?" or by telling you "We want the Leipsic method" (or Stuttgart, or for that matter, Podunk), and then asks: "Do you teach it?" I remember how startled the good lady was when I answered: "No, ma'am, I teach music!" Indeed, I have often wondered what people mean by "method."

A *method* is a suitable arrangement of things on general lines; a *system* is very much the same, only based upon some *one* principle (as, for instance, the splendid Mason system of two finger exercises); and a *plan* is a programme of procedure. Most of our patrons cannot distinguish between these three terms (which, by the way, is unnecessary for them), and seem to think that a "method" is some sort of short cut, or royal road, or Nuremberg funnel, in the only and exclusive possession of this or that school, and its beatified graduates. Hence the business of the "representative of the X-Y-Z method," and that of the "Vorbereiters (preparers) for this or that method" blooms and thrives in this our blessed and glorious country. Well, to tell the truth, I have found many a one among that ilk to be a real good musician in spite of the "method" (though not all, by far not all), and again many a one who never taught his "method" at all, using the name of the "real, true, and only" inventor of the "method" only as an advertisement, and then teaching good, solid music like other decent folk. Those are all right! but who can tell which one of them is a method-crank and which is not? and therefore it is pretty safe to say: Beware of the teacher with a method!

Is there any method that teaches a new way of fingering, of touch, of phrasing, of conception? Is there one that embodies a new principle, that were its exclusive property? Is not every new development in art or science at once the common property of all who live and learn? And (to illustrate only by one matter) if your teacher is ignorant of, say, the principle of finger changing in rapid passages where a tone recurs after only one or two others, is it the fault of his *method*, or of *himself?* for he might have known it as well as any other teacher, — books, pamphlets, etc., being cheap nowadays and of easy access—and he *ought* to have known it; moreover, he should and would have known it were he not a mere mechanical repeater of a small stock of learning acquired thirty-five or forty years ago, but an artist *who lives in his art*, progresses with the times, and demonstrates or manifests his ability in some way besides telling you merely how things ought to be done.

This leads me to a thought that recurs to my mind oftener every year. I hardly dare to express it, for fear of conflicting with the livelihood of many a one who would perhaps be much more useful as a book-agent or tidy-maker than as a music teacher. However, it is only an idea, and subject to correction, and so—here goes! We hear so often of people who "do not play very well themselves, nor compose, but are great teachers." I do n't believe a word of it! A person might have had to quit playing owing to some sad accident, or have grown too feeble for the physical exertion, or whatever, but there must have been executive or creative ability before; the artistic nature of the teacher must have craved some mode of utterance, or else there was n't any artistic nature! And if there was n't any, why, good luck to the pupils,—I have had some of them in my studio, for repair, as it were, and, bless their souls, they did teach me patience! Yes, I think every teacher must be an artist; if he has not the technic to play Balakireff's "Islamey," well and good, let him play "Des Abends," by Schumann, *but he must play it artistically;* whatever lies within the scope of his mechanism must be rendered with consummate art,—with that art which conceals itself and has become second nature—or else I would not intrust my child to him even for the A-B-C, may his "method" be whatever.

I can hardly understand that people run after a method, such as Leschetitzky's, for instance, when they see an exponent of it like Paderewski; for, aside from the fact that I still * consider the latter's playing not so very much above mediocrity, plus a large dash of mental unbalancedness, they forget that Mr. Paderewski has a great talent which would have developed under any decent teacher, irrespective of "method;" and further, that he is so far pretty nearly the only pupil of note whom that "method" has brought out. There are two or three others who claim Leschetitzky as their "master"—but I heard them before they went to him, and liked them

* I have expressed myself more fully on this subject three years ago in the *Musical Courier*.

better than afterwards. This, however, is merely an illustration, and not a proof or an argument against Leschetitzky, who used to be well known as a skilful player of that lighter class of music to which also his compositions belong. The "bringing out" of pupils is not within the teacher's control; if he has talented pupils he will make something of them, if not, why then he must confine himself to the endeavor of making the pupils musical, especially through the esthetic part of his teaching, enable them to listen with intelligence, to play well what their technic warrants them to attempt, and make them *love* music instead of twisting their minds and fingers into his "method." Away with "methods," I say! Of course I do not mean the printed Piano-schools, or exercise collections by that term, but that pedagogical straight-jacket which ruins so many, many trustful, innocent, and often not untalented pupils.

But hold! There is *one* method I must exempt from my anathema; one method I believe in and adhere to in my daily work. It is simple enough: *put your heart and soul into your teaching, love your work, be enthusiastic in your love of good music;* you will see that this enthusiasm is contagious, and that the pupil's *heart* will grasp at many an impression which his *mind* failed to seize. Alas, and alack! That this should be the only "method" which cannot be *learned!*

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS AND HOW TO CURE IT.

BY ANNA FARQUHAR.

If I may condense my sermon into its text, to begin with I will say—think not of yourself but of what you have to tell, for therein lies the power of those born to give expression to beauty.

Reasoning backward from effect to cause we find the great genius when performing on his instrument so lost in temperamental excitement, exhaltation, and joy in expression that his technic, perfected by years of previous drudgery, is automatic as is the use of a pen to a writer; the one forgets he plays or sings, the other that he writes, so absolutely immersed is he in the emotion—the thought, in fact, he is but thinking aloud, the audience forgotten, excepting as its presence lends sympathy and encouragement. The man gifted as a conversationalist talks better before people than he would to himself; so with the musical genius, he loves to give his best with the unconsciousness of self shown by most children.

We see at once that my text does not apply to the genius or to those blessed by nature with the same gifts to a slighter degree than the genius, but to those who suffer keenly through self-consciousness, frequently hiding a fine musical gift under a bushel by means of it.

Through many years of observation concerning this matter I have noticed that in cases of musical self-consciousness the individuals possessed were invariably egotistically conscious in all directions—that is, absorbed in thinking, "what will people say if I do this or that?"

We can take our choice of epithets defining the condition,—fear, nervousness, or egoism, but I must perforce incline to belief in the latter because fear includes an element apprehending consequences and nervousness, a physical defect, while the ego,—big self, little self, and middle-sized self—is plainly visible behind self-consciousness.

Right here I would say, to my mind there is a marked difference between ego*ism* and ego*tism*, the former implying immoderate thought of self, the latter vanity of self.

No matter how interesting a personality one may have, an audience cares only in a measure for it when listening to what one can tell of Beethoven, Schumann, or Brahms. The audience feels when you become conscious as though you had started to tell a good story but stopped now and then to relate some important personal item—a prolix style of punctuation at best.

An aspirant for literary fame went one time to a famous writer asking for advice, and this was what he got—"First of all be sure you have something to tell, then tell it." When one sits down to play Beethoven one is absolutely certain one has something to tell (that is a foregone conclusion much more satisfying than the uncertainty of a young writer about his own creations) and the one thing to do is to tell Beethoven to your best ability, putting yourself as entirely in the background as possible.

Remember how beauty in musical form pours through Paderewski! But that was not always so to the present extent; there was a time when even if he knew Beauty as intimately as he does now he was limited in his expression of her, but it was not self which befogged his vision; no! the fault lay in the imperfectness of his channel of expression—his technic—not so much a lack of flexibility as of breadth, according to those who heard him in his early youth. This only illustrates what is generally conceded, that, even if our gift be phenomenal, we must broaden and free the channel of expression by every means within our power, then beauty can flow down the stream without one thought of former barriers.

The Italian organ-grinder doubtless has better music in his heart than his worn-out organ can produce, just as the pigeon-toed man may have a fine ideal of graceful walking, but until his muscles are trained to toe-out he is bound to toe-in.

We all agree that technic is absolutely necessary as a means of interpretation, but what is it worth musically if the individual is bereft of feeling for the thought he is trying to express. He produces but an anatomically perfect corpse.

Music is an emotional art. If its exponents have no emotions, or cannot express other people's, or hide such possibilities behind such thoughts as "Oh! if I can only get through that last phrase on the third page!" "My hands are getting cold: I'm afraid my fingers will slip." "I'm certain I shall forget!" the vitality of music is on the decline.

You certainly will forget if you think of forgetting instead of what you are about to tell, and your fingers

will slip much more readily if you insist with yourself that they are going to slip, if by force of will, if necessary, you must concentrate your entire thought and being upon the temperamental side of what you are about to do; then if technical faults appear in the course of your performance console yourself with believing they would have been more frequent otherwise and your listeners left without a single tingle of enjoyment. All of this applies particularly to the present time when the masses are beginning to realize the aim and influence of music as an art—not as a succession of sounds made to tickle the ears with as much effect as does a waterfall.

In every human heart there are emotions of long or short range according to the state of development the individual has reached. Particularly in the case of people devoid of personal means of expression do they revel in a reflection of their own feelings held up to them by the artist whose highest mission is in reflecting the noblest emotions, not the lowest.

Do many of the people who remember Patti in her prime dwell upon her marvelous executive powers? No, they simply wondered over that as a child does over snow flakes falling, recalling with reverence and tenderness her singing of "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home," the only deep expressions of emotion to which she ever gave vent and the single features of her performances they entirely understood.

When the personality of the musician is truly great by lending its charm to a composition, in perfect sympathy with the thought, the combination occasionally transcends the original conception of the composer. But only a rare, rich nature can venture upon this line of interpretation. The father of the emotional idea, Richard Wagner, wrote to his truest friend and sympathizer, Franz Liszt: "You are by nature the genuine, happy artist; who not only produces but also represents. Whatever formerly as a pianist you might play, it was always the personal communication of your beautiful individuality which revealed entirely new and unknown things to us, and he only was able and competent to judge you, to whom you had played in a happy mood. This new and indescribably individual element was still dependent on your personality, and without your actual presence it did not, properly speaking, exist." But even so note that Wagner says only those who listened to Liszt when he played *in a happy mood* (but an insufficient translation too of the German phrase) comprehended him, because at other times his temperamental forces were weakened—less vital.

The so-called "intellectual musician" decries the emotional side of his art, bewailing its lowering tone and sensuous influence. Does not the truly intellectual man have his emotions? The higher the intellect the higher the emotions in the Elysian state, even if isolated cases of morally unbalanced genius go to disprove that statement.

So, I say to the diseased ego of self-conscious people, in your daily work cultivate your probably limited emotional feeling for music, then use your intellect to guide and refine that feeling. Learn to concentrate your mind upon the work in hand; will yourself to forget everything outside the musical thought to be given out; be alone with the composition as nearly as possible, and relax the poor, strained nerves which in such condition will always bar the way to success.

A certain kind of nervous excitement is inspiring to the performer, but that is distinctly different from the condition to which I refer. The other excitement is that experienced by a charming girl going to her first ball all aglow nervously with the thought of what is before her; the self-conscious nervous condition is like that of the bashful country girl afraid to speak for fear people will look at her. The latter is sometimes converted into a semblance of the former by strong desire and experience: just so the timid musician can blossom into a performer with a sufficient amount of aplomb to be interesting if he will fight against that tiresome ego of his. To be sure he cannot hope for the spontaneity of the individual "to the manner born," but the art of being natural is almost as satisfying as nature herself.

This principle applies to every form of art.

The picture becomes dry and conventional, when the painter is embarrassed with an insecure technic and thought of how his works will affect other people; the novel or drama is "bare and unprofitable" when between the lines we see this same self-consciousness.

Delsarte knew this principle well when he advocated physical culture along the lines of "Power in Repose."

It is no easy battle, the conquest of self either in music or morals,—but given some talent, much determination, and increasing powers of concentration any one ought to arrive at the state where he could faithfully, and without tremor "hold the mirror up to nature," either near or afar according to his endowments and capacity for work.

George Ferris says in his study of Robert Schumann's life, "Robert Schumann's law studies were inexpressibly tedious to him, and so he told his sympathetic professor, the learned Thibaut, author of the 'Treatise on the Purity of Music,' in a characteristic manner. He went to the piano and played Weber's 'Invitation to the Waltz,' commenting on the different passages: 'Now she speaks—that's the love prattle; now he speaks—that's the man's earnest voice; now both the lovers speak together,' concluding with the remark, "Is n't all that better far than anything that jurisprudence can utter.'"

The greatest difficulty with the self-conscious person is his unwillingness to follow out Socrates' advice, "Know thyself!" He will not admit the imputation of egoism but lays all the blame upon his unoffending nerves. 'Tis human nature to listen more readily to a song of our praises than a song of our faults, but there is small hope for those who repudiate with resentment this idea instead of facing the fact or investigating the pros and cons of it, at least.

At one time I knew a singer who had sung herself into local prominence in one of our largest American cities. After ten years of public work she was in agony every time her turn came, and what she called her nervousness was increasing instead of diminishing every year. I watched her carefully both from the green-room and from the front, finding to my own satisfaction the

cause of her trouble. Originally her voice had been uncommonly good, but she became one of the followers of a complicated, mechanical, high-sounding method, and on going on the stage she was singing method instead of her songs. Then, too, she lived on the plane of little things, allowing herself to constantly wonder and care what effect she might be producing at every turn of life. The combination of method and egoism was making her self-conscious to a degree, but no reasoning or criticism to that effect, however kindly put, would have brought her to believe this.

A pianist said to me once in the green-room before going on to give a recital, in reply to my question as to whether he was nervous or not, "It might be called that. I'm anxious to do my best, but I always go on with the feeling that I am offering my best, 'and angels can do no more.' The people can take it or leave it just as they like."

The adoption of this attitude is worth giving the trial at any rate.

Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well, and as the Irishman said to his nervous, fluttery wife, "Mary be aisy ; but if ye can't be aisy be as aisy as ye can."

A PLEA FOR MEDIOCRE TALENT.

BY L. R. PITTS.

"A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing" has so often emblazoned our copy-books, and has been flaunted in our faces from youth to maturity with such unflagging persistency that few of us would have the temerity to scandalize our early training by doubting the truth of the doctrine or questioning its divine right to take equal rank with the "golden rule" and the Ten Commandments. Granted that it is dangerous, so are strychnin and dynamite, yet they have a place among saleable commodities, and are really of great use in the medical and chemical world.

Much as it may be deplored, there are a great many individuals that are capacitated to receive only a minimum of the good things floating around in the atmosphere that envelops them. There are degrees of happiness in heaven, and yet every one is in a state of superlative bliss, on the same principle that though a bottle and a cask be each filled to overflowing, the latter will contain an exuberance of contents because, forsooth, of its superior capacity.

There are instances galore of music students applying for instruction with the statement, "I wish to learn just enough to play Sunday-school pieces," as if they were in mortal agony lest, by an unwitting movement, they might touch some hidden spring in the Muse's treasure-house that would cause a shower of musical nuggets to fill their unwilling coffers.

If any one should come to us asking for this pittance of bread, shall we give him a stone? No ; rather satisfy him, even though his ambition soar no further than the ability to pick out a few tunes on the instrument without knowing the name of a key.

When a customer appears in a grocery store to purchase a pound of brown sugar the grocer never presumes to insist that white granulated sugar is superior in quality, is used by all the best people, etc. He merely furnishes the desired article, and is sensible enough to know it suits the man's taste better than any other.

Some small brains are happy in the belief that they live in an intellectual mansion, all turreted and be-columned, with jeweled walls that flash back electric lights, hangings of oriental richness, and carpets that yield to the pressure of fairy foot-falls ; but, alas and alack ! anon comes the reformer with his little mallet of "higher culture" and knocks the glittering bauble into ruins. The mescal button of "a little learning" has been snatched from the dreamer's lips, and he awakes to find his *chateau en Espagne* nothing but a squalid hut where, in all probability, he will live forever. Here is where the trouble comes in. If he had possessed sufficient capacity to receive the higher teachings of our reformer, well and good ; but since he had not, why not let him enjoy what he did have ?

A lady who lives in a large Southern city, and teaches a few music pupils as a mere supplement to her other work, remarked once in my hearing : "I am very popular as a music teacher in that portion of the city. I know just enough, and not too much." Her pupils would never have submitted to the drudgery of a thorough grounding in musical principles, but their parents were anxious for them to learn enough to entertain their friends. They did this ; they did not care to know more ; why not let them alone, and commend the teacher for having done some good in the world, for sowing a seed that will bring forth pleasure for her fellow mortals.

A certain professor came to the town where I was staying. He organized his pupils into an orchestra, and, after a few lessons, they played before admiring audiences. True, the guitarist manipulated his strings in such a manner as to bring forth extremely harsh, rasping tones, the time was not always as perfect as a Seidl would have it, etc., etc., and the majority of pieces selected would have failed to awaken intense enthusiasm in a Bayreuth audience. But what of that ; they were enjoyed by the rustic listeners at hand a hundred-fold more than if each selection had come straight from the classics.

The "professor" never hampered his pupils with abstruse rules of touch and expression. He spent his midnight hours writing "Dixie," "When You and I were Young, Maggie," and other pieces for the use of his pupils, who always played from this manuscript music, and were never required to purchase music unless, indeed, it was a 50-cent compilation of the "Bonnie Dundee," "Helter Skelter" variety. The professor had a variable system of nomenclature for the pieces he was supposed to have been the originator of, hence they were known as "Possum Trot Galop," "Sleepy Hollow Mazurka," or "Lick Skillet Polka," in honor of the village wherein he sojourned.

On a certain occasion I remember hearing one of his best pupils play. She sat at the piano and went through a series of finger gymnastics, her long, uncut nails beat-

ing a mournful tattoo the while, as if the lost soul of music were claiming a dirge from those unshorn fingertips. This girl practiced three hours a day with no more development of touch than the progress made by a horse in an old-fashioned tread-mill. She fondly expects to "go off" some day, get a few finishing touches, and become a great expounder of the art of Paderewski, but she will never be an ex-pounder till she stops playing. Rather a sad case, too, because I believe this girl really capable of learning. Right here the reformer may find a legitimate field.

Prof. Knowall played at the town church during his monthly visits. His idea of expression tallied with that of some orators I have heard, who dealt either in loud explosives or underground mutterings. I remember especially how he played a familiar hymn, striking the first chord with such sforzando-fortissimo emphasis that all the congregation looked up in amazement, and playing the rest in a style subdued enough for an accompaniment to a marriage ceremony.

He still has a goodly following of devotees; worshipers, in truth. His pupils look up to him as the great Mahomet of the divine art, and his little tablets of music paper are indeed their Koran.

Well, and what shall we do with pedagogues of this ilk? Shall we arise in our wrath, hang them with the noose of righteous indignation, and do away with the sort forever? Not a bit of it, since music is to be a universal language. Alexander Hayseed cannot possibly use the vernacular of a college professor, but the use of the English language is not forbidden him in consequence.

Like Paul's hearers, many are not able to be fed on strong meat. They are babes, and need only milk for nourishment. "But," you say, "let us have sweet, pure milk, if it must be so, and not the sour, curdled stuff that oftentimes forms the only nutriment." Evidently, you don't know much about the nursery. Some babes thrive best on adulterated milk. The virgin liquid is too strong for their weak stomachs. The really healthy infant will grow robust in due season, and reach out for himself in search of a more stimulating diet. "But how could he recognize meat as healthful when it comes on his board, if his attention had never been directed to it?" I cannot tell.

THE SOUL OF MUSIC.

BY HENRY T. FINCK.

In his fascinating book on the "Hungarian Gipsies and Their Music" (of which some one ought to make a condensed translation), Liszt describes the extraordinary effect which music has on these natural players and their audiences. The performers sometimes work themselves up into a pitch of excitement bordering on frenzy. Their faces remain impassive, but presently big tears begin to chase one another down their cheeks, soaking their violin strings, and betraying their agitation. Their hearers, meanwhile, are swayed as by the elementary forces of nature; they laugh, weep, act like children in the unrestrained expression of their pleasure, and when the piece is ended and the plate is passed around, it is soon heaped with piles of silver and gold. In the good old times the concert harvest used to be so abundant that the musicians —who spent their money as fast as they earned it—often collected it on golden plates.

Are there any modern, civilized artists who produce on their hearers an effect like these wild gipsies? I know several. Every reader of The Etude has heard of the extraordinary scenes that were witnessed in Carnegie Hall at the Paderewski recitals last year, when hundreds of women crowded around the stage, pale and agitated, unwilling to let him go who gave them such ecstatic pleasure. Some callous reporters and correspondents described these enthusiasts as "hysterical." That women should go into ecstasies at a boat-race or a football match probably seems to such scribblers perfectly natural and normal, but that a genius should with his art arouse women and men to a degree of frantic enthusiasm is incomprehensible to their coarse minds. It takes a genius like Padcrewski to prove how many of us are capable, even in these prosaic times, of being stirred by the higher emotions, let reporters sneer as much as they please.

Another artist of the same type is Mme. Calvé. She has made "Carmen" the most popular of all operas wherever she happens to sing it, and after her first appearance in New York as Marguerite in "Faust," a few weeks ago, the audience behaved as excitedly as it usually does at a Paderewski recital, crowding in front of the stage and recalling the artist countless times. Many women wept, and even men were seen to use their handkerchiefs on their eyes surreptitiously.

How do the gipsy fiddlers, and Paderewski, and Calvé accomplish such results? No doubt they must be themselves deeply moved by their art. I have seen tears in Paderewski's eyes, and a member of the Philharmonic Orchestra told me, the other day, that when Mr. Seidl gave such an intensely emotional and heartrending interpretation of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony," he saw that great conductor hastily wiping a tear from his eyes before he ventured to face the audience and acknowledge the deafening applause.

To be a consummate artist like that it is necessary not merely to have feeling, but to be able to communicate it to others. The paradox of music lies in this, that two persons may play the same piece—say a Chopin nocturne —both reading the notes and expression marks exactly as printed, and yet one will leave you perfectly cold, while the other will kindle the warmest emotions. In other words, the first one's performance will be like the regular features of a beautiful but stupid girl, while the art of the second will remind you of the beauty of a girl whose features may possibly fall short of classic regularity, but are animated by a soul that makes you fall in love with her at first sight.

We have a pretty definite idea as to what is soulful beauty in a woman; but what is the soul of music? "Expression," you answer. True, but what is expression? The books and "methods" tell us little or nothing

about it, and what little they tell is usually vague and unsatisfactory. Our musical notation indicates expression only in a very superficial and imperfect manner. It notes special accents and sforzandos, together with the degrees of dynamic shading from pianissimo to fortissimo, and the more important accelerations and retardations. But these are only the crude alphabet of expression; a pianist may attend to these marks as printed, in the most painstaking way, and yet leave you cold as a cucumber. I know an operatic conductor, who sometimes makes his orchestra play so softly that it becomes almost inaudible, and at other times he makes it roar like a volcano; yet it gives the impression neither of delicacy nor of power; whereas when Mr. Seidl conducts the same opera, you are alternately touched by its exquisite tenderness and thrilled by a stupendous climax of sound. He reveals to us the very soul of music, while the other man gives us only its body—I had almost said its corpse; but you cannot *quite* kill the Wagner operas even by bad conducting.

In searching for the soul of music we may get a valuable hint by going back once more to what Liszt says about the gipsies. He tells us that they have no notation for their music: indeed, most of them could not, to save their lives, read or write what they are playing. "Nor," he adds, "would the dead letter of their music give us an idea of the *brio* with which the gipsy virtuoso executes it, of the incessant mobility of its rhythms, the fiery eloquence of its phrases, the expressive accent of its declamation. We can judge it only if we hear orchestras made up of genuine Asiatics, especially those who are still half naked and half starved." *Their art is a perpetual improvisation.* "The gipsies do not recognize in music, any more than in other matters, such a thing as principles, laws, rules, discipline. Everything seems to them good, everything is permissible, provided only that it pleases them."

Extremes meet. Is it not suggestive that when Hans von Bülow trained the Meiningen orchestra—an ordinary band no better than a hundred others in Germany—to give those performances of Beethoven's symphonies which were pronounced revelations in the German capitals, he made his musicians play standing and without any notes, just like gipsies? And did not Bülow also insist justly that no one could be called a pianist unless he could play at least 80 pieces *by heart?* I have italicized those last words because they are extremely appropriate from our point of view. A pianist who plays from the notes does not play "by heart." He is too much tied and hampered by "principles, laws, rules, discipline;" the notes and marks absorb all his attention and give him no chance to read between the lines. Only when he plays "by heart," like the gipsies, does he play *with* the heart—with ease, abandon, and feeling.

Gipsy music, as Liszt intimates, is a perpetual improvisation. Liszt himself, in his time, and Paderewski in our day, won their greatest triumphs with those gipsy epics, the Hungarian rhapsodies, which, if properly played, are perpetual improvisations. And the dry-as-dust critics and teachers pronounced these rhapsodies "sensational" because they stirred the hearers to frenzy! Alack and alas!

It is not a mere coincidence that most of the great Wagner conductors are, if not gipsies, at any rate Hungarians—Hans Richter, Seidl, Nikisch, Sucher, and, I believe, Mottl. They conduct Wagner's operas, not in the metronomic, Teutonic way, but a good deal as a gipsy would conduct them—with "incessant rhythmic mobility" and "fiery eloquence of phrasing"—following their feelings, not the notes. And this is what Wagner wanted, for he tells us expressly (in his essay on "Tannhäuser") that the division of music into bars is a mere mechanical makeshift, to be cast aside as soon as the music is thoroughly understood. "After the singer has completely absorbed my intentions," he says, "let him freely follow his own feelings, even to the physical demands of breathing in agitated passages, and the more independent and creative his emotional abandon makes him, the more he will excite my admiration and gratitude." That is the way Jean de Reszke sings.

One more trump card. Who is the most popular and fascinating dramatic soprano now on the stage? Mme. Calvé. How did she make her début as such? *With the gipsy Carmen!* And what makes her Carmen so delightful? Her rubato, irregularity, unconventionality, *brio*, and abandon. It is a *constant improvisation;* the unexpected always happens. Melba was routed, and fled to Europe because Calvé surpassed her, even in her own florid field—Marguerite's "Jewel Song," and Ophelia's mad-scene,—in which she showed, just like the gipsies, that even fioriture can be endowed with emotion, the soul of music.

If some one accidentally discovered a treatise on piano technic by Liszt, how the translators would pounce on it, and the publishers fight for it! Yet here is Liszt's book on the Hungarian gipsies, untranslated and neglected, though from it teachers and pupils could learn more about the soul of music—that which makes Calvè, and Paderewski, and De Reszke, and Seidl great and successful—than from a hundred "methods" and textbooks.

THE BEGINNING AND DEVELOPMENT OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

BY C. A. EHRENFECHTER.

A SHORT historical review of the commencement and development of pianoforte playing, as far as traceable in the great masters, may not be without interest; although it must be understood that the judgment on the merits of the performances of the older masters would not be applicable in modern days.

Real *virtuosity* may be said to have commenced with Domenico Scarlatti and Johann Sebastian Bach. The former was considered the greatest and cleverest of his time. Handel, also, was a formidable player, and both may be supposed to have come pretty near J. Sebastian Bach's progress in manipulation. About the latter, Forkel, in his "Life of Bach," says that the principal characteristic of his playing consisted in the utmost degree of clearness and distinctness of touch. Bach

kept the fingers so much curved in that their points formed a straight line, and every finger was held above the key in this position ready to touch the same. The keys were uot struck, but simply pressed down ; while, instead of lifting the finger after touching, it was allowed to slide gently off the key. There was so little and such light motion of the fingers iu Bach's playing that it could scarcely be noticed. This, no doubt, was rendered possible by the easy mechanism of the old clavichord. Only the front joints of the fingers were used, and the hand kept also its rounded form in difficult passages, while the fingers never left the keys more than if they were performing a shake. Noticcable in Bach was the perfect equality and efficieucy of all his fingers.

Important is Bach's new mode of fingering. The old strict tuning of the instrument did not permit the use of all 24 tonalities, and the playing was more harmonic than melodic. Hence the reason that the great players of those times—not even excepting Couperin—rarely used the thumb, except when necessary in exteuded intervals, such as in sixths and octaves. Bach, in his polyphonic style of composition, brought about a change of mixing the diatonic with the chromatic tone system ; and, what is equally important, by learning to tune his instrument so as to be able to play on it with pure intonation iu all 24 tonalities. This explains also the title of his "Forty-eight Preludes aud Fugues for the Wohl Temperirte (literally, well-tempered,—*i. e.*, even tuned) Clavier." In consequeuce of this, the thumb became the principal finger.

Next to J. Sebastian Bach must be meutioned his sons, W. Friedmann and Phillip Emanuel (appoiuted cymbalist to Frederick the Great in 1740), as being counted among the most noted players on the clavier of those times. Their *technic* remained on the base of that of their father, who still was held to be the greatest master.

The next great representants we find iu Mozart and Clemeuti. To give a defiuite and tangible description or idea of Mozart's playing is even less possible than with Bach. Tradition only transmits to us a few traits to judge by. According to Kullak ("Æsthetik des Clavierspiels"), he is said to have laid his hand so tenderly and naturally ou the keyboard as if it was made for it on purpose. It was not only a pleasure to hear, but also to see him play. According to his own saying, he obtained the perfection of his *technic* by the adoption of Bach's method and the study of his works. He was noted for the steadiness of his hand and the uatural lightness and lucidity of his passage playing ; further, in respect to correctness, distinctness, and clearness in every detail, Clementi declared never to have heard any one play so intelligently and yet so gracefully as Mozart. Dittersdorf finds both art and refinement united in Mozart's playing.

Mozart's great rival was Clementi : both represented a school of their own. There is, however, scarcely room for doubt that, as regards *technic*, Clementi surpassed Mozart. The former was celebrated for his finished execution, uniting power with clearness and eqnality of tone. Notable, also, was his precisiou in executing octave passages.

The difference in general between Mozart's and Clementi's styles may in a great measure be attributed to the peculiarities of the London and Vienna instruments as regards their respective mechanism.* The latter, owing to their easy touch, favored lightness, grace, and brilliancy ; the former, with their heavier and deeper touch, produced a more powerful and sustained tone, and imparted a more stately, serious, aud imposing character to both performauce and style of composition.

The Vienna school found yet two noteworthy representatives in Hummel and Moscheles. The former, celebrated for neatness and correctness united with a lively and graceful rhythmic ; the latter, for great variety in tone-color, *bravura*, and elegance in executiou. As followers of these may be meutioned Wölfel, Steibelt, Herz, Kalkbrenner, aud Czerny.

The Clementi school was championed by Cramer and Dussek, represeuting a kind of antique style of *virtuosity*, in which much less striving after mere effect is noticeable thau in the Vienna school ; the prominent features being a teuder *cantabile* style of playing, distinguished further by clearness, breadth, aud strict *legato*, and free from all showiness and pretentiousness. But while in Mozart's school the pedal is little used, in Clemeuti's it is freely applied. Cramer excelled in sweetness and strictly measured style ; while Dussek, fond of the pedal, reveled in the sentimental, aud was celebrated for his *cantabile* style of playing. Followers of this school include E. Berger, Klengel, Field, aud Carl Mayer.

Between both schools looms a singularly great and independent phenomenon—Ludwig vou Beethoveu. While following the examples of Bach and Mozart, he eularged *technic* by his more polyphonic style and greater dimensions of form. Yet, as a performer, he must not be measured by the ordinary standard. He was not likely to possess the patience of going through such technical training as would have enabled him to perform with the polish, exactness, and finish of a *virtuoso.* Beethoveu's playing, though crude, was nevertheless most poetic and characteristic ; in fact, a kind of musical declamation.

With the appearance of Liszt and Thalberg, *technic* has made such au advance as to leave all the former *virtuosi* iu the distant past like so many microscopic spots. Compositions appear not only in greater dimensions as to form, but with new and countless gorgeous ornamentations and figurations, demanding a brilliant *technic*,—a highly-trained *gymnastic ;* the latter necessitated, morcover, by the modern and more brilliant grand-toued massive instrument. Thus, also, a power of physical endurance is now required, of which the *virtuosi* of the "good old times" could have had no conception ; and auy one intent on undertaking the serious task of acquiring a modern *technic* may well be cautioned to make sure that he is in possession of good health, especially a strong chest. There can be no doubt, for instance, that the once celebrated Tausig played himself literally to death.

* The difference exists in a much smaller degree, if any at all, in the respective instruments of the present day.

With Liszt, virtuosity on the pianoforte may well be said to have reached its culminating point. Such, at all events, was his opinion, for he declared that "all that could possibly be done on the instrument had been done:" meaning, no doubt, that *he* had done it. To which credit he also may be considered honestly entitled, in the same manner as Paganini may justly be said to have brought the violin *technic* to perfection. It may be noted here, *en passant*, that it was only after having heard Paganini perform on the violin, when in Paris, that Liszt resolved to become a Paganini on the pianoforte. Thalberg, however famous in his time, cannot be considered equal to Liszt; for, while the former's principal feature and power consisted in his fine touch, his broad and noble tone, and his *cantabile* style of playing,—the latter excelled in every mechanical resource, in all forms or styles of music. Liszt, moreover, created entirely new effects by his enlarged *technic*,—he was the real pioneer of the modern *bravura* style. It is, therefore, only natural that every aspirant to fame as a *virtuoso* on the pianoforte should regard Liszt as his prototype. "Compared to him," Tausig used to say, "all other pianists are only as so many pigmies." Yet it cannot be denied that a number of our most forward exponents of the present day, if not creators of new technical features, are more or less worthy followers of the Liszt school, with all its faults and virtues.

MAXIMS FOR THE VOICE BY FRIEDERICH WIECK.

WHAT better claim can a man lay to pre-eminence as a teacher of the pianoforte than to have been the teacher of Hans von Bülow and Clara Schumann. We first learn of Friederich Wieck as a student of theology, next as a preacher and private tutor, and later we hear of him as employed in a piano factory and a library. He first taught the piano by an acquired system, but abandoned it for methods of his own, to which he brought extraordinary care and intelligence. His daughter, Clara Schumann, who credits her father with the entire responsibility of her musical education, was the greatest pianist of her sex, but it is to his ideas as a teacher of singing that our attention is drawn at present. It seems remarkable that a man who had expended so much energy and attained to such distinction in the pianistic field should become attracted to the study and teaching of singing, and it is quite as remarkable that the principles which he upheld in his new sphere were strongly indicative of his loyalty to truth in art as opposed to the prevalent errors so conspicuous in German methods of voice training.

From the programme of one of the musical evening entertainments, arranged by Friederich Wieck and his lady pupils, 1863, we find the following observations:

"At first short exercises which are not fatiguing, mostly for two parts in the medium voice, to produce a soft, unforced, but at the same time a firm and true emission of the note with the least expenditure of breath, the inhaling of which must always be inaudible. These exercises are sung in all the vowels without any straining. The mouth being in a proper position, and artistic and careful superintendence securing a tranquil and fluent union of the registers and a pure intonation, the quickness of the movement may be increased; this, along with Italian solmization, must be artistically practiced and attended to from the beginning.

"Continued solmization and vocalization in order to remove the laxity and inertness of the organs of speech and song, and many other faults; also to bring forward the voice, so that the throat may open and the tone be relieved from nasal, palatal, and gutteral sounds. The putting of life into the pointed tone thus created and acquired exacts a clear portamento, a tasteful, melodious, soft, pleasing sound, graceful coloratura, mezzo voce, trills, etc."

The following are some of his vocal maxims, published by his daughter after his death, which are earnestly indorsed by modern vocal authorities:

"My pupils practice softly, that they may learn to sing powerfully.

"It is only *piano* that makes *forte* beautiful.

"Forced tones are never beautiful. Beauty exacts, even in the highest notes, a power of voice emitted easily and without effort.

"Fullness of sound, softness, and purity are necessary in order to please.

"Expressive singing can only be based on a proper and fine cultivation of the tone.

"The range of the note does not depend on the volume of voice, but on the emission and keeping up of the sound, and on its coming from the fore part of the mouth.

"A diminished and nice expenditure of breath takes, it is true, a little of the material power from the note, but gives, in place of it, more feeling, a more liquid sound, and more sonorousness.

"How ugly is the constant feeling for the high notes, straining and stretching to reach them. It is indispensable to emit the note properly, and to hit it exactly, without a leading note.

"In order to combine gracefulness with tone, and still be able to emit the note freely, the gently-intoned binding of greater intervals in an upward direction should not be neglected.

"Dramatic expression and a lively dramatic enunciation, even when within the boundaries of the beautiful, will endanger the tone if it is not quite formed.

"The principal difficulty in conquering naturalism in singing does not consist in having much to learn, but in practicing with indefatigable perseverance what is learned.

"When an equally pleasing sound in all the registers is united to correct technical knowledge and a spirited sympathetic enunciation, it is sure to touch the feelings.

"The sustaining of notes in the scale beginning at C is the surest means of driving the chest sound into the head tones, which undoubtedly injures the voice.

"The person singing must stand properly, keeping the whole body still, but by looks or a slight movement of the head show that he is singing the words intelligently.

"Without the intelligent co-operation of the pupil the teacher will never, or only with great trouble, attain his aim."

SINGING vs. THE DOCTOR.

"THE time will soon come when singing will be regarded as one of the great helps to physicians in lung diseases in the incipient state. Almost every branch of gymnastics is employed in one way or another by the doctors, but the simple and natural function of singing has not yet received its full meed of praise. In Italy, some years ago, statistics were taken which proved that the vocal artists were especially long lived and healthy, under normal circumstances, while of the brass instrumentalists it was discovered that consumption never claimed a victim among them. Those who have a tendency toward consumption should take easy vocal exercises, no matter how thin and weak their voices may seem to be. They will find a result at times far surpassing any relief afforded by medicine. Vocal practice, in moderation, is the best system of general gymnasties that can be imagined, many muscles being brought into play that would scarcely be suspected of action in connection with so simple a matter as tone production. Therefore, apart from all art consideration, merely as a matter of health, one can earnestly say to the healthy, 'Sing that you may remain so,' and to the weakly, 'Sing that you may become strong.' "—*The Echo.*

In line with the above clipping, we would like to add that the Hygienic Supply Company, of Boston, are manufacturing a little respiratory tube, which is invaluable not only to people with weak lungs. but to vocalists. Its construction is simplicity itself. One could be easily made from an ordinary cotton thread spool, but the principle of gentle resistance, covered by its construction, is recognized and applied very neatly.

TRYING VOICES.

VOCAL teachers both welcome and dread the function of voice testing. When a voice is presented for examination the teacher often feels like the pearl diver—he dreads to take the plunge, but does it willingly with the hope that he may bring to the surface a gem of rare value. He welcomes it as a possible and helpful increase in his clientelle ; he dreads the disappointment that may follow, and invariably braces himself for an ordeal. Such an experience affords the supreme test of his tactfulness. The teacher who is honest with himself will be honest with his pupil. To blend what are frequently unpleasant facts with candor that shall not repel, but inspire the student with confidence that the defects need only be temporary, is the legitimate privilege of the teacher. If he is fortunate in this he will gain pupils. The same quality that makes it possible for him to accomplish this will enable him to hold and control his business ; indeed, this gift on the part of the teacher is frequently the pupil's greatest misfortune, for distinguished ability in this most trying field does not always or necessarily go hand in hand with tact and personal magnetism, and pupils too often fall victims to the blandishments of the many vocal Chesterfields, at the sacrifice, not only of real progress, but of the voice itself.

The current method of trying a voice is fallacious in the extreme. Temperaments differ widely and give a teacher prone to conceit in his own acumen an opportunity to err in judgment. It rarely occurs that a sensitive person can undergo the ordeal with any justice to himself, and to less sensitive people the occasion serves as a stimulus to better results than perhaps would be reached in many succeeding efforts or on better acquaintance. Recognizing these inequalities, a wise teacher reserves too free expression until opportunity shall be given him to verify his convictions. The writer believes in most definite and exhaustive treatment of this subject, and, in his own professional experience, approaches the matter with great seriousness, with most gratifying results. The system is comprehended by the following list of questions, printed with blank spaces left for answers. This chart is filled out in detail in all cases where the student contemplates pursuing the study of singing with a view to a career. Upon the answer to these questions depends, to a greater or less degree, the probable success of the student. Not one of them can be omitted ; more with propriety could be added. Not only can the teacher work more intelligently, but the chart remains as an evidence of the exact condition in which he found the pupil, and can always be referred to for comparison and encouragement. Let those who will hold in derision the necessity for such exactitude, but they who are in earnest will adopt this or a similar system, and find, by happy experience, that such a tabulation of facts will be immeasurably helpful, not only to the student, who should possess a copy, but as a basis for maturer judgment on the part of the teacher and more ready action in the numerous examples which are to follow. The pencil is an ever ready and invaluable substitute for the memory.

1. What is your age?
2. What is your height?
3. What is your weight?
4. Present condition of health.
5. Have you ever had any serious illness that affected the throat?
6. Chest measure (normal).
7. Expansion.
8. Bust measure (outside the shoulders).
9. Cubic inch capacity of lungs.
10. Size of neck.
11. Size of waist.
12. Does much out-door exercise fatigue you?
13. Do you come from a musical family?
14. Have you taken vocal lessons? How long?
15. Have you studied the piano? How long?
16. Name the most difficult piece in your repertory (piano).
17. What have been your educational advantages in school?
18. Have you sung in church choirs? How long?
19. Have you sung in concert? How much?
20. In church singing, was it in quartet or chorus choir?
21. What is your object in studying voice?
22. Have you any business or occupation, and if so, what?
23. Do you read and speak French, German, or Italian?

The teacher fills out the following answers from his

own observations after hearing the student vocalize, both on tones, scales, and, if possible, a selection:

24. Condition of throat.
25. Condition of jaw.
26. Condition of tongue.
27. General nervous condition.
28. Quality of low voice.
29. Quality of middle voice.
30. Quality of upper voice.
31. Evenness of the scale.
32. Compass.
33. Stress.
34. Natural elasticity.
35. Attack.
36. Intonation.
37. Vitality.
38. Chest action.
39. Remarks on respiration.
40. Agility.
41. Sight singing.
42. Interpretative indications.

Free space should also be left in which the teacher could make such observations on temperament, imagination, and presence as were evident. It will be readily seen that the value of such a chart is enhanced by filling out others at the end of the first and second years. If the teacher is faithful to his duties a change will be noticed in all questions vital to the well-being of the pupil.

THE DULL PUPIL.

BY CONSTANTIN VON STERNBERG.

THE daily routine of a teacher's life is very apt to harden his sensibilities, to make him callous against the particulars of individual cases; the lawyer, the physician are similarly affected by their profession; they may be called by their best friend but from the moment professional duty sets in their friend is a "case," nothing more, but also nothing *less;* and to this latter valuation I mean to call attention, for the "case" may be simple; but if it should require the entire force of knowledge and experience, the personal relations or professioual callousness make not the slightest difference. Rather, I should say, if the "case" is an intricate one, the lawyer and the physician call it "interesting," and redouble their efforts, while the average music teacher just sighs, and fulfils his contract with a heavy heart by killing the stipulated time some way or other, and wishes he was dead, or rather his backward pupil, whom he is very seldom inclined to regard as an "interesting case."

And yet this is wrong, very wrong, whichever way we look at the question.

To avoid any misunderstanding, it may be best to state right here that freaks are not under discussion; microcephalæ, idiots,* pitch-deaf children, analogies to color-blindness; malformed arms and fingers are not "interesting," but impossible. But the common, ordinary "backward pupil," with whom there is nothing the matter, except that he or she doesn't "get on," is a most interesting subject; a subject on whom a teacher can show how much he knows, what sort of man or woman he or she is, and how much they can think for themselves, in the way of finding ways, means, resources, methods, etc., and, therefore, I earnestly invite the attention of teachers to this subject.

It is a matter of such vast diversity, that the space of an essay cannot be expected to contain all its varieties and their cures; but the discussion may be opened by settling a few cardinal principles as a foundation for further investigation.

The foremost question in this matter seems to be that of talent. Now, I do not believe that there is such a thing as "musical talent!" This does not lessen my reverence for Bach and Beethoven, but, on the contrary, raises it to a far more serious plane than the admiration of any particular talent should be. I believe in a multitude of degrees of *intelligence!* in an *in*telligence; that is, an inward understanding of life itself. This intelligence, inherited directly or remotely, seeks a form of manifestation, and its selection of form follows the line of the least resistance. Early impressions form probably the largest item in the choice; if a child with innate intelligence sees pictures at an early age, and in an impressionable moment, when its mood and the pictures tally, it will take to painting, and it will feel hurt if you laugh at its first awkward daubs, because its imagination fills out all that was wanting in craft; it saw so much more in its little daubing than you, big grown-up stupid, could see. If the early impression was musical, it will take to music; and not for the jingle's sake, no, but for what is behind the jingle; it will tap the ivory and tell large, long stories of talking stars, and flying kittens, and dolly's grandchildren, stories wonderful and miraculous, which you, great grown-up numskull, cannot understand, because you hear only the tones actually produced, not those that were meant. What was really meant was the little giant's transcendental philosophy, which may have been all wrong, but it was thought, imagination, its personal relation to the world, just the same. On the other hand, when this intelligence is missing, the nimblest fingers and the quickest ear will not make a musician of the child, unless its vanity is fostered, and then it will turn out a sham in the end, a failure.

Philipp Emanuel, and Friedemann Bach have not equaled their gigantic father, though they had infinitely superior advantages; the "intro" was missing, and as the scientists say that mothers are more responsible for that, John Sebastian is not at fault, for, Heaven knows, he did not shirk the trouble of teaching.

The backward pupil is, therefore, to my mind, not lacking in musical talent, but in *intelligence!* and this must form the next point of investigation. Is the intelligence dormant, or is it absent? There is perhaps no question more difficult than this. I have had a pupil who represented the hopeless type to perfection; for three long years she was at an absolute standstill, and I

* The case of Blind Tom forms no exception, for he never made music any more than a parrot; neither expresses thought nor sentiment; both act under a purely animal imitative impulse, and have nothing to do with art.

should have given her up if it had not been for some minute, I may say microscopic, indications of a dormant intelligence ; indications no stronger than a spark breaking through an ash-covered fire in a dark room, when we are not certain whether it came from the fireplace or from our own eye. Yet I persisted ; with kindness—harshness had no more effect than water on a swan, it simply dripped off—and judicious selection of material, I continued until in one lesson—I shall never forget it, and I have witnesses for the occurrence—it was in the middle of the lesson as if something in the girl had snapped, she was suddenly transformed, a different being sat at the piano, she played the exercise with a rhythmic pulse, with shading, yes, almost with feeling ; the piece went marvelously well ; I, and also my witnesses who knew the girl for a long time, were dumbfounded. Of course, I did not with a word or gesture betray my astonishment, but took the change quite calmly. From that day she progressed at a perfectly astonishing pace, and now, after four years, she is one of my best players, established herself a few months ago in her native city and is a busy teacher, also playing occasionally in concerts.

But what where intelligence is absent? All I can say, is, how do you know? have you tried your best? It is never *totally* absent ; that must be remembered. Your task it is to find the channel of accessibility, and when you have found it, then proceed *from the known to the unknown*. In this connection I want to recommend a splendid little book by P. Du Bois, "The Point of Contact" (Phila. Wattles & Co., 1897), to all teachers, whatever they may teach ; in it you will find that idea expounded splendidly, lucidly, and lovingly. I say lovingly, for unless you love your pupil and your work, all the theories on earth will not help you. But if your heart is in your work, I should like to see the backward pupil who would not be awakened by your efforts.

Literary men often object to it that such pupils are taught at all; they express their objection with more or less terseness, and are not short of commonplace cut-and-dried arguments, but they are prompted by jealousy, because they think that the occupation with music turns the children away from literature ; and that shows how much they know about music! My experience, *without one single exception*, has been that backward music pupils were just as backward in their school work (even in callisthenics), and many a one whom I succeeded in "waking up" has proven that he did not wake up for music in particular, but "all over" ; and the other teachers came and thanked me for it. As if such a pupil could be turned into literature! Why, his "intro," or whatever you wish to call it, must be opened up, the windows of his soul must be cleaned and loosened, the sunshine of love (and love is intelligence) must enter first, before any knowledge can penetrate, except meaningless formulæ and data, and if art cannot do that, what is it for? Just to kill time? No ; however much the jewel-bedecked mob called society may try to relegate art to that domain, we have better authority on our side, thank God !

AMATEURS.

BY ALEXANDER MCARTHUR.

"EVERY one plays the piano," said Paderewski to me lately in Paris, "and yet no one plays it, for there is no instrument easier to commence and no instrument harder to master !"

Of the world's great pianists there have been three pre-eminently great : Liszt, Rubinstein, and Paderewski. Great as virtuosi and musicians, but especially great in their individuality—that hall-mark of genius. Yet Liszt, while still in the zenith of his powers, practically gave up his career as a virtuoso, devoting his energy to conducting, composing, and teaching ; Rubinstein took trouble to discourage the musical talent in his sons, more or less forbidding them any career as artists, and Paderewski, the last of the trio, now the greatest pianist living, confesses that there is no instrument harder to master than the pianoforte. It may be taken without controversy that only those who know little consider the study of the pianoforte as easy, and only those who know and realize its difficulty ever become pianists of merit or distinction. The easiness of preliminary piano study leads many students to suppose that the art of piano playing is one easy of accomplishment, and no error has worked more mischief among students than this ; for, just as "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," so young piano students, by attempting Chopin and Schumann when they are incapable of playing a Clementi sonatina properly, fall into habits of inexactitude and wrong methods of technic, requiring hours of study to eradicate.

Piano playing does not consist, as so many think, in pressing the keys of the instrument after any fashion and evolving a tune. Only by certain methods of technic can one produce the right tone and *nuance* of tone-color, and only by the hardest study, the hardest training, the most absorbing contemplation of the beautiful, can we hope ever to fathom the meaning of Chopin or Schumann, or grasp the philosophy of Beethoven rightly. The student who sits down to a Chopin nocturne or a Beethoven sonata can do neither himself nor the composer justice, unless he understands this.

Piano students—in fact, all art students,—who study for amusement make the vast mistake of supposing there is an easier road in study for them than for their professional brethren, and that they take less on their shoulders in commencing than do the latter. This error works untold mischief, and retards the progress of the amateur in almost every direction. If amateurs want to become good piano players, the first thing that must be understood by them is that the only difference between the amateur and the professional student is one of progress, not degree. The latter goes further on the road than the former, and aims higher, but the path in the beginning is the same for both.

Ignorance of this truth is the cause of much of the inartistic work we have to suffer over in our drawing-rooms, and is the reason why the term amateur has become one of reproach among artists.

When Rubinstein's wrath had become contemptuous, he would say to his pupils: "You have played like an amateur," and nothing he could say hurt as that did, for they knew it was immeasurable in its sarcasm. One could feel on such occasions the atmosphere of the dark, low-ceilinged room of the St. Petersburg Conservatory, where he gave his lessons, surcharged with the emotions of each student, while Rubinstein stood out, a striking figure of stern and lofty criticism, awakening heaven only knows what depths of fear and consciousness in the heart of each trembling pupil. All this caused by the term amateur, or, rather, by the significance which laziness and bad teaching has given to the term.

Every educated person should know something of music, and, as the piano is the easiest of all instruments to commence with, and decidedly the most useful, every child should be given at least two or three years' instruction on this instrument. A little piano playing never comes amiss. To know enough to go through the piano score of a new opera or some much-loved symphony of one of the great masters is a pleasure that fills profitably many an hour of leisure or of *ennui*, and the most unmusical person in the world cannot fail to benefit by a short training. It makes the fingers, wrist, and arm supple; it teaches a movement of the hand and arm that is independent of the eye; and is, altogether, a useful accomplishment. At the same time better never commence the study of the piano than commence it under an incompetent or amateur teacher. At the present time there are thousands of luckless students wearing their lives out in the European centers of musical art in an attempt to overcome baneful habits and false methods contracted during their early youth through careless amateur teaching. A bad method is next to incurable, and the number of fine players that have been spoiled by a bad method exceeds that of the indifferent players that have been advanced by a good one.

Not so important as a good teacher, but still of importance, is a good piano. Never practice on a piano of an indifferent maker, when you can get a Steinway, a Broadwood, or an Erard. Many people have a notion that finger exercises practiced on a good instrument ruin it, but this is as absurd as if we should assert that scale-practice would hurt the voice. It all depends on the method of practice, and this in turn on how the student is taught to practice. When finger exercises are studied for the mere strengthening of the muscles, it is just as well for one's own nerves and one's neighbors' nerves to use a Virgil keyboard; but when one studies finger exercises for tone-production, one should use the best instrument to be had.

Rubinstein always impressed on his pupils that they should play on the best instrument manufactured in the country where they happened to be residing. On several of his tours instruments belonging to a special maker were sent along with him, but he always found it an unsatisfactory arrangement, inasmuch as the instruments were liable to have the brilliancy or sonority of their tone weakened by each change of climate.

There is an old adage that it is a bad workman who complains of his tools; but, let the pianist be who he may, he should remember that it is impossible to have good piano playing with a bad instrument. Nor is it possible to have a good instrument and a cheap one. When it comes to buying musical instruments, all economy is a mistake. Get the very best the country has to offer.

At the same time, let the piano be what it will and the teacher who he may, if there is no talent the results will be poor.

Piano teachers have very often to face an altogether unnecessary obstacle interposed by the mothers of their charges. It may be taken as an absolute rule that no mother is capable of estimating justly the extent of the talent of her offspring. Hundreds of times in our lives we have all had occasion to smile over the rapture of young mothers. It is the same when these children grow up and commence art studies; all the geese become swans, and the number of young Paderewskis now flourishing would be amazing, were one to take a census from mothers only. Then what these mothers expect a teacher to do! "*Poeta nascitur non fit*" is an old saying, and one that ambitious mothers should bear in mind when they harass their children about piano playing.

When Rubinstein was director of the Conservatory at St. Petersburg, there was only one thing on earth that could awe him, and that was the announcement of an "ambitious mother." I never knew him face one alone, and many a time I have sat with him, by special request, during the interview.

"Good heavens!" he would cry in desperation, "I am Rubinstein, and I am director of the Conservatory, but you cannot expect me therefore to make geniuses."

There is no form of cruelty more wicked than that followed by many mothers who condemn their children to hours of pianoforte practice. No child under twelve years of age should be asked to sit at the piano more than two or three hours a day, and this not at one sitting. A naturally gifted child is often lazy. Even Rubinstein acknowledged that he liked better to romp than to practice—at times; but no amount of practice will make a pianist if the innate talent is not there, despite the loftiest ambition of the most slave-driving of mothers.

One duty a mother has above all others, and that is to see and convince herself that the tutors or teachers with whom she places her children are *bona fide* artists and not fakes. In America especially, where music journals, for the sake of a paltry few dollars of income, will uphold and advertise largely any one willing to pay, mothers have a difficult task. A great artist does not need to advertise and will not advertise. The public should understand that eulogies and newspaper clippings printed in music journals are nine-tenths of them paid for, and paid for dearly. They are no criterion whatever of merit; rather the contrary.

Any artist teacher of standing who has started out to make teaching his profession will secure before all else a diploma on completion of his studies, whether it be from Liszt, from Rubinstein, or from some well-known conservatory. A non-diplomaed teacher has no right to give lessons, and parents and guardians will be wise in avoiding all such.

There is nothing in which amateurs sin so greatly as

in the overestimation of their powers, and it is only those of them who are wise beyond the average that know enough to eschew Mozart, Chopin, and Schumann almost altogether, with the greater compositions of Bach, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. "Man, know thyself," is a hard formula; but "Musician, know thyself," seems to be one still harder, if we test it by the horrible mockery of some Schumann and Beethoven interpretation, and the always inevitable slaughter of Chopin in our drawing-rooms. Often, when I rush out of hearing from some *salon* where Chopin is being mangled, I shudder lest the gentle spirit of the composer be compelled to listen in expiation of his sins, till I console myself with the thought that this would be not purgatory, but hell—hell, worse than anything Dante has conceived or Gustave Doré painted.

Every professional player we hear to-day has given years of ceaseless study to his playing, and, if amateurs would only remember this, they would cease to attempt the ballades and nocturnes of Chopin and to wrestle with the philosophic problems of Beethoven.

THE SELECTION OF TEACHERS.

BY ROBERT W. HILL.

THE selection of teachers is often embarrassing to parents, for so much depends upon a wise choice. It is desirable that music shall enter early into the education of children, and because the selection of a teacher can not be deferred until the child's judgment is of value, all the responsibility of selection rests with the parents or guardians. Yet it is just at this time, when the minds of children are most easily impressed, that mistakes are most disastrous. It is then they need the most careful training and the most competent teachers. How to avoid a wrong selection is a troublesome question. If there were some definite rules which would assure against mistake, it would be comparatively easy for the average parent to settle his children under good teachers; but as each individual in society has a unique personality, so, too, each teacher requires a special examination to determine his fitness. It is true that there are general qualifications which are expected in all, but these largely relate to the outward side of character, while the qualities which determine the success or failure of the teacher, or even fitness for the profession, do not lie on the surface. It is not sufficient that there be technical ability, for that is often possessed by those who have no aptitude for teaching. Nor is the mere ability to communicate knowledge sufficient; for, while a reservoir may discharge freely, its capacity may be very limited, and so with teachers. If, however, technical ability and general culture be combined with an interesting and efficient manner in teaching, and if the moral and social qualities are not lacking, there is a combination highly satisfactory. All teachers should approximate this standard; but, as they do not, many people find, when too late, that they have been unfortunate in the selection made for their children.

Good manners and morals are as necessary as is technical ability. It is not at all pleasant to know that there are teachers who have such poor control of their nerves that, like Leschetizky, they "rave," and sometimes even "throw books and music after the retreating and humiliated pupils." Such conduct is only one remove from what in any other profession would speedily consign a man to an asylum for the insane. It certainly indicates nervous derangement in the teacher. It has interest as a psychological phenomenon associated with marked ability, but it must always awaken a feeling of regret that ability should be so handicapped. Because we read that Beethoven was a "boor," is no reason that a teacher of music should also be a boor. Because certain celebrated teachers in Europe have used personal violence to their pupils, that fact does not give license to other teachers to strike pupils for mistakes. Teachers should strive after the admirable elements in the characters of those who have proven successful as instructors. As long hair does not make an artist, neither will other idiosyncrasies of famous teachers, if adopted, give their imitators the genius they showed in their work. This objection to violence applies to language as well as conduct. The teacher who forgets the dignity of his profession, and develops the "scolding" habit, will weaken the proper influence which ought to be associated with his position. That habit will make the music hour a time of constraint. The scolding propensity will cause a decided feeling of dread, and this in turn will weaken the charm of music for the pupil. It may also, if persisted in, finally render it necessary to change teachers, in order to prevent permanent distaste for music. These things being true, if it be necessary to make a choice between teachers of great ability with little self-control, and others of far less pronounced technical ability but satisfactory manners, choose the latter, for the influence of good manners, and a kindly balanced spirit is worth a great deal. It will win the confidence and stimulate the mind of pupils, and when children are nervous and backward it will inspire that trust and respect without which little can be accomplished. Hence, while it is desirable to secure talent, it will be better to take average ability, if talent is to be had only associated with such traits as we read of. In other professions the ablest and most successful teachers are generally the most courteous and sympathetic in manner. It is well understood among them that ability does not carry with it a warrant to override the ordinary requirements of good society. We conceive of music as refining in its influence, yet too many of those who have set up as teachers have little of the refinement we expect. Like poetry, the tendency of music is the development of the true and the beautiful, and it seems strange to find teachers or musicians in whom antagonistic qualities have been allowed to obtain control. We have a right to expect with culture, winsomeness in spirit and manner.

There are many teachers, also, who are inclined to hasty judgments as to the ability and progress of their pupils. It is too much to expect each child to develop genius,

but it is not too much to look for some ability in all. If teachers would be contented to await development instead of jumping to conclusions, the result would prove more satisfactory to all concerned. Wagner's teacher, disappointed because his pupil made slow progress in mastering the technical difficulties of the keyboard, declared rashly, when vexed, that Wagner "could never become a musician." He forgot that musicianship consists of more than the ability to "perform" exercises correctly and rapidly.

It is not always possible to feel satisfied with the work of the pupil, but there are no circumstances which will justify a blow as a mark of disapproval. Kindly counsels produce better results than expressions of anger. Pupils sometimes need plain expressions of disapproval, but the tone and manner used should not be such as to leave bitter memories to rankle in the pupil's mind. It is unjust to scold because the pupil does not exhibit the marks of genius. The gift of genius is so rare that it can not be taken as the standard by which to measure the progress of ordinary pupils. One ought to be satisfied with fair advancement; but this is sure to the faithful teacher, except where pupils are abnormally dull or lazy. Even talented pupils are often disappointing in their attempts to master the rudiments of music, and the teacher, therefore, should make an effort to have the first lessons interesting. Beethoven found his five-finger exercises irksome at first, while to Wagner they were as annoying as to his teacher. Weber took his introduction to music so hard that his teacher said to him, "Karl, you may become anything else in the world, but a musician you will never be." The musical genius of these men is recognized all over the world. Their impatient teachers expected results which untrained fingers and immature minds were unable to give, and in their vexation the teachers prophesied to their own confusion. The teacher must not forget that behind first efforts may lie the undeveloped power of genius. What is needed for most pupils is kindly forbearance and friendly suggestion, as well as careful oversight and sympathetic criticism. These will minimize difficulties and make lessons a pleasure. Under such influences the mind of the pupil will rapidly absorb the spirit of music, and even "scales" will cease to be drudgery.

Teachers should have clearly defined musical ideals. As their ideals are, so will be the ideals of the pupils. For this reason the quality of their instruction will be conditioned by the music they love best.

Trivial music has no quickening power. It remains for us only agreeable sound, lacking the element which constitutes the soul of harmony. Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and others of like power, inspire the pupils who are, through their teachers' ideals, brought under their charm. But it should not be forgotten that the development of the mental conception of music is much more rapid than the mastery of the technical difficulties which beset the pupil. For this reason there may be rapid growth in appreciation of the best music, while the pupil halts and stumbles over the keyboard lessons. Many persons are thoroughly able to enter into the spirit of a Beethoven symphony or a Chopin nocturne or prelude, because their conception of music has grown through cultivation. Yet these same persons can not render any music themselves. If teachers exhibit pleasure in good music, and explain the "contents" so that the pupil may see a reason for pleasure, there is no doubt that the pupils will quickly develop musical intelligence which will demand the best, and find no pleasure in other than what is intrinsically good.

The development of musical intelligence, then, should be always prominent in the mind of the teacher. Upon his success in this the quality of his work will depend. Association with those whose musical ideas have been properly trained, the music of the masters, wide reading, and earnest conversation, together with faithful criticism, will have their part in the formation of good taste; and on these lines the best teachers will work for the advancement of those of whom they have the oversight. It is along these lines, as they unfold through acquaintance, that parents will find indications which prove the earnest and competent teacher. These things indicate musical culture, and soon show themselves. Taken with the moral and personal qualities absolutely essential, they afford a guarantee to parents of the desirableness of those who are selected to give musical training.

THOUGHTS ON EXPRESSION.

BY ROBERT BRAINE.

"If no have handsome, how can?" was the blunt and unconsciously sarcastic rejoinder of an enterprising Chinaman who had started up in the crayon portrait line, in the Bowery district of New York, in response to the indignant comments of one of his fair customers who found John's efforts to reproduce her fair features anything but satisfactory.

Just so it is in music. If a performer does not feel the music he is trying to interpret in his inmost soul, what has he got to express. "Play with expression! play with expression!" is the parrot-like refrain of thousands of teachers and hundreds of thousands of parents all over this bright land, while the number of young and even advanced students who have the slightest conception of what is meant by the oft-repeated refrain is very, very small.

Alas, playing with true expression is a very, very rare art, even among professional musicians! Many believe they have it when they have it not. True expression is the magic touch which distinguishes the artist from the artisan. Expression blows the breath of life into the composer's creation, while the merely mechanical performance of it is like a lay figure or a dummy of wax: a thing with the outer semblance of a being truly, but dead and cold. Or, mechanical playing is like artificial flowers,—hard, stiff, and without perfume,—compared with the sweet, fragrant production of nature,—the flowers of art,—such as bloomed in the heart of the tone poet who produced them.

How many pupils and teachers, too, blindly stumble

through the sublimest tone poems, banging down the keys with great force when they see *f* in the music, still harder when they see *ff*, softening down at the *p's* and *pp's*, hasteuiug at the *accel.'s*, and retarding at the *rit.'s;* but all in so mechanical and clumsy a manner that the most ignorant listener hears at once that the performer is only "obeying orders," as indicated by the signs on the printed page, and without the slightest conception of the artistic necessities for these changes in musical light aud shade.

In other words, such a player is no more than a flesh and blood Æolian or orchestrion, which merely reproduces the notes iu a stiff, mechanical manner, without feeling a note of it.

What can our teachers do to breathe the breath of life into all this expressionless playing? With many pupils we know it is a hopeless task. "Temperament," which marks the difference between success and failure in a soloist, is a gift from on high. It is impossible to produce a poetical nature in a clod-hopper. A large majority of pupils who offer can not be helped very much in the matter of real expression. The most that can be done with them is to compel them to observe the printed signs iu the music and to reuder the notes in as correct a manner as possible. Such pupils lack imagination, temperament, and poetry, and unless their nature could be radically changed they could never become anything more than human grind-organs, without the accuracy of that instrumeut.

Tbere are a great number of pupils, however, who can be wonderfully improved in this matter of expression if the teacher will but go about it iu the proper manuer. The pupil must first be made to understand what "playing with expression" really means; that music is the language of emotion; and that the light and shade aud various nuances simply correspond to the various emotions which the composer intended to portray in his compositions.

Teachers often give their pupils credit for possessing more intelligence in the beginuing of their education than they really possess. I have found many and many a young pupil who supposed that the *p's*, *f's*, *sfz's*, *rit.'s*, etc., were merely arbitrary marks put in the composition by the composer, and had no idea that the observance of these signs had as much to do with a really intelligent reading of the composition as the observance of the sense in reading a poem, to say nothing of the observance of the accents, punctuation, etc.

How many thousands of teachers are there who are content with a more or less accurate rendition of the notes of a composition, pitched iu a mouotone, and with as much expression as the drone of a saw mill? I have fouud that if the teacher permits it, ninety-nine out of a hundred pupils will play in just this fashion, without the slightest effort to rise above it.

So many teachers fail to explain to pupils the inner meaning of a composition. They will give a young pupil a spinning song, for example, without explaiuing what a spinning song is, when the little pupil has probably uever seen a spinning wheel, and has not the slightest conception of what it is like. Now, what the teacher should do is to make an interestiug explanation of what the composition is iutended to represent, and show the pupil where the composer has imitated the rapid whirring of the wheel with rapid passages of notes, played smoothly and legato. With this explanation, the pupil will have an entirely new idea of the spinning song, and every time he plays the passages which imitate the wheel, he will ackuowledge what they mean and play them intelligently.

A teacher should make it a point never to give a composition to a pupil unless he can explain what the compositiou is intended to portray. If you give a pupil a "Frühliugslied," by all means hunt up the meaning of the title in your dictionary if you do not know it, and be able to tell him that it means "Spring Song," and is intended to portray the birth of the new season of birds and blossoms and gladness. If you give a pupil a "Tarantella," explain that the title comes from "Tarantula," a species of hideous spiders which inhabit tropical countries, and that the name "Tarantella" was applied to certaiu forms of very fast dance music iu $\frac{6}{8}$ time, because these dances were supposed to cure the bites of these terrible spiders.

The rhythm of various dances—waltz, polka, galop, bolero—should be thoroughly explained to all young pupils if they are to intelligently render compositions in these forms. I remember the first minuet I ever had from my teacher. He was a teacher of the right sort, for before I had played a note he got up aud showed me how to dance a miuuet. He went through 32 bars of the dance with stately grace, humming the melody which I was to play. He then hunted up some pictures of the time of Louis XV, showing the court dancing a miuuet. It is needless to say that I never forgot that lesson. The same teacher showed his pupils what a piece was intended to represent thoroughly, before they played a note. On another occasion, I remember that he stopped me and complained of the way I was reudering my accents in a Polish dance. "My boy," said he, "when they do this dance in Polaud, they bring out these accents you do not make, with their wooden shoes. Now, after this, when you are playing it, try and hear those wooden shoes, and you will get the proper effect." I never played the composition after that but what "I heard those wooden shoes," and accented accordingly.

There is so much that a teacher can tell the pupil of the inner meauing of a composition which will help him to a proper reudition of it. The music of the masters is full of numerous imitations of every sound in uature, and of every tone in the gamut of human emotion. Here is a trumpet call; there a bit of chromatic, representing the howling of the wintry blast; here a thundering passage in the bass representing a stormy effect; there a rippling scale, suggestive of a mountain torrent. Who, for instance, could play Schubert's "Erlking" without being familiar with the legend from which it is taken, and recognizing the various effects by which Schubert has depicted the maiu poiuts iu Goethe's immortal poem —the rush of the wind through the forest, the father madly galloping to reach home and safety and holding his son tightly in his arms, the voice of the Erlking lur-

ing the boy to his shadowy kingdom, and the frantic cry of the boy as the Erlking seizes his young spirit.

If a pupil understands a composition thoroughly, he will have some basis for its expression.

Many teachers are, unfortunately, themselves very lax in studying the analyses of the classic compositions which have come down to us from their composers, and from the great executive artists who have performed them, and hence are unable to give their pupils any key to the emotional meaning of what they are playing.

In the case of operatic music the teacher should make it a point to be familiar with the plots of the various operas. He will then be able to indicate to the pupil the meaning of the various selections he is playing.

If the pupil who is studying an operatic fantasia or selection, will but attend a performance of the opera once or twice, he will play it with entirely different expression and added intelligence, for he will then understand the emotion with which the composer has sought to imbue each theme. How could any instrumental performer give the proper expression to an anvil chorus, or a love duet, or a duel scene, or a rustic dance, or a defiance, unless he had seen the opera or had the meaning carefully explained to him. Of course, a cultivated musician would deliver the passages with more or less of the proper expression, but they would invariably lack the accuracy and peculiar adaptation to what they were intended to express.

In addition to explaining the meaning of the composition in hand, the teacher must, of course, insist from the first on the observance of the various indications of nuance and light and shade in the music, the *pp*'s and *f*'s, *accel.*'s, etc. The pupil should, of course, be provided with a musical dictionary, and be required to learn the meaning of all the expression marks in the music. The teacher should rigidly insist on this from the very beginning, for if this is done the pupil gradually acquires the habit of playing in an expressive manner.

One thing the pupil must be kept from, and that is "false expression," which is infinitely worse than no expression at all. Many ignorant teachers and musicians seem to possess an idea that "expression" means a *ritard* in every other bar, *accelerandos* where there are no *ritards*, *sfz*'s in the most unlooked-for places, exaggerated *pianissimos*, and the whole interpretation a sickening hodge-podge of "fits and starts" without "rhyme or reason." Every reader can remember musicians and students of this type. There are some even in high places.

This it was that used to drive Beethoven to perfect fury, this "false expression," like an actor bellowing every other word and whispering the words he did not bellow, whether the sense of the passage called for it or not.

Let a pupil be made to understand that one must feel in order to express. The actor who weeps real tears is the one who moves others, and the musician who feels what he is playing is the one who will properly "express" the intentions of the composer.

Frederick George Lippert

PLAGIARISM IN MUSIC.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LIPPERT.

"Thou shalt not steal!"

It is sometimes charged by musical critics and lovers of the art that certain compositions, in whole or in part, lack the originality of invention which entitles them to be considered as free creations, or, using a more direct expression, that they are purloined from the works of other composers,—a practice commonly understood by the term, "plagiarism." It will be found, however, that critics do not altogether agree on the definition of what constitutes plagiarism, because it is a relative thing, according to the standpoint from which it is viewed. It may, therefore, prove of some interest to inquire briefly into the nature of this practice; to define, if possible, its limits, and to point out when it is to be condoned and when to be condemned.

It is much easier to raise the charge of plagiarism than to substantiate it. For are we not all plagiarists in our sayings and doings? Do we not, through early education and association, through reading, nay, through the visible example of our elders, imbibe ideas which we do not hesitate to express as our own? Do we not unconsciously reflect the opinion of our daily paper, whether in politics, sporting matters, the drama, art, or music,—little thinking that we are mere plagiarists of an editor who, in turn, may be plagiarizing some one else? We can not ignore the fact that, owing to our human organization, we stand on the shoulders of our fathers, just as they stood on those of preceding generations.

All knowledge is handed down continually by older heads to younger ones. In the world's libraries are stored up the accumulated knowledge and experience of bygone generations and eras, furnishing us with innumerable suggestions. The easier the access is made to the means of absorbing the ideas and opinions of those gone before us, the less frequent becomes real originality

of thought and speech. The same is true of music. When we reflect what an immense variety of musical ideas the student has to assimilate in his studies, the wonder is not that there should be so much plagiarism, but that there is so little!

The old adage, "There is nothing new under the sun," has a good deal of truth in it. This we realize when, in listening to a new work of music, we encounter ideas in it that seem quite familiar to some of us, because those ideas have dwelt, in a semi-conscious existence, in our brains before, without being given utterance by us. It is the prerogative of genius, to voice and waken to life what has lain dormant in the minds of the noblest and best of our race.

How a suggestion is sometimes taken up by a master-mind may be shown by the following example: A Beethoven hears, somewhere in early youth, a folk-song, leaving a faint impression upon his mind. Many years have elapsed, when the "giant" needs a theme for the andante of his Second Symphony (in D major). Suddenly that long-forgotten bit of melody rises up in his memory. It is seized and worked up into an immortal orchestral movement of transcendent beauty. Is there any one who would, for a moment, question Beethoven's ability to invent a theme when he needed one? Was composer ever possessed of a more robust originality?

The identical old folk-song may have hovered about Moritz Moszkowski's brain when he wrote his tender melody, "Deutsch," in the suite, "Aus aller Herren Ländern." And yet, who would call him a plagiarist for that? Do we not admire Edvard Grieg for the use he makes in his compositions of his native Norwegian folk-songs that supply him with suggestions for his melodies, and his harmonies as well?

What is it that makes Chopin, with all his elegant grace, so powerful, if not the fact that his art is the reflection of the innermost soul of the Polish race? Should we charge him with plagiarism because he worked into some of his "Valses" and into his First Concerto (in E-minor) little bits of Swiss airs which had delighted his ear? Certainly not. But where should the line be drawn?

When a composer appropriates a suggestion emanating from some outside source, and, after digesting it, so to speak, stores it away in his memory with the thousands of other ideas which he holds as his inalienable mental property, to be drawn upon at will; when, in the act of mental production, he searches the recesses of his memory for an idea that will meet the immediate want, and his mind then yields up that long-treasured impression which has become thought of his thought, must we not accord him the untrammeled use of such an idea, especially when he clothes it in his own language, his own musical coloring or harmony?

We claim that the adoption of an outside suggestion does not necessarily imply the lack of imaginative power in an artist. The important point, upon which the question of plagiarism hinges, seems to us to be this: If you prove yourself a master in the utterance of musical ideas, you may undertake to express any kind of an idea, whatever its source may be, so long as you handle it with a supreme command of the means of musical expression.

Did not Mozart acknowledge a debt of gratitude which he owed to Palestrina for suggestions received from his works? Did not Mendelssohn attest a similar gratitude with regard to Johann Sebastian Bach? Spohr and Gounod with regard to Mozart? Marschner with regard to Weber? Berlioz and Wagner with regard to Beethoven? and many of our living composers with regard to Wagner? Let it not be forgotten that all development in music is governed by the all-embracing law of evolution, and that every eminent composer builds upon the foundation prepared by his predecessors, taking up the thread where they have left it, to evolve the art-work one step further.

When Schumann introduces the "Marseillaise," half disguised yet distinctly recognizable, into his "Faschingsschwank aus Wien," just to poke a little fun at the Vienna police, which had forbidden that stirring air to be played within the Austrian capital; or when, as a personal compliment to his friend, Sterndale Bennett, he builds up the incomparable finale of his "Études Symphoniques" upon an English ballad in praise of Richard Cœur-de Lion (sung by Ivanhoe in Heinrich Marschner's opera, "Knight Templar and Jewess"), we pronounce such proceeding not only perfectly legitimate but highly commendable, because of its ingenuity and fitness. In a similar manner, we think Meyerbeer entitled to praise for building up his overture to "Les Huguenots" upon the great Lutheran hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God."

In all the cases cited so far the charge of plagiarism can not be sustained, it being evident that the design to appear as the originator of the respective air or theme was foreign to the composer's mind. The case is different, however, when the composer would make us believe that he originated the themes or phrases which, in reality, owe their origin to some one else. Here, again, we distinguish between two categories: First, where the high grade of ability of the composer precludes the idea that he could not have himself produced what he borrowed, from reasons of convenience, elsewhere; secondly, where it is plainly apparent that the composer purloined a thing he was incapable of creating.

One of the most notable instances of the first order, in musical history, is afforded in the person of Händel. It can not be denied that this great master pilfered the scores of contemporary and preceding brother-composers for themes and suggestions. Yet, when we consider that there was, among the musicians of his time, hardly one who could express and clothe musical ideas in such masterful form as did Händel, and that he undoubtedly improved upon his models, we carry away from the study of his works the conviction that, had he so desired, he could have created original ideas in place of those borrowed,—a conviction inclining us to condone his offense, if such it must be called.

Among operatic composers of distinction, Meyerbeer has been very generally accused of the theft of the mental property of others. No less a one than Richard Wagner, his bitter antagonist, has, on that account, heaped abuse upon Meyerbeer in terms fitting for the

most depraved criminal; but, we think, without sufficient justification. Meyerbeer was an eclectic, following no one school in particular, but ready to assimilate everything good, no matter where he found it. He was by no means scrupulous in borrowing ideas from the scores of great masters, living or dead. His "Robert le Diable" and "Les Huguenots," as well as others of his operas, teem with passages that will convince the critic that Rossini's "Tell," Auber's "La Muette," Weber's "Der Freischütz" and "Euryanthe," and Beethoven's "Fidelio" were too well known to Meyerbeer. But what of that? We owe the latter a lasting debt of gratitude for giving to the world a series of most effective and attractive operas which, to this day, despite the almost universal sway now held by the Wagnerian muse, have not lost their hold upon the habitués, be it in Europe or in this country.

If it be urged that Meyerbeer stole the theme for the trio of the Coronation March, written for his opera "The Prophet," from a Mass by Schneider, a noted organist of Dessau, Germany, let us be thankful that by merging it into his opera he rescued a distinctly charming air from oblivion, and gave delight to thousands of lovers of music who, but for Meyerbeer, would never have heard it.

The question may be raised whether a musician in the act of composing is at all times conscious of the "whence" of the ideas crowding in upon him; whether he realizes fully when he is making use of an idea of some brother-composer. To answer this one would have to be himself a creator of music, and even then he could only speak for himself individually and not for others. Still, the inference would be that during the process of enthusiastic production the master-mind is prone to lose sight of petty considerations anxiously separating the *meum* and *tuum*.

So far we have considered the use of foreign ideas by those in full possession and command of the means of their art. But a wholly different aspect is presented to us when the composer does *not* possess technical mastery; when crude, commonplace detail characterizes his work, he being a mere tyro in his profession. To such a one the purloining of musical ideas from superior minds often becomes a trap, into which he falls; for what is not his own becomes easily apparent by the contrast it evokes when compared with the inferior product of his brain.

When we have unmistakable evidence that a composer has arrayed himself in a brother-composer's cloak to cover his nakedness; when we feel that, without such help from outside sources, a production would be utterly without value and insignificant, then we feel called upon to enter a vigorous protest against such practice, and hesitate not to stamp the perpetrator of such an act as a bold plagiarist.

Still more reprehensible than the purloining of a phrase or "motiv," appears to us the servile imitation of the *style* of a composition,—a practice attempted only by composers of inferior rank, lacking in self-respect and dignity, as well as in originality of thought. We remember, to cite an example, hearing a piece for the piano not long ago that turned out to be, in conception, phrasing, harmonization, and what not, a slavish counterfeit of Schumann's lovely "Blumenstück"; and yet, how far it fell short of its graceful prototype!

Such an attempt is, to our feeling, the worst type of plagiarizing. It reminds us forcibly of the sarcastic lines from Schiller's "Wallenstein," addressed by the chasseur to the cavalry sergeant, whom the former charges with aping the great general:

> "How he hawks and spits, indeed, I may say,
> You've copied and caught in the cleverest way.
> But his spirit, his genius—oh, these, I ween,
> On your dress-parade are but seldom seen."

Of course, we should not be supposed to include in our condemnation such isolated cases as that of Schumann's "Carnaval," in which one number is a deliberate imitation of the style of Chopin—intended, however, as a graceful compliment to the great Pole.

To sum up: Let us not judge too severely what overzealous critics are pleased to call plagiarisms. Let us bear in mind that, as all human productions are necessarily imperfect to a greater or lesser degree, perfect originality in musical ideas is a thing next to impossible, owing to the constitution and development of the human mind.

While we would condone a plagiarism that attests the presence of an abundant fund of musical ideas pouring in *nolens volens* upon a composer from his stored-up reminiscences; while we feel disposed to pardon him for the use of a theme or phrase not strictly original with him, provided he show, by the general treatment, that he could have created a substitute for the former if he so wished; the interest of music as a fine art demands, on the other hand, that we condemn and unmask him who tries to shine with a false luster on account of the utter absence of any light of his own.

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA; OR, WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BY HENRY T. FINCK.

THE "Moonlight Sonata" is probably the most famous of Beethoven's compositions, although, taken as a whole, it is by no means one of his best. He himself placed it far below some of his other works. One day he said to his pupil Czerny: "People are always talking about the C-sharp minor sonata. Yet surely I have written superior things. How much better, for instance, is the F-sharp major sonata."

There is reason to believe that the "Moonlight Sonata" owes its popularity in large part to its name. No doubt, by any other name it would sound as sweet, but probably it would not have its present vogue. Few amateurs can remember a sonata by its key name—C-sharp minor, or F-sharp major—but what could be easier to bear in mind than the title of the "Moonlight Sonata?" The fate of Beethoven's symphonies provides another illustration

of the advantage of having a poetic title for a piece of music. The seventh and the ninth are by far the best of them, but the most popular are the sixth and the third, for no other reason, I believe, than because they are known and remembered as the "Pastoral" and the "Heroic," and therefore appeal to the pictorial imagination as well as to the musical sense.

What aggravates the situation is the certainty that Beethoven himself was not responsible for the title of the "Moonlight Sonata"—no more than Wagner was for the fantastic names given by the commentators to the leading motives occurring in his music-dramas. It occurred to the critic Rellstab one day that the C-sharp minor sonata suggested moonlight on Lake Geneva. To a hundred other critics it might have suggested a hundred other things; but the public was pleased with Rellstab's poetic label, and pasted it on that sonata so securely that all the sneers of Rubinstein and others as to its inappropriateness have not been able to rub it off, and it is there probably to stay.

Its title is not the only moonshine connected with this famous composition. The "Moonlight Sonata" has always been associated with one of the composer's love affairs. Beethoven was never married; but that was hardly his own fault. He gave several women a chance to refuse him, and he was always more or less in love with some one of his pretty pupils. One reason why he was refused was probably that he had a special weakness for falling in love with young countesses. Now, to us it seems that any countess—or princess—might have been glad and proud to marry a genius of the first rank like Beethoven, even if his manners were somewhat uncouth. But Austrians think differently on that subject, and, in Beethoven's time in particular, distinctions of social rank were sharply drawn.

One of the aristocratic young ladies with whom Beethoven fell in love was the Countess Guicciardi. She was only seventeen when she became his pupil, and she must have been very pretty. Beethoven first refers to her in a letter to Wegeler, dated 1801, in which he says:

"I find existence somewhat pleasanter since I have become more sociable. You can hardly believe how dreary and sad my life has been these two years; like a specter my growing deafness has pursued me everywhere; I fled from human beings, and must have seemed to them a misanthrope, though I am far from being one. This change has been brought about by a dear, bewitching girl, who loves me and whom I love; for the first time in two years I am enjoying some moments of bliss, and for the first time I feel that marriage might insure happiness; unluckily, she is not of my rank, and at present, too, it would not be possible for me to marry, for I have a great deal of hard work before me."

There is other evidence besides this letter to show that Beethoven believed his love for this girl was reciprocated by her. She came from a distant provincial town, and was probably flattered by the attentions and loving regard of so famous a man. But there is no evidence that he ever proposed to her. The eminent American biographer, Mr. Thayer, is inclined to believe that he did propose, and that she was willing to marry him, but that her parents objected to the match. La Mara has, however, ascertained that there is no tradition of such a proposal and parental veto in the Countess Guicciardi's family. She subsequently married a Count Gallenberg, a composer of ballets and dance music, and it is on record that Beethoven once helped him out of financial straits with a loan or present of 500 florins.

Half a century later the Countess gave Otto Jahn an amusing account of her lessons with Beethoven, which he thus sums up:

"He gave her his own compositions to play, and was extremely severe until she had attained correctness down to the smallest details; he laid stress on facile execution. His temper was easily aroused and then he threw down the music or tore it to pieces. He refused money for his lessons, though he was very poor; but was induced to accept some additions to his wardrobe under the pretext that the Countess had made them. He did not like to play his own pieces, but only improvised; the slightest noise made him get up and leave. Beethoven had given to the Countess Guicciardi the rondo in G, but begged her to return it when he had to dedicate something to the Countess Lichnowsky, and then dedicated to her (Guicciardi) the 'Moonlight Sonata.'"

Surely a strange thing for a lover to do—to take away from his adored one a composition he had given her and in its place dedicate to her a sonata of which, by his own confession, he did not have a very high opinion! Was this really the girl to whom Beethoven addressed that passionate, undated love letter, in which he declared: "Your love makes me at once the happiest and the unhappiest of mortals"—"never can any other own my heart, never, never"—"I can only live with you or not at all"?

Schindler and other writers made use of this undated letter to spin a web of romance and pathos around Beethoven, the "Moonlight Sonata," and the Countess Guicciardi. But it is now known positively that the letter was not written to that girl but to her cousin, the Countess Therese Brunswick. Thayer proved by a most ingenious computation that the letter was written in 1806, or three years after the marriage of the Countess Guicciardi; and more recently Mariam Tenger has shown, in a brochure entitled "Beethoven's Immortal Beloved," that the Countess Brunswick was Beethoven's flame at the time when that epistle was penned. Her revelations are based on the confessions of this countess herself. She had received some music lessons of Mozart, and in 1794 she became Beethoven's pupil. She was only fifteen years old then, and was so much afraid of her master that her little fingers trembled when she played for him. One day, when he was displeased with her, he hit her a sharp blow on the fingers, then rushed out into the snowstorm without his hat and mantle. The poor girl, trembling all over, ran after him and brought them to him.

Nevertheless, she fell in love with him, and her diary contains many references to her dear master, together with expressions of jealousy when she hears of his conquests of hearts. In 1806, shortly before that love letter was written, they became engaged, notwithstanding their difference of rank. The Countess' brother Franz, to whom the "Sonata Appassionata" is dedicated, approved of the engagement, but it was kept secret, partly because

Beethoven had as yet no position that enabled him to marry prudently, and more especially because it was feared that the announcement would prove a dangerous shock to the Countess's mother, who was in poor health, and who clung tenaciously to current aristocratic prejudices in regard to marriage. Thus the engagement continued four years, until it was annulled at Beethoven's request. The countess afterward blamed herself for not having had the courage of her convictions and marrying the great composer in the face of all prejudices and obstacles. She followed his example and never married.

Inasmuch as some of the foregoing facts have been known only a short time, it would be unfair to blame those who have cast so much moonshine over the C-sharp minor sonata. Yet one can not help being somewhat amused at the wise and zealous efforts of the commentators to explain the inner significance of the "Moonlight Sonata," with references to supposed facts which we now know to be fiction. Elberlein, in his otherwise commendable book, "Beethoven's Sonatas Explained," tells us gravely that "disappointed affection was the moving cause of this sonata, which is dedicated 'Alla Damigella Giulietta Guicciardi';" and Marx tells us more definitely and wisely still, that "Beethoven shows, in his immortal C-sharp minor sonata that love—a secret flame burning itself out in the consuming fire of insatiable desire—lived on in his true heart." Then the commentators proceed to point out the "plaintive tones," the "oppressed heart," the "bitter pain" and "melancholy" depicted in the first movement, which in reality is nothing but a placid and rather light-hearted reverie in tones. Marx does not allow even the trivial allegretto which follows to mar his pathetic illusion. He describes it as a "'Farewell!' uttered in fleeting, broken, and weeping tones, till the last 'forever.'" Elberlein, however, smells a rat, and "frankly" considers this movement "an interloper" that seems "the result of totally different feelings from those which pervade the rest of the sonata." In the last movement, however, he has a relapse, and tells us that in it "the spirit of the tone-poet bursts forth in gloomy, passionate agitation; the pent-up wrath breaks boldly into free channels; a frightful storm begins to rage, as if some volcano were rolling out glowing lava from its thundering depths."

The moral of this romantic story is that composers should always date their love letters and christen their own sonatas. It is an interesting fact, known to few musicians, that in the last years of his life Beethoven repeatedly discussed with his friends a plan he had of giving poetic names to all his sonatas. He did, indeed, remark to Schindler that "music ought not, and can not, on all occasions give a definite direction to feelings;" nor is it likely that, if he had found time to carry out his plan, he would have often given such detailed inscriptions as he did in the "Pastoral" symphony, with its arrival in the country, scene by the brook, merrymaking of the peasants, thunder storm, and shepherd's song after the storm; but he would have provided some very desirable clues to the poetic or pictorial impressions which were in his mind when those sonatas were written, and a knowledge of these would often have made his musical intentions clearer, too. There would have been nothing anomalous in choosing his titles after the pieces were written, for that was the method usually followed by Schumann. Of one thing we may feel quite certain: if Beethoven had christened his sonatas, the "Moonlight" would have been eclipsed by others and would have lost its present name.

E. M. Sefton.

CHILD NATURE.

BY E. M. SEFTON.

"The time was when we were not, but never will be again."

ARE you helping old Father Time in the untying of one of those wonderful child bundles? Be wise, then, and patient, too, lest you miss some packages containing gems of rare worth; lose none in their manifold wrappings; let none be kept in the folds of Time's wrinkled garment; take care that all be brought to light, that the pearls may be polished, the diamonds cut, the rubies burnished, and the gold refined. The child is plastic clay, while man has passed from the potter's hands; the child is the alpha, man, the omega, of life; the child is a possibility with a probability, man only a doubtful possibility.

Every conscientious teacher is much concerned about this bundle of possibilities—the child. How can we best get hold of it? How can we get the most out of it? Where shall we dive for white, translucent, lustrous pearls? How shall we cut these "diamonds in the rough" that they best glimmer in the "*time*" light, and glitter in the "*eternal*" day? To answer such questions in detail would involve the careful study of each individual child, for each has a personality, an individuality, as marked in the mind as in the face. To recognize and deal with these individualities is the special work of

every teacher ; to speak of generalities or common traits and characteristics is the purpose of this study, trusting that by so doing we may stimulate teachers to a more careful study of the individual, for to teach a dozen children *well*, one must be a dozen different teachers. Our labor is great in proportion to the magnitude and importance of the subject treated, viewed in its relation or bearing on the real issues of life. If we appraise child-life at its real value, we shall see that it holds all values of the future ; it is the soil in which the *good*, the *true*, and the *beautiful* are to be propagated. Through childhood is the road to all improvement and progress. Shall we be true or false to our trust? It is easier to add virtue than to subtract vice, and the way to suppress the ugly is to exalt the beautiful.

Much more than half of our population is in the children's kingdom ; they are in a plastic condition, sensitive to not only the best but the slightest influence. Shall we touch and lift them? We are writing the laws and the history of the future in the child-life of to-day.

Activity.

Say "do" instead of "don't."

A healthy child is the most forceful illustration of life. A veritable perpetual motion ; an engine with the steam-gage registering 100 pounds pressure. Doing is the only safety-valve ; keep it open unless you wish an explosion. Force finds equilibrium only in motion ; you may dig new courses for the cataract, but you can never successfully confine it.

An inactive child is an imbecile. There are degrees of activity in healthy children, and these degrees are usually prophecies of future usefulness or uselessness, as they are properly or improperly directed. If you would have a child a "know-nothing," the "do-nothing" policy will produce it. Activity is the manifestation of energy, the indication of inherent power,—an expression of strength. Shall this energy be directed on the things that are worth while or on vanities? Shall we see that this strength develops until it becomes a resistless force with which to meet the obstacles of life?

Activity is potent, not passive. It communicates action ; it produces effects. To suppress activity is to enervate life, to weaken the will and deteriorate growth. An active life develops strength for the emergency, vigor for the life-marches, and victory in the conflict. *Activity* shows an ambition to be awakened. What wealth is not suggested in the child's spontaneity? Like all great natural forces we need but work in harmony with their inexorable laws to get mighty results. History is the record of activity, not of speculation.

What is to be done with this jumping-jack boy and romping girl? The answer is found in one word—*employment* ; to furnish this is one of the teacher's life-tasks ; neglect is the deadliest of weapons, and the worst of offenses. We ask bonds from those who handle our sordid gold. What bonds shall we require of those who deal in soul futures? "Tools become wonderful only as they are skilfully handled ; let the wrong person wield the brush or handle the chisel and a daub and a broken shaft are the result." We are working on statues more lasting than marble ; success means a glory in proportion. Let us paint famous pictures ; let us write great dramas—but avoid the tragedies ; let us write epic poems ; let us compose the stately overtures and the sublime symphonies of to-morrow in the hearts of the young of to-day.

Curiosity.

Curiosity is a fire that can be quenched only with information ; it is, therefore, the hand-maid of the educator. *Curiosity* prompts investigation. It leads in the search for all truth. It should be inscribed on the banner of the discoverer, philosopher, mathematician, judge, moralist, and divine. Create in the child a disposition to inquire after any truth, and the truth is half taught. Arouse *curiosity* and you capture attention, and this is essential to the earnest consideration of any subject. We may speak to a deaf-mute, but nothing is heard ; we may talk to a preoccupied mind, but nothing is learned. Where there is a consuming curiosity we get not only a concentrated but a continuous and inquiring attention. Every curious child becomes an animated interrogation point. No Athenian was ever more industrious in seeking out "some new thing" than is the normal child.

Questions and answers are the rolling-stock in the transportation and exchange of thought and knowledge. Questions are probes for facts—mustard plasters that draw out what there is within. Did you ever have a child apply them? You must direct this search for truth ; never allow the child to say, even mentally, "I called but ye gave me no answer," for, "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

Imagination.

Imagination is one of the strongest traits of childhood ; at no other time in life is it so vivid or intense. *Imagination* transforms a straight mark into a man, a rag doll into a thing of life, a playhouse into a palace, and the dullest lesson into an hour of pleasure. Imagination is the highway of approach to the interest of the pupil. It produces or rather reproduces any object of the sense previously perceived and is the power that recalls any mental condition or spiritual state that has before been experienced ; it is the image-making power of our being ; it is the great constructive and creative power in man. From several reals the ideal is formed ; let the child read the lives of half a dozen great men and the *imagination*, by its combining power, will build its ideal of greatness and goodness from the sum of the admirable traits found in the men studied. So we get our ideals of a sonata or symphony after hearing it by a dozen artists. Let us fill the minds and lives of the young with such matter that their on-building shall be of indestructible materials and on a sure foundation. The active *imagination* will vary and combine ideas in the memory into new forms and relations ; novelty, invention, and originality is the outcome. "Something new" always proves to be something very old in new relations. "There is nothing new under the sun," but there is no limit to new relations of the old,

under the reconstructive and creative power of the *imagination.* Imagination is the guiding power in art ; of art in its most comprehensive sense ; all that is included in beauty, whether in architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, or music. That magnificent poem in stone, the Cathedral at Milan, first had a being in the thought of the architect, planted there by the creative power of the *imagination.* The Venus of Milo in all its comeliness and beauty was seen imprisoned in the rough marble shaft long months before the sculptor's releasing chisel touched its shapeless sepulcher : here we have again the image-making power of the *imagination.* Much in art is suggestive and therefore incomplete without the filling-in power of the *imagination.* We must call on it to complete the picture. The romantic school of music is but a blank canvas to the one with undeveloped *imagination,* but an endless panorama of exquisite pictures to the one that has this inner vision ; things unknown take form, and airy nothing is given a name and habitation.

Let us develop greatness in ideals, ingenuity and novelty in the creative powers, and an appreciation of beauty in all its fields by encouraging a preservation and enlargement of a healthy *imagination.*

SOME "PASSING NOTES."

BY JULIA B. CHAPMAN.

"YES, you will like McCallie Street ; but you will find it *fearfully* noisy !"

So said one and another of our friends when we moved into our new home on the principal thoroughfare of a large city. And, in truth, it *did* seem "fearfully noisy" after the solemn stillness of the mountain heights from whence we had come.

Schumann says that everything in the whole world has its keynote, if we will but listen for it ;—and who is it who adds that the keynote of a great city is "F"?

Sitting one morning on a vine-shaded porch, with my head bent low over my needlework, I set myself to listen for the underlying harmony of the tide of sound that rolled ceaselessly by and beat upon my ears—to find, if I might, its keynote, and to determine if it were all, or only, noise.

True, it is largely made up of the ceaseless roll of wheels and tramp of hoofs, all day long and far into the night ;—coming and going,—the sound swelling and dying away in an inextricable confusion of "crescendoes" and "diminuendoes." But even in the sound of wheels and hoof-beats, what an infinite variety of *tempo*, and, may we say, of expression ?

Without glancing up it is easy to distinguish the brisk "allegro agitato" of the fussy grocers' carts, dashing excitedly from house to house (as though the welfare of the nation depended upon the prompt delivery of their petty wares), from the stately "adagio pesante" of the heavily-burdened transfer van, with, perchance, its story of a forsaken and dismantled home, and the removal of its household goods to new and unfamiliar shrines. It may well be that it is the sigh of a heavy heart that is borne to our ears with each slow footfall.

Drays, hucksters' wagons, hacks, and carts, mix and mingle in a medley of sound. Threading in and out among the plebeian throng of vehicles rolls the smooth legato of my lady's carriage, its rhythm accented by the sharp staccato of prancing hoofs, as she passes on her way to make a call, or to some grand social function.

Listening, one may even see in fancy rich silks and nodding plumes, and all the gay array.

Next comes a merry party of tourists in pleasure wagons and drags, bound for the National Park or the historic heights around, breaking into the monotonous burden with a gay "allegro con spirito" that makes one smile in very sympathy with their pleasure, as the sound of their chatter and laughter dies away in the distance to be replaced by others.

But now comes the steady tramp of many feet, a sound heavy-freighted with woe, a solemn largo, eloquent of human grief and pain, as the black-plumed hearse, followed by a long train of carriages, bears some beloved form to its last resting place under the shadow of Old Lookout. The lagging footfalls seem to be treading out the measured cadence of the burial anthem, "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and world were made"—a mournful "andante doloroso." You would never dream that these were the very same carriages, drawn by the very same horses, that but an hour ago took a bridal party to the church. *Then* the nimble pace seemed an "allegro giojoso," more suited to an epithalamium than to a funeral chant.

A hand-organ, played by a strolling son of Italy, grinding out snatches of opera and the last popular air with delightful impartiality ; a horseman galloping by, his charger's feet striking out the triplets of a gay "caballeto" ; the laughter of little children at play ; the hoarse cries of peddlers,—blend in a whimsical capriccio, while once and again the English sparrow adds a shrill acciaccatura by way of embellishment.

More wheels and hoofs in varying time and tune, and then——a sudden momentary hush ! So still it is you can hear the sweet, weird music of æolian harps, as the wind frets the electric wires stretched high overhead. A swift, soft rush and impatient, silvery tinkle, as speeding bicyclists pass each other on the road, scarce breaks the unwonted silence, while far up the street sounds a single faint, clear note. Nearer it comes and nearer, rising above the tide of sound that has flowed back into its channel once more, repeated again and again as the postman passes along his route. What music to the maiden waiting for her lover's message ! What harsh, shrill discord to the recipient of unwelcome news or an importunate dun !

But the quiet is broken in upon rudely and harshly, with a mighty roar and tumult that brings my heart into my mouth. Thundering over the railroad bridge three blocks away, thundering over the solid pavement so that the earth shakes with the shock, thundering by the house and down the street, "presto furioso" rush the fire engines, with hose and ladder trucks. Bells clang out. The

street is alive with people, sprung from the ground apparently, all shouting and clamoring, following in the wake of the rushing engines. A great building is on fire—lives are imperilled—property is being swept away! Faster! faster! flying steeds, or you may be too late.

Faint and fainter grows the tumult, the bells have ceased to ring, the shouting people have passed on, or gone back to their work, and the street resumes its wonted aspect, seeming almost quiet by contrast with the recent uproar.

And so *Da Capo*, and once more *Da Capo* through the long morning hours, until a new note strikes the ear. Up, up it mounts, half a tone at a time—C, C-sharp, D, D-sharp, E in alt., pausing tremulously an instant on the topmost note, then down by irregular intervals. Once more the quaint chromatic scale! It is the noon whistle of Citico furnace, answered quickly by a dozen other whistles in as many different keys, but all blending harmoniously in the summer air. Notes full of melody to the busy workman, singing to them of rest and refreshment and short surcease of toil. To me they say that it is time for luncheon, and, as I fold my work to go indoors, I realize that I have been listening to a veritable "Psalm of Life," rolling out, in organ tones, from the stones of a noisy street.

TOUCH.

Physical, Pysiological, and Esthetic.

BY WM. BENBOW.

Touch is the foundational means of all knowledge. It is the mother of the senses, and biologists say the other senses are but specialized forms of touch. It is that by which we learn both the quality of a thing and its kinetic (especially, vibrational) characteristics. We can scarcely estimate how much can be communicated to our intelligence by this one source of sensation. Dryden, in one of his poems, speaks of a blind man who could distinguish black from white by feeling.

To a novice it is astonishing to see what an important part vibration plays in the education of deaf-mutes, particularly in institutions using the "oral" method. It seems preposterous to say that one can communicate abstract ideas to us simply through the sense of touch; and yet the world knows the history of Helen Keller, who is a blind deaf-mute and who is about to enter Harvard. How is it possible to teach a blind mute to articulate, to pitch the voice high or low, loud or soft? The first steps are learned by touching lightly the soundboard of a violin, and the pupil quickly feels the difference between loud and soft and high and low tones by the quantity and quality of the vibrations. Thence the experiments are transferred to the larynx and chest of the teacher and thence afterwards to the subject's throat, who soon compares the vibrations and is able to imitate different kinds of tones.

A wise teacher is supposed to have things "at his fingers' ends," but he scarcely realizes what he has there. The spongy mesh of fibrous tissue with which we feel has not received its due consideration. The tactile papillæ will also repay study, for this is a trite but true proposition, viz.:—as our instruments are growing more expressive of delicate subtleties in color and dynamics, the more delicately weighed and poised must the forces be which are to play upon the instrument.

Bell-ringers and piano manufacturers know that a hard clapper or hammer produces an unmusical sound, but the pianist is just beginning to learn that his finger-end is also a part of the clapper apparatus. Why is Leschetizky so careful as to which finger is employed for certain effects? Why did Paderewski as a boy spend hours in feeling the keys and associating the effects? As part of the answer to these questions, note the difference in form and firmness of the cushions at the finger-ends. Again, why are we learning to use the "up-touches" so much? For the same reason that the piano-maker makes the hammer spring back quickly after it has delivered its blow—namely, to avoid as much as possible any interference with the full play of the vibrations of the string. That is what Sieveking meant when he said, in a recent interview, that he keeps his fingers off the keys as much as he can, and uses the pedal for every note. Notice how one uses the soft part of the finger in the singing and caressing touches. It is because that offers the least resistance to the permeating effect of the vibrations. This also accounts for the prevalent disposition to do away with the vertical finger-position and consequently to use also a lower wrist and arm position in order to preserve as much freedom of knuckle-action as formerly.

As to the psychological point of contact, neurology offers us the doctrine of the presence of "association-bundles" of nerves in the brain, and psychology says that consequently we think in a "series of concepts," and Spencer even says the same of the "association of feelings." The more we study psychological phenomena, the more deeply are we impressed with the close resemblance between the mental *modus operandi* and the musical. One instance will suffice. A given concept is composed of four prominent elements. If one of these elements is present in another concept, these two concepts will be mutually suggestive. Is that not perfectly exemplified in our chord-progressions?

There is not a more important doctrine for the teacher to know and apply. To apply it intelligently, one must first of all ascertain what elements are in the pupil's concepts. Otherwise, how can he connect? As a corollary, find out the pupil's appetite and what he enjoys. There are times when watermelon is more wholesome than sirloin. Many teachers never try to find out what the pupil knows and feels about tone-color. It would be an easy thing to ask him to describe the difference between a flute tone and a violin tone. Play some well-known air with different touches and have him describe the contrast in the effects. Play a phrase pizzicato on a violin and ask him to imitate the effect on the piano; teach him the idea before its name.

As to expression, one must learn better how to get the

pupil to think musically. An application of the biological maxim, that individual progress is an epitome of racial evolution, is here in order. Melody came before harmony, and a short phrase came before the full-blown melody; so induce the learner to pick out a few notes to fit a short fragment of some nonsense rhyme. Have him sing it first, if he will. When one learns to express his own thoughts he is not so liable to become stereotyped into a musical parrot, or to degenerate into a chattering baboon. To apply this principle wisely, one must have studied how mankind began to use snatches of melody,—first by repetition, then by contrast, then by phrase, and so forth. We take too much for granted as to the learner's attainments. Many an "advanced" student is floored by the question, "What is the use of the bar?" And yet even a little one can understand a rhythm-scheme like this, sketched on a loose bit of paper:

	Hey diddle	diddle!
The	cat's in the	fiddle,
The	cow jumped	over the
	moon.	

Write only the words in this way first, and have him repeat them in a strongly accented rhythm. Then draw the heavy line as indicated, and afterward the dotted line. There should be an inch space between the lines of the rhyme. Above every line of words draw a straight line and have him put dots on it above, and corresponding to, the syllables. Then have him draw four lines above the one already drawn, so that you have a staff. Then cut your paper into four parts, each part having a line of the rhyme with its staff. Then dovetail the four pieces so that you form one continuous staff, as in printed music. After all this is done, we may show the need and use of a clef.

We are not thoroughly alive to the pedagogic possibilities of esthetic contact. The child likes to build, and is interested in forms. Show him the analogy between certain architectural and musical forms. For children of an older growth, one point that never fails to kindle interest, is the remarkable analogy between the rondo form and the flamboyant style of architecture, as in the front of Milan Cathedral. Still more interesting is it to observe that even the ornamentation in this musical form bears a close resemblance to the decorative features of the architectural type on account of the playful and sportive character of the tracery and embellishments.

If you wish to have the pupil understand the proportions in delivering melody and harmony, do not tell him simply to play the melody louder,—that will certainly foster a mechanical type of expression. Rather show him a picture where the subject stands out from the background. In other words, make use of the superiority of the esthetic and poetic suggestion over the mechanical dogma. A child sees more accurately than he hears, therefore waken and cultivate his ear-sight. Get the learner to compare things, as it demands and furthers a more accurately observant habit.

What a music-lesson a rose is! There is the form, the symmetry, the precise counterpoint of leaf against leaf, and the rhythm of curve after curve; there is the color, the nuance, the light and shade, the depth and the warmth; and there is that subtle something that no one can see, no one can touch—the fragrance! How we covet this evanescent quality! And how *do* we obtain it?

By expression.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING.

REALISM IN MUSIC.

BY W. W. PAGE.

THIS is an age of realism. The wonders wrought by steam and electricity, and the marvelous discoveries of science, have so far outstripped the wildest flights of the imagination that we have grown rather ashamed of that happy faculty, and have allowed it to fall into disuse. We are eminently practical, we believe nothing we can not grasp with our senses, and we look upon the imaginative man as a dreamer, almost as a fool.

Some of the effects of this present-day craving for realism are more ridiculous than harmful, such as the employment on the stage—where, of all places, the imagination should have full play—of real horses, real steamboats, real tanks of water, into which the heroine can fall at the proper moment to be promptly rescued by the hero. Other effects are positively baneful, such as the morbid desire, fostered by a sensational press, to pry into the private doings of prominent people. Even the mighty dead do not escape this, for we have their most sacred correspondence ransacked and published to the world, in order that it may be seen just what were their failings and littlenesses, from which even the holiest and noblest are not perfectly free. Still worse is the "problem novel," about which the less said the better. The spirit of the age has even affected art, and has not spared the most sacred subjects. In order to be realistic, the ideals which have grown up with Christianity are swept aside, and we have the Mother of the Saviour pictured as a Syrian peasant woman, and the Apostles at the Last Supper as rough, weather-beaten rustics.

As music is the most ethereal of the arts, one would suppose that it, at least, would escape the tendencies which I have mentioned. But not so; and it is against this that I wish to utter a word of protest. We continually read and hear of attempts being made to render music more intelligible by representing it as depicting scenes in nature or definite emotions of the mind. Now, there are, of course, certain compositions—such, for example, as many of Schumann's—which are framed with such intent, and have been appropriately labeled by the composer. These may legitimately be considered as descriptive. Then, in teaching young pupils, it may often be advisable, in order to fix their attention, to invent some sort of a story in connection with a piece that is being studied. So far, so good. It may even be of advantage to students of Bach to have his fugues printed in different

colors. as has been done recently, to enable them to distinguish the component figures the more readily. The value of this may be questioned, however, for, if a student have not sufficient talent to make these discoveries of himself, or with the ordinary guidance of a teacher, he had better let Bach's fugues alone.

The greatest evil is, in my opinion, wrought by the endeavor to represent all or most of the works of the great masters as being necessarily of a descriptive character. Such a proceeding no doubt goes a long way toward popularizing classic music among unmusical people, for they will often listen with breathless interest to a composition about which they have heard some story, but which otherwise would fall unheeded on their ears. This result is no doubt of great convenience to the giver of the "lecture recital." Interest so aroused is, however, plainly fictitious, and does nothing to foster the pure love of music for its inherent beauty. Announce on a programme that you will play Beethoven's sonata in C-sharp minor, Opus 27, No. 2, and nine-tenths of the audience will take no special interest in it. Tell them that you will play the "Moonlight Sonata," and they begin to recall all the tales they have ever heard in connection with it. And yet, what a misnomer that word "moonlight" is. If Beethoven intended the sonata to be descriptive of a moonlight scene—which is extremely improbable—he failed lamentably. On the contrary, it depicts, if anything, the sufferings of a sensitive soul, lacerated and tortured by its reverses, at first bearing them with a calm despair, but finally bursting forth in frenzied agony. And here it is where music is so transcendental. It portrays emotions of the soul which no other language can. When we attempt to fetter it with words, we deprive it of that freedom which is the highest reason for its existence.

Take that well-known and much abused D-flat prelude of Chopin's. I myself, and probably most of the readers of THE ETUDE, have heard not less than half a dozen totally different versions of what it was intended by the composer to describe. All of them were more or less absurd ; the reiterated A-flat (G-sharp) being supposed to represent as widely varying effects as the tolling of a bell and the falling of drops of water. Chopin, in all probability, if he were alive, would deny that any one of them originated with him, and would simply say that the prelude was the expression of the otherwise indefinable frame of mind in which he happened to be at the time he was inspired to compose it.

Many more illustrations could be given, but these will suffice. I do not absolutely condemn realism in music. On the contrary, under certain conditions and within certain limitations, it serves a useful purpose. Even then, it should never be forgotten that the story or illustration is subordinate to the music, not vice versâ. But when we come to music in its highest forms, by attempting to be realistic we only serve to make the divine art ridiculous, and tend to degrade it from its lofty plane.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that my contentions do not apply to vocal music in any of its forms, where, of necessity, the intent of the music is to illustrate the words.

BRAINS AND MUSIC.

BY HENRY HOLLEN.

WELL has it been said that "every fact is the child of thought." Every good creation, every advance in science, all development in art, is the ultimate result and consequence of thought. In no field is this more true than in music. Here exercise of the mental faculties is all-important, whether it be in composition or in execution. Without thought, the composer's creation will be shallow and void of inspiration; it will be but a pantomime, a shadow of the real, and unworthy the name of music. In such a work you may search in vain for a happy idea or a soul-inspiring passage ; it will be a mere "conglomeration of notes," or, if it contain a musical sentiment at all, it will be found to be incomplete and invariably loosely constructed.

The discovery of the laws of gravitation was the result of premeditation ; Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" was not created by a mere throwing together of a series of notes. It required thought to master the knowledge contained in the theory of atoms ; likewise, the construction of "The Creation" demanded the exercise of Haydn's deepest brain energy.

Thought is likewise a requisite of the true artist. Without it there can be no interpretation ; without it technic is worthless, producing but a mere rumbling of tones. Thoughtful players are few and far between, but those who think that music exists solely in the finger-tips can be found on every hand. Such pianists are legion. To them the higher aims and beauties of music are lost.

Here, for instance, is Prof. Pinafore Wild, the musical lion of the village, without whose delightful presence concerts and entertainments would be impossible. He is in constant demand for recitals. How perfectly swan-like he moves up to the piano, gives the seat a twirl, and then, looking up at the ceiling long enough to absorb inspiration of a sufficient amount to last the length of the composition with which he expects to astonish his hearers, he begins with the endeavor to employ his hands so dextrously as not to incur a collision. Professor Pinafore Wild is the piano juggler of the village, and the imitation of thunder, lightning, and falling hail he can "do" to perfection. This, with other wonderful feats, earns for the Professor a goodly share of pupils, who are installed under his charge with the pre-admonition that he teach "my Freddie" or "my Gwendoline" such things on the piano.

Then there is the boarding-school Miss. She occupies a conspicuous position in the tail-end of the music profession. She is known throughout the village as a rapid player. She can "run over" more notes in a given half-hour than any one else in the vicinity. *Andante* and *affettuoso* mean nothing to her. She deems her judgment the best guide in these matters, and without reserve she substitutes *allegro assai* or *animato*. Difficulties she grapples with and conquers. Even "Christmas Bells March" falls beaten under her surpassing technic.

The village boasts of another musical character, Herr

Otto Schlegelmilch. He, too, has his good points He is the champion of londuess in pianoforte playing, and challenges all comers to make more noise on auy given piano thau he. Naturally, he has a taste for piano adaptations of Wagnerian operas and other heavy music.

These are types of people whose musicianship exists in the mnscles of their arms and hands, to whom the intellectual side of music never appeals. Little do they know of gennine music. To them inspiration is a word undreamed of. The divine side of music never appears to them, and comparatively simple musical ideas are as difficult for them to grasp as a problem in trigonometry is to a young child. Their minds have been totally neglected as regards music. They have labored all their lives with the idea that musical intelligence is not a requisite of a pianist or teacher.

To interpret a piece of music—a phrase that implies much—is to bring out the composer's meaning as contained in that piece. There can be no intelligent rendition without expression and feeling ; the mere playing of notes, the mere observance of rests and pedal-marks, does not constitute interpretation. Something more is implied,—the employment of the higher faculties ; and, as a performer uses these, to just such an extent is he an artist in the strict sense of the word.

How bald and meaningless would the creations of the masters be were technic, and technic alone, employed. We need not imagine such things. They occur constantly, in public concerts and in private recitals. Think of Chopin's nocturnes as being played in this manner. How utterly shallow they would appear ! Ignore the all-important *espressivo* or *poco ritardando*, and overlook the fact that this passage should be played *appassionato*, and that *smorzando*, and what would we have ? Chopin would be Chopin no longer, and his nocturnes would cease to be examples of the beautiful and inspiring.

Mark Twain says that "it is easy to find fault if one has a disposition. There was once a man who, not being able to find any other fault with his coal, complained that there were too many prehistoric toads in it." It is undoubtedly true that many musical critics, or, rather, people who call themselves critics, are of this class. It is a fact that there is "much ado about nothiug" on some subjects, bnt it has probably occurred to many that technic is taught by many teachers to the exclusion of musical thought and feeling. We find many music stndents with a surplus of technic, but sadly lacking in the higher qualities. Such little pieces as Schumann's "The Happy Farmer" and "Träumerei," Batiste's "Offertory," or Lysberg's "Idylle," will, when well stndied, be stepping-stones to the higher spheres of mnsical attainment. The hymn from "Iphigenie in Aulis," by Gluck, is a specimen of beautiful choral harmony, and the hearing or playing of compositions of like character will tend to inculcate musical feeling. Without doubt, the hearing of good music is a sure way to accomplish this end, and a single attendance at a symphony concert or an operatic performance will work wonders in this direction.

The analytic study of compositions is now employed by many teachers in connection with good text-books and other literatnre. Ridley Prentice's "The Musician," the subject-matter of which is arranged in progressive order, is a work to be recommended. It will teach students that mere technic does not monopolize the whole study of music.

THE DESIRABILITY OF MUSIC AS A PROFESSION, FROM THE FINANCIAL STANDPOINT.

When a person, from one cause or another, is brought face to face with the necessity of deciding either for or against music as a profession, it is only fair to himself that he weigh the problem carefully, placing professional success against financial prosperity. Artistic and pecuniary success in the majority of cases seems incompatible. It is every one's duty to meet the problem with a fair understanding of the outlook. One has but to consult the files of any commercial agency to be convinced that the musician is neither a money seeker nor a wealth getter. The money side of the question remains yet to be solved. To him who is controlled by an overmastering love for music, a second thought will not be given to these considerations ; his verdict will be, when congeniality of life-work is against the accumulation of wealth through channels which are not congenial, in favor of the art rather than the money.

The most gifted musicians who are loyal to strictly professional requirements have failed to amass wealth. It is the business man who speculates on the artist's or composer's merit and popularity who gains the lion's share of the profit in the long run. If there are exceptions, they stand out from the average so conspicuously that they only serve to emphasize the fact. It is fair to the musician that he begin to look for an explanation of this rather startling truth. Looking at the other arts, is it not true that architects own residences which are often monuments to their success in building for others? The fame of the painter is accompanied always by easy pecuniary conditions. The emoluments of literature are very alluring, when one considers the fortunate surroundings and elegance of writers of eminence, and then many of them may be found either associated or identified with broad financial schemes. Banking, manufacturing, mining, aud other gilt-edge securities find their way in ample measure into the control of all art producers excepting musicians. We can not state, as a reason, that music is more absorbing. It is true that, in literature or the other arts, all who succeed have burned the midnight oil. Wherein, then, is to be found the explanation?

The strictly practical will say that, while music as an art is capable of expressing the most as well as the deepest, at the same time, as a commodity, its power of expression is almost entirely nullified. That its intangibility, or the transient character of its mission, or, in other words, its evanescence as a soul-reaching, as a soul-stirring medium, will fully explain the discrepancy. There are others who, while not

overlooking the considerations just presented, will go deeper into the problem and seek for the cause first in the inherent prejudice against music on the score of its respectability and dignity; next, its influence upon the character. The claim is such that he who worships at the shriue of Apollo is such a pure example of sacrificial loyalty that he not only lays upon the altar his art contributions, but also their commensurate and rightful compensation. That would sound very well if found between the covers of an eighteenth century novel, but I fear would be greatly ridiculed by this practical, work-a day generation.

Perhaps the trouble may embrace a little of each of the above propositions. The musician is impractical, and an impractical man is not a money saver. One to succeed as a musician must be imaginative to a degree; imagination in music is synonymous with beiug visionary in business, and the visionary man is often more happy with his visions than the practical man with his possessions. With these qualities usually goes generosity, which is also an enemy to acquisitiveness. The musician deals in the luxuries of life, hence the supply and demand are greatly influenced by the fickle condition of the times. The children of practical men and women are usually practical like their parents. Of such is not the gift of music, hence those with a musical inheritance as a rule enter the profession without the hard-earned dollar of their ancestors; and, again, those who are successful in the fullest meaning of the word, are usually, as before explained, handicapped financially, and thus become prey to the cupidity and avarice of the more practical sort, who have the means necessary to turn their success to material account; thus the musician only receives a meager percentage for his gift, even after his creations have passed the test of public appreciation. After facing these facts, oue who is consideriug music as a means of livelihood, it seems to me, must be better fortified for his battle with life.

Money is the most respectable passport to power; mouey is the surest sign of success; money represents better than anything else, except the art itself, the appreciation by the public of the art itself. Hence, whether he will or not, whether he is visionary or not, whether he is practical or impractical, it is due to himself not less than to his posterity that he value practical prosperity from the world's standpoint. It takes as many cents to make a dollar when earned by a musician as by a man in any other industry in life. Savings banks and trusts companies, while they may not maintain that air of servile deference with which they greet the millionaire, have never yet been known to refuse to deposit or invest money for the musician, hence art and frugality are not necessarily inconsistent. It is only the disregarded tendency that can account for the musician's well-known reputation in this respect.

What America needs to-day is money expended for the advancement of the art, with lavish hand. Music lovers who are business men have, unfortunately, in a number of cases, attempted to show their appreciation by munificent bequests, but, unfortunately, their understanding of the needs of the profession and of the best means of arriving at ideal results with capital is not clear, because, being non-professional and not in touch with the needs from the professional standpoint, their efforts have miscarried. It is when the aggregate of musicians occupy a higher rating as capitalists that the particular need will be met and important institutions founded for fostering the art.

We cau not finish without reminding the musician that he, in order to attain to any distinction as a money holder, must exercise greater discretion and be more frugal than men in most professions, because, as a rule, his opportunity for gain is confined to the value of his time by the hour or by the year. The inventor, the speculator, the manufacturer, the producer, the shopkeeper, are not hampered by any such limitations. This unquestionably far exceeds all other reasons given for the failure of the profession, as a whole, to acquire wealth. This, when fully understood, will deter the young man who is ambitious to rise in the world by money power from entering the profession, but the profession can spare him. It seems almost absurd to repeat to the young teacher and composer the truth that he learned at home and at school, that he can not "both eat his cake and have it," and if early in life the habit is established of setting apart, no matter how modest, a proportion of his earnings every month and year, he will be doing his duty as well as his share toward removing the stigma of illiteracy, which, though only in a comparative sense, is upon the profession.

The musician's resources are as follows:

First. Teaching—income limited to number of pupils or price per hour, or, if in counection with some school, to salary.

Second. Church engagements—iucome determined by salary per year.

Third. Composition—ten per cent. of the gross receipts; income governed by the excellence of the composition on oue hand, aud the inexplicable caprice of the public on the other.

Fourth. Conducting and organizing—income governed by the magnetism and power of the director.

It must be remembered that, unlike most other arts or professions, the earning power, with the exception of church engagements, is limited to a short season of eight or nine months in the year.

We have thus given a fair survey of the field, which we submit to the student of music as suggestions, conscious that those who are best equipped mentally will find them helpful. I disclaim any intention whatsoever of placing the matter in a mercenary light, but have beeu governed by a desire to quicken the thought, and suggest for consideration questions that are overlooked too frequently by young people who are enticed by the fascinations of music into embracing it as a profession, who might, in maturer years, find that their selection was unwise, that what had seemed to appeal to them as the most desirable thing, both on the score of its congeniality and its promise financially, was not a serious call, but rather a hasty decision with only a superficial acquaintance with the merits of the question.

TEN CARDINAL POINTS IN THE EARLY MUSICAL EDUCATION.

BY THOMAS TAPPER.

I.

Tone should be made the basis of object study as early in the child's life as possible.

By directing the child's attention to tone phenomena in early years, there results a knowledge of tones, their qualities and effects; and one becomes both sensitive and discriminating in tone perception. With children an infinite number of experiments are possible* which shall systematically draw their attention, first to tone in general, then to special tones, then to special phases of tone. In all this, let it be remembered, the child is a listener. And listening is a fundamental process in his study of music; he must listen from his earliest years, that he may interpret and employ tone with meaning.

II.

The imitative tendency must be guided.

As a learner of words and as a performer of action the child is an imitator. Through life, this is our process of taking in new things. In the beginning the child finds that nature has set the whole world before it as an object lesson. Or one may say it is a copy set for one to imitate. At first the little one makes a letter here and another there; then a word or two; then an idea; and gradually, throughout life, more and more of the lesson is taken in.

Hence, in the study of the young one finds that a child gains two important thing musically—two at least by imitation: (1) experience with living tone full of music meaning, and (2) a vocabulary of song. To-day the rote song is given an important place, because educators are discovering that it is a powerful factor. The great principle, underlying all others, in the choice of a song, is that it shall, in as many points as possible, touch the child's experience.

Teachers of piano who specialize child work have not a fullness of success within their possibility until they join their interest and investigation to the first music experiences in the child's life. They must know and start from the first music-doing of the young learner. This they will do, however, when they know the potency of the first lessons.

III.

By listening attentively to tone the child becomes a tone-thinker.

Teachers of reading have discovered that it conduces to better progress if the child first be taught to recognize and interpret not symbols for separate letters, but symbols for definite ideas. In other words, he is to be brought as soon as possible into the world of living, active thought, and he becomes a student of it. Thus in music the first lessons are decidedly with tones and their significance rather than with the hands or a keyboard. One must be attentive, first, to the sensitiveness of the ears. As we are word listeners before we speak, so we must be tone listeners before we play. And we must not forget that we are word thinkers, too, before we speak.

IV.

The child must learn, as a thought quantity, that unit which represents the strongest working factor in the lowest terms—the SCALE.

The value of making the voice the exponent of the music thought can not be overestimated. Slowly we are learning to respect the child's hands in piano playing; we see that as little evil befalls them as is within our keeping. Next we shall learn to be equally careful of the child's mind. Then we shall invariably appeal to the child from the mental side; we shall be careful of impressions, making them pure and logical and right from the start. It must be ever before us that what we can actually teach a child comes, after all, *less out of our knowledge than out of his experience.*

V.

The child must know from the beginning that the scale is the same unit in all of its representations—KEYS.

In the conduct of sight-singing work it soon becomes evident that it is quite as easy for a child to sing a simple melody in one key as in another; decads of C, F, and G notwithstanding. Having ouce learned the scale, the singer can take it at any pitch within his vocal range. As a music reader, one has to learn from the first lessons the simple facts that: (1) the scale is an unvarying unit; (2) that once having established *do*, or one, or the tonic, the other scale degrees stand ever in the same order. If he is thus taught he will know early in life that to the eye keys present no greater difficulty one over another; but the piano does not, in all cases, offer problems to the hands equally simple on one set of keys as on another.

VI.

By practice the child must be made familiar in thought with the scale melodically.

Having learned the simple lesson of singing the scale from any starting-point, the child must next have for practice an abundance of exercises designed to vary the scale. Thus, the first exercises will have no skips and will proceed simply as concerns rhythm. Such exercises must necessarily be presented in all keys. Then follow similar melodies, using skips. Afterward the various devices for elaborating melody are to be introduced. *And in all this the main idea must be to increase familiarity with the scale as the principal unit.*

With this sort of sight-singing one can do many another task; singing melodies from memory is one, to write these melodies is another; bit by bit it will develop that the child can be taught to write similar melodies to

* See the writer's "The Objective Study of Tone."

those of his lessons. When he does this he is becoming an independent melody thinker.

VII.

Having acquired the scale as a unit, the child must next add to it its neighboring tones.

First the child learns to know the scale as an eightfold unit. Next he is to become acquainted with its tones individually. In the first knowledge of the scale he learns to pass up and down the music ladder from tone to tone ; in the second, he gains knowledge of the scale tones as individuals, and he can pass from one to another readily. After these two actions are well-established, he must learn to reach out to the scale satellites and group them in the family. How does he add F-sharp to the C scale ? By never losing the individuality of the scale from mind. With every new tone his scale may be said to expand.

VIII.

Coincidently with his tone experience, the child must learn the lesson of his heart-beat—RHYTHM.

First he is to learn regularity of impulse in simple groups ; afterward, the complexity of the group is to be increased.

IX.

He must gain that independence in music which allows him to join his interpretation with that of another ;

PART MUSIC.

This is simply a test of one's ability to keep the scale conception so strong that it can be expressed without being influenced by another singer. If this habit be taught children, ensemble playing is well founded.

X.

From the first days the application of all knowledge must be directed upon finding the meaning of the classics.

This is the test and the health. The power gained is thus expended in the most practical, yet in the most ideal manner.

A PLEA FOR BROADER MUSICIANSHIP.

BY E. J. DECEVEE.

RECENTLY while en route to another city, I fell in with an old friend who was perusing, rather intensely, a musical periodical. We soon drifted into conversation on general musical topics, and I asked him how his daughter was doing with her musical studies. "Musical studies, did you say ?" was his reply, "She is not studying music, it is the piano she is studying." Furthermore, he said, "My youngest daughter will never be allowed, with my consent, to pursue a course in music until a marked change for the better in modern methods of teaching is brought about." After a few moments of conversation touching methods, etc., the subject was brought to a close by this remark from my friend : "I do not want my daughters to become pianists only; I want them to become musicians as well, and as this matter of ultimate musicianship does not concern the average teacher, I must respectfully refuse to be further inveigled."

The question then is this : Into what channel is teaching in these days slowly but surely drifting ?

In my judgment it is drifting into the channel of pianism pure and simple, with no counter-current to check the inevitable descent into the maelstrom of musical ignorance—ignorance on simple matters of form, ignorance on matters of construction, ignorance on matters affecting the weal or woe of musical rendition, etc., *ad infinitum.*

The study of the pianoforte *per se* is a good thing, but not so, however, relatively considered. It does not go far enough. The education of students in *music* is being greatly neglected ; indeed, I venture the assertion that not one piano student in fifty can correctly analyze the simplest composition. This condition is found in the ranks of struggling piano students who simply play and that is all. Who is responsible for this condition ? The pupil ? Certainly not. The teacher ? Most assuredly.

If music were simply and solely an accomplishment, if it were simply a kind of appendage tacked on as a finishing touch to one's education to be used as a factor for recognition in cultured circles, then superficiality on the part of teachers could be condoned. Music is very much more than an accomplishment. It is an important branch of liberal education. Through its cultivation and serious study the kindred associated arts, painting, architecture, sculpture, poetry, become susceptible of keener appreciation.

The object of this article is to awaken a livelier interest in the cause of broader musicianship, of larger all-roundedness.

Let us as toilers in the divine art remember that there are thousands of students who are simply living on the husks, who are beating against the outer wall, who are treading everlastingly on the mere threshold of musical art without gaining admission into the real sanctuary, who never reach Olympian heights or hear Apollo's *Pax vobiscum.* For these earnest ones something must be done.

Pianism is subject to the following divisions : 1. Technic ; 2. Interpretation ; 3. Theory. Taken together they form the basis upon which to rear the musical structure. The ability to execute a passage (the technic) is worthless unless guided by laws governing tonal gradation and phrasing (the interpretation) and the ability to reason out the why and wherefore of the obtained result (the theory). These three elements of pianoforte study are not only important, but should be worthily attended to during the whole course of instruction.

Many teachers claim that they have no time to devote to theoretical exposition. Why not take time—the pupil pays for it ? The realization that the student is becoming a musician, and not merely a pianist, ought to

prove sufficiently consoling for the extra outlay of time on a subject clearly necessary for real growth.

As to the means for securing the result,—*i. e.*, broader musicianship,—methods of procedure will necessarily differ. A half-hour lesson could be divided as follows: ten minutes, technical studies; ten minutes, piece; ten minutes, simple analysis of material at hand or elementary harmony: a lesson of forty-five minutes length, fifteen minutes, technic, special exercises, study; fifteen minutes, piece, phrasing, general rendition; fifteen minutes, analysis, harmony, or other theoretical work. In addition to oral instruction, the writer suggests that the pupil be given problems to work out by himself.

This kind of work is really indispensable for two reasons: First, it stimulates the mental activities of the pupil; second, it makes the pupil self-confident, makes him rely on himself, develops the spirit of investigation, and tends to original thinking.

The writer has found it profitable to proceed as follows: Giving the pupil a certain composition, I hand him a printed slip containing these questions:

1. What key is this piece written in?
2. How do you know?
3. What kind of time is it in?
4. What do you understand by $\frac{3}{8}$ time?
5. Is it necessary that three eighth notes be found in every measure?
6. How many subjects has the piece?
7. What do you understand by the word subject as applied to a musical composition?
8. What is a phrase?
9. When two or more phrases are alike, how should they be treated?
10. What is a section?
11. How many sections are there in this piece?
12. What is a period?
13. How many periods are there in this piece?
14. Give the meaning of the musical terms employed?
15. What is a chord?
16. Pick out the major and minor chords?
17. Reduce the arpeggios to a common chord, and say whether major or minor?
18. What is the tonic chord in this key?
19. What is the dominant chord?
20. What is the sub-dominant?
21. Which is the leading tone?
22. Describe the different kinds of touch to be employed in this piece?

Other questions are added to the slip from time to time. After they are corrected and the percentage added, they are kept for future use by the student, and are numbered and indexed. At the end of a year the pupil will have acquired a working knowledge of these first principles.

Another important factor in this problem of greater musicianship is the question of ear-culture. Nearly all pupils of average musical endowment can readily detect the difference between a concord and a discord, although the writer has met with some who could not. They form, however, the exception.

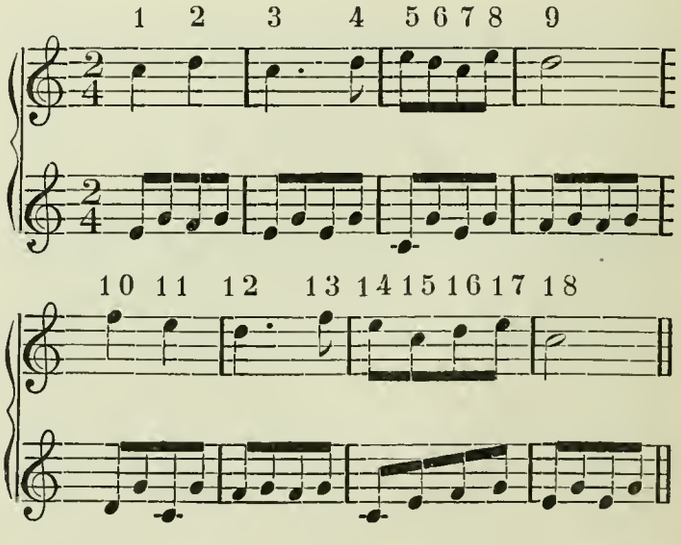
Many parents say, "My child has a very fine ear." This statement really contains no meaning. Parents simply mean that the child is musically inclined, possibly able to sing bits of melody heard from time to time. A musical student should be able to detect at once the difference between a major or minor second, third, or sixth. He should also be able to sing a 4th, 5th, 7th, or octave.

Of course, in its higher sense, only those specially trained can discriminate between a really artistic and a mediocre effect. Broadly speaking, however, there is much work in this line to be done and undertaken for the masses of American music lovers. Where is the art enthusiast who is willing to take the initiative? Truly "the harvest is great but the laborers are few."

With special reference to ear training in conjunction with piano teaching, the writer has found it profitable to proceed as follows: Devote from five to ten minutes to the study of simple intervals. I find that pupils enjoy this part of the lesson, probably for the reason that the perceptive faculty is immediately appealed to. Variety is also offered, which is the spice of a music lesson as well as of life in general. After striking successively the tones, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, I require the pupil to sing major and minor seconds from those tones, not, however, until I have first fully demonstrated on the piano the exact difference in pitch relationship between a major and minor second, and so on through all the other intervals—thirds, sixths, etc. I then sing major and minor seconds from tones struck at random, and require the pupil to give the result, proceeding in this manner with major and minor thirds, sixths, and sevenths, perfect and augmented fourths, fifths, and octaves. I introduce no diminished thirds or fifths—they correspond in sound to major seconds and augmented fourths. I simply explain to the pupil this enharmonic similarity.

After thorough drill in this work,—and it frequently takes months before the pupil is proficient,—I proceed to the treatment of major and minor chords, striking them promiscuously in the three positions, then in broken and extended arpeggio forms, obliging the pupil to give the correct solution in every instance. I believe, judging from my own experience, that teachers will find it worth their while to devote more time to this kind of work.

The question of transposition as an element in this question of broader musicianship for the piano student is of great importance. To be able to play a piece in any key is not only a great attainment in itself, but should be absolutely insisted upon as a branch of the pupil's training. Various methods for acquiring facility in transposition have from time to time appeared in the form of text-books, which are not infrequently too prolix and technical for the average beginner. The simplest method is really the best.



Take, for example, a very simple melody. Let the

pupil treat the right hand (melody) melodically and the left hand (accompaniment) harmonically. We will suppose the composition is in C-major, and a transposition is desired into D-major. If the tones in the original key move diatonically, or by skips, the eye readily detects this, and after measuring the exact tonal relationship or distance between the tones in the original key, the fingers merely establish the same tonal relationship in the new key.

Method of procedure for transposing this example into any key.

Key of D:

Between	1— 2,	a	major	second or 1	step
"	2— 3,	"	"	" " "	"
"	3— 4,	"	"	" " "	"
"	4— 5,	"	"	" " "	"
"	5— 6,	"	"	" " "	"
"	6— 7,	"	"	" " "	"
"	7— 8,	"	"	third " 2	steps
"	8— 9,	"	"	second " 1	step
"	9—10,	"	minor	third " $1\frac{1}{2}$	steps

and so on through the remainder of the figure. This example should be played in all keys.

I referred to the harmonic treatment of the left hand ; by this is meant only in cases where the accompaniment consists largely of chords ; the pupil should then determine the degree position of the chord, whether tonic, dominant, sub-dominant, mediant, etc. In all cases, however, where the tones in the left hand move melodically, the same method of treatment suggested for the right hand would hold good for the left. For this work use only simple melodies. The pupil will progress in his transposition studies by making haste slowly. The teacher will doubtless observe the close relationship existing between transposition and the ear-training exercises referred to in this article.

Much more might be written on this question of broader musicianship, but the writer will feel fully repaid if the suggestions submitted prove helpful to the vast army of toilers in this our delightful art field.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE PIANO.

BY HENRY T. FINCK.

PROFESSIONAL musicians have an inveterate habit of decrying the pianoforte as being inferior not only to the human voice, but to the violin and other orchestral instruments. In this allegation there is some truth and a great deal of error. True it is that on the piano you can not begin a tone softly, swell it without a break to fortissimo, and again decrease it to pianissimo, as you can on a violin. But that is the only serious disadvantage under which the pianoforte labors, and even that can be largely overcome, where chords are concerned, by a skilful use of the sustaining pedal, and in single notes by the "caressing" stroke which Rubinstein sometimes used. The notion that the piano is a comparatively toneless and soulless instrument obviously takes us back to the time when its tone really was short and snappy ; but the best American pianos made to-day have a sustaining power which astonishes me every time I test it. I remember, too, reading a few years ago that a Berlin musician had invented an electric apparatus by means of which the tones of a pianoforte could be sustained and swelled *ad libitum*. As I have heard nothing more about it, perhaps it was a failure ; but I am sure that if Edison or Tesla were to give a week's thought and experiment to the matter, such an electric tone-controller could be easily devised.

Even without this improvement the piano is, in my opinion, by far the most interesting and enchanting of all instruments, including the vocal cords. There are, indeed, human voices that are incomparable as regards luscious tone quality ; but these voices are as rare as genius. The average musical voice, amateur or professional, is vastly inferior in sensuous beauty to the tones of a Steinway. It was Richard Wagner, the magician of tone-color, who lamented the fact that other departments of practical music were, in their march toward perfection, so far behind the modern pianoforte. The poets go into raptures over the sweet song of the nightingale, but no nightingale sings as lusciously as Paderewski does on his piano. If any one says that the tones of an old Italian violin, in the hands of Joachim or Ysaye, are richer and more fascinating, I respect his opinion but do not agree with it. The pure sensuous beauty of a piano's tone has given me the esthetic thrill that creeps down the backbone and to the finger tips much oftener than any other instrument, or any voice.

So much for the two points—crescendo and tone-color —in regard to which the piano's superiority may be questioned. In all other respects its supremacy is altogether beyond dispute. The singer and the violinist are dependent for their harmonies on the accompanying piano ; they have only melody, whereas the pianist can play his own harmonies. This means a great deal, when you bear in mind that in modern music harmony is even more important than melody, and a player who has not the harmony as well as the melody of a piece under his personal control labors under a tremendous disadvantage. Moreover, you tire much sooner of a solo violin, even with accompaniment, than you do of a piano. The pianist can, all alone, familiarize himself with all the good music ever written, whereas the violinist, unaided, can play only the melody. An orchestra can, of course, perform wonders that are beyond a pianist's power; but I am here comparing individual instruments only, and in pitting the piano against the violin I have chosen what is universally conceded to be the finest of all orchestral instruments.

We read of Frederick the Great amusing himself by the hour playing his flute, but when we study the lives of the great composers we find that their musical recreation consisted almost entirely of playing the piano. To it they could confide their joys and sorrows as to no other instrument. Is not improvisation the greatest of all pleasures to a creative musician? and can you improvise on any other instrument than the piano (or the organ, which is built on the same harmonic principle)? Even the orchestral composers are seldom able to dispense with a piano. Although Wagner was not an accom-

plished pianist and could not play his own scores satisfactorily, he made much use of the piano, especially in his early period, for improvising, finding ideas, and getting them into shape. Schumann quite properly deprecated the habit of composing at the piano, yet Chopin usually composed that way, and Chopin is unrivaled. Schumann's letters and the writings of George Sand give us many interesting glimpses into the happiness which Schumann and Chopin derived from their pianos. They did not look down on them as unsatisfactory instruments, though the pianos they played were in every way vastly inferior to those we now have. Beethoven was so attached to his piano that he continued to use it even after he had become deaf. In Russell's "Travels in Germany" occurs this curious passage regarding him :

"When he places himself at the piano he is evidently utterly unconscious of the existence of anybody or anything except himself and his instrument ; remembering how deaf he is, it seems impossible that he can hear all he plays. He will, therefore, often play without producing a sound. He only hears with spiritual ears ; his eyes, and the almost imperceptible movement of his fingers, indicate that he is inwardly following his music in all its developments : the instrument is as dumb as its player is deaf."

Evidence as to the value of the pianoforte is most convincing when it comes from men who wrote little or nothing for it. Such men are Robert Franz and Richard Wagner. The greatest of song composers since Schubert, Robert Franz, said one day to his friend, Dr. Waldmann :

"We hear and read so often about the imperfections of the pianoforte's tones, and not long ago Gumprecht declared that the piano paints everything gray. These persons forget that Beethoven and Bach and Schubert and Schumann have practically given us the best of their genius in their compositions for the piano—a fact which alone ought to convince them that this instrument can not be so defective as they say. The piano has its own peculiar character, by which it differs from all other instruments."

It is interesting to note the change of mind in Richard Wagner's attitude toward the piano. In his autobiographic sketch he says, in regard to his early opera, "The Flying Dutchman" : "In order to compose it, I needed a piano, for after a nine months' interruption in my musical productiveness I had to begin by getting back into a musical atmosphere. So I rented a piano, and after it had arrived I suffered tortures from the fear that I should discover that I was no longer a musician." At a later period, when he was at work on "Die Walküre," he still seems to have made use of a piano, but as he could not afford to buy a good one he implored Liszt to beg Madame Erard to send him one : "Tell her that you visit me three times every year, and *must*, therefore, absolutely have something better than my crippled instrument. . . . Make her believe it is a point of honor that an Erard should stand in my house. . . . I *must* have an Erard!" When I wrote my Wagner biography I said that history did not record whether Mme. Erard complied with his wishes. Since that time Hans von Bülow's letters have appeared, and in one of these we read that the good widow did make Wagner a present of a superb grand.

Some years later, when he composed "Die Meistersinger," he no longer seems to have made use of a piano, but to have composed altogether in his mind. We know this on the authority of Hans Richter, who declared, in an article which he wrote some years ago for the *Guide Musical*, that during the thirteen months when he lived in Wagner's house at Triebschen (Lucerne) his room was right under Wagner's music room, and that in all this time, though the "Meister" was hard at work on that opera, he never heard him touch the piano once.

But what I wish to emphasize particularly is that, whereas in one of his early essays Wagner speaks rather contemptuously of the piano as a "toneless" instrument, and accuses it of "giving only a sketch of music," in one of his later essays, in which he describes his plan for an ideal music school in Munich, he modulates into quite a different key. The principal object of a music school, he thinks, should be the education of the taste. This can not be achieved by means of lectures, but only by practical acquaintance with good music ; and this, he continues, is most easily and conveniently acquired by means of the piano, which enables a single player not only to familiarize himself with the most complicated scores, but to communicate his intentions distinctly to others.

"On no single instrument," he continues, "can the ideas embodied in modern music be more distinctly brought out than by means of the ingenious mechanism of the piano ; and for our music it is therefore in reality the leading instrument, having also become so partly through the circumstance that our greatest masters wrote a large proportion of their most beautiful and important works specially for the piano. Thus, in indicating the summits of German music, we place Beethoven's sonatas right alongside of his symphonies ; and from an academic point of view, nothing can be more conducive to the cultivation of a correct taste in the interpretation of music than first learning how to play a pianoforte sonata, and then transferring our capacity thus acquired to the correct performance of a symphony. For these reasons extra care must be given in our enlarged conservatory to correct instruction on the piano."

A bit of pathos may conclude this sketch. A Vienna paper, not long ago, printed the reminiscences of an acquaintance of Franz Schubert, in which a peculiarly touching reference is made to that immortal's poverty. Schubert could not afford to buy, or even rent, a decent piano, but a friend of his had a good one, and Schubert used to come every day and play on it by the hour. The friend enjoyed it, but he was a student and it interfered with his work, so he finally had to make a special arrangement, telling Schubert that when the window curtain was down the piano was locked, but when the curtain was up he might come and play to his heart's content. Neighbors used to watch him as he came down the street, and declared that it was touching to see the look of disappointment that came into his face when he saw the curtain was down.

The poor fellow! What heavenly joy the possession of a modern American grand would have been to him!

And yet, notwithstanding the keen delight all the great composers have taken in their instruments, many musicians have the impudence and stupidity to declare that the piano is an inferior instrument. They fancy that by doing so they prove their superior taste, but what they really prove is their lack of taste.

HOW TO STUDY.

BY PERLEY DUNN ALDRICH.

ONE of the difficult things that the student has to learn is *how to study*. He may leave the question of *what* to study in the hands of his teacher, but the *how*—the application of his faculties to the question at hand—must be conquered more or less by his own exertions.

MIND WANDERING.

The wandering mind is the great stumbling-block of the student, and it is my purpose to suggest a little mental drill that will aid students to obtain the power of greater concentration of thought.

Any student will readily recall the many practice hours he has spent when the mind was almost entirely absorbed in other thoughts and directed to other channels than the point in question.

A difficult passage presents obstacles that at first seem insurmountable, and the student sets himself to work to pick his way carefully through, with the intention of conquering. But the first thing he knows, his fingers are wandering aimlessly, almost, over the difficult passage, while the mind has gone off on a long journey in quite another direction. Mechanically he keeps his fingers going, while he wanders away with his mind on a regular summer vacation.

Now, I submit that this sort of practice is worse than useless. It does not train either the muscles or mind, and the only way to overcome it is to train the mind to accurate thinking, for it is in the mind and not in the muscles that we will find the seat of the difficulty. The stories that float about concerning Liszt and D'Albert, who read magazines while they practiced their scale work, are more than pernicious. They mislead students into the belief that technical work is done mechanically, without mind direction, whereas, in fact, the whole trend of modern teaching is toward more carefully trained direction of all the muscular movements.

TOO LONG PRACTICE.

Much of this wandering of the mind and aimless practice comes from too long hours at one sitting. Students too often boast of the number of hours they practice and think little of the quality. Better quality and less quantity. It seems to me a great mistake to work so many hours when the mind is fatigued and worn out by long tension. The mind absolutely needs relaxation in order to do its best work, and I believe that by a careful balance of work and rest we may do a great deal of work, and I imagine that the cure for aimless practice lies in managing the mind by teaching it both to work and to rest as well. To work when we work, and rest *completely* when we rest.

A REMEDY.

My remedy for this mind wandering is so simple that I fear it will be set aside by many readers as useless.

First, you must, so to speak, hitch a string to your mind, and when it wanders away you must jerk the string and pull the mind right back, and hold it down to the consideration of the work in hand. You must decline to allow any other matters to enter the mind. Refuse to entertain any other subject for a moment while you are studying your problem. If, for example, you are working out your harmony exercises and you find yourself entertaining thoughts on other matters, you must close the door to them and hold your mind firmly to your lesson. It is difficult to do it at first, but practice will give you greater control. Now, after you have held your mind firmly to the grindstone for a while you may find you are fatigued. Then rest for a few moments completely. Take a comfortable sofa and stretch out for a complete rest. Shut out every thought from your mind and close the gateway. Allow no thought to enter. Say to yourself, *Don't think*, and don't allow yourself to do so.

By carefully following out this plan you will gradually gain a great control over the mind, and teach yourself to concentrate your thoughts on your work, accomplishing more and more in each hour of work as you gain in the power of concentration.

But you must not forget that the rest and relaxation are just as necessary as the work. No mind can keep at a constant tension.

Each one has to study his own powers of endurance. But it seems useless to waste hours and hours of precious time in careless practice. Give it up; it doesn't pay. But I must warn the student not to try to concentrate the mind too long at a time. You can not control it, especially at first, for long periods. But give up all practice and work of the aimless kind. An hour of concentrated study is worth four of that which is aimless.

THE MONOMANIAC IN MUSIC.

BY J. FRANCIS COOKE, M.B.

IN this age of experts it is true that the dilettante has little place outside of the newspaper sanctum; but he who follows one line of thought to the disregard of all others is taking the shortest road to failure, despondency, melancholia, insanity. The greatest tragedy of musical history verifies this statement. The suicide of Robert Schumann, and the dramatic incidents attendant upon the deliberate self-murder of his mind, need but to be recalled to musicians. He must have known that monomania would be the result of over-application and confinement to his life-work; but, overcome by the intoxication of the practice of structural forms, he moved slowly and surely to his end. So the life of the greatest of musical romanticists closes—in an insane asylum. The irony of fate!

No other occupation or profession has the mysterious fascination that music holds over its followers. In no

other art are prodigies expected at such an early age as they are in music ; but the day of the over-production of musical precocity is, for good and sufficient reasons, coming to an end. These musical freaks are less noticed than ever, even in the minds of the plebeians, and the genuine in music is being sustained and maintained. Thoughtful musicians, recognizing the peril of a one-sided education, are allowing more time for natural development. Titian once said to a pupil, "Only novices hurry."

Soon the ignoramus with one dangerous accomplishment will have little more place with the public than the one without musical ability. Indeed, the expression, "He knows music and nothing else," is so common that to-day many people expect musicians to know little or nothing outside of the mysterious realm of ivory keys, catgut strings, "brazen" tubes, wooden pipes, and voice boxes. But this world and the life we live are so great, and music is so closely associated with the whole of it, that those who, by means of super-concentration and mistaken application continually narrow their lives instead of broadening them, do not deserve the honor of being called musicians.

Mr. Stanley Whitman, the eminent English sociologist, in one of his works makes reference to what he claims to be a well-known fact : that a musician may have a recognized position among his fellows and still be quite a fool in the eyes of the world. I am a little surprised to see so able an author commit himself in this manner.

If he refers to any of the musical freaks of nature,—similar to the famous Blind Tom and others, mere executants,—his statement does not deserve serious consideration ; but if he refers to the many failures—machines, mental and physical—that some people confound with the term "musician," the condition may be readily explained. It is just that "otherwise a fool" that prevents the world from accepting these people as fine or great musicians. Again, however, if Mr. Whitman is thinking of the eccentricities of genius, he may as well pull Goldsmith, Byron, and Johnson from their niches in the cathedral of literature and condemn them as fools. Wagner, Mendelssohn, Schumann (in his prime), Händel, Beethoven, von Bülow, Gounod, Mozart, Verdi, and, to-day in America, Foote, Nevin, Mason, Buck, and Payne, all stand as monumental evidences of the fact that our greatest musicians have been our broadest musicians.

Oh, you struggling teachers ! you ambitious young composers! you aspiring players! have you ever thought that success might be brought nearer to you than ever before if you would seek to improve all of your being instead of some little part of it? Do you ever think of the risk you run by squeezing your circle until it includes nothing but technicalities? Music is a growth;—there is a time for the budding of the rose, and nature never forces it.

The dangers of monomania are too numerous to describe, and nothing will produce this form of insanity quicker than the dissipation of overwork. Keep a good heart and a high spirit, take pride in being patient, work intelligently, and things will take care of themselves. Look upon misanthropy and pessimism as sure indications of narrowness, and as germs which, if properly cultivated and developed, will infallibly produce monomania. Allowing that the study of music as a science is confining and narrowing, what, then, are the remedies or preventives for the music student? What counter-studies may be pursued that will mitigate the evil effects of continual application to technicalities? The study of the "art side" of music itself obviously can and will not.

Music, if at all, appeals directly to the passions, and with the exception of a few styles is exciting in the extreme, and especially so to professional musicians, who are, from the nature of things, emotional, impressionable, and supersensitive.

Dependent upon the work in which one is engaged, should the remedy be applied? But history—general and special, modern and classical—is always of such a character that a musician may read and find rest therein, rest through counter-stimulation.

The study of botany, by some popular method and occasional woodland rambles, is excellent for furrowed brows and twitching fingers. Cultivate an interest in painting and sculpture. Visit art collections whenever opportunity provides. There will be an elevating influence, though you may not be conscious of it. The study of languages "slowly and surely" makes an excellent side course. The camera, magazines of the higher order, discursive reading in musical periodicals—in all these the musician may find interest, and whatever he steals from his calendar or pocketbook to indulge himself will be repaid with interest. It is just as much a part of his education as Bach's inventions or Chopin's études.

The wealth of thought and charm of expression in the various theologies are always an inspiration. Don't neglect the spiritual side of your nature. Remember Gounod !

Then there are biographies of great men and good men that make your eyes shine, your heart swell, and your thoughts ascend.

The drama has its place. From comedy to tragedy, one is never at a loss for that which will broaden his intellect and relieve his mind of metronomes, scales, runs, and octaves. Society and politics ! Study people ! I know of two New York musicians of note who are enthusiastic politicians. Wagner once thought of abandoning music for politics.

Shades of Glück, von Bülow, Raff, Tausig, Rubinstein, Berlioz, arise ! Arise and tell the secret of your success to your millions of followers !

After all, these remedies I have named are no more than suggestions. It is not to be supposed that any one could work with success in one-half of the various lines mentioned, but if he will select from the foregoing list —which I believe to be very general—as many avocations as intuition confirms as profitable, no one will dispute the beneficial effects he will derive from the change and relaxation.

The masters of the world will attest to this, and the psychologists can readily prove that monomania and insanity will be the results of an opposite course.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

BY EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

THIS subject has been so frequently handled and so variously and voluminously presented, pro and con, that it is difficult to find even a name for a paper upon it which has not been repeatedly used. Yet the last word has by no means been said up to the present time, and perhaps can not be said until a race has arisen so much higher on the ladder of evolution than our own, so much keener in logic, so superior in introspective perception as to obtain a far clearer insight and more definite knowledge concerning the real connection, relation, and mutual interplay of the intellectual, emotional, and moral faculties.

On the one hand, we have many able and confident writers eloquently insisting upon the direct and powerful influence of music by means of its own inherent, though not very definite, qualities as a character-builder, as an awakener and stimulator of the moral and religious nature, as a softener of the heart, a quickener of the conscience—in short, as an "art pathway to God," as T. T. Munger puts it. They maintain upon general principles, irrespective of many seemingly contradictory facts, that no man can be a real musician without possessing a high moral character; therefore that no immoral man can be a fine musician, and they cite many eloquent passages in literature in support of their position.

On the other hand, we have a large number of perhaps equally able and certainly equally emphatic writers asserting that music is a strictly sensuous, not to say sensual, form of pleasure; ministering only to and exciting that love of enjoyment which leads always downward; appealing in the best sense neither to the heart nor the brain; producing merely a certain more or less unhealthy excitation upon the sensory nerves, according to the susceptibility of the listener; and positively pernicious and degrading to the higher moral sense, therefore directly prejudicial in its influence to the best development of the race. This view is held and urged by many eminent clergymen, lecturers, college professors, and other active educators who have the good of the rising generation at heart; and this attitude in high official quarters has been one of the chief reasons why the progress of music as a factor in education has been so impeded and handicapped in the past. They cite as basis for their theory the lives and examples of many eminent musicians, both creative and interpretative, which certainly lend some show of reason to their claim.

However, it is a promising sign of the times that their number is steadily decreasing, as enlightenment regarding the true nature and function of genuine music gradually forces its way into their reluctant ranks. Hitherto, in many of our largest educational institutions, the dubious morality and ideals of the Greek and Latin poets and the polytheistic and polygamous legends and mythologies of which they mainly treat have been regarded as a more salutary diet for the growing mind of youth than the melodies and harmonies of a Beethoven, a Schubert, or a Chopin, deemed sensual and frivolous in comparison; and an acquaintance with languages as dead, but not always as sweet and clean, as Egyptian mummies, has been considered vastly more important than familiarity with a living idiom which has only the merit of expressing, with unequaled completeness and delicacy, the moods and ideas, past and present, of the most gifted of human beings, in the most ideal, the most forceful, and the most universal of yet discovered forms of utterance.

The opinion of the general public ranges all along the line, from those who hold music to be the highest phase of education, inseparably connected with religious growth, and who are ever falling back upon its original birth and early exclusive use as an adjunct of divine worship, to those who declare it to be the most trivial and worthless of pastimes, enervating and degrading in its tendencies—in short, a special invention of the devil, and one of his favorite weapons against mankind; who class "wine, women, and song," in the worst use of these terms, in one sweeping category of condemnation.

Where doctors and laymen alike disagree so radically and so fiercely, what remains to be said? Simply that here, as in most cases, both extremes are in error. Their partizans judge hastily from false premises, based upon misconception and ignorance, or upon only partial knowledge of the fundamental fact involved, namely, that music is not a cult but a language, in which any and every cult may be expressed. It is not a thing or an entity, but a means—a medium; not a system of thought or an emotional habit, but a vehicle through which ideas and emotions may be conveyed to others in a direct and attractive form. Intrinsically, it is neither moral nor immoral, neither good nor bad, any more than poetry or painting. It simply lends itself, like words or colors, to the expression of whatever moods or feelings are in the mind of the master responsible for its creation. He alone, and not the passive medium, deserves blame or credit for the result.

Because Christ taught in Hebrew, it does not follow that Hebrew is necessarily the best and purest language in existence. Because Boccaccio wrote his licentious tales in his native vernacular, does not prove that the Italian language is intrinsically depraved. If we hear an intelligent, pure minded lecturer discoursing in English of the loftiest ideals and grandest theories of right living, we have no right to assume that the language made the man, and that the English tongue is therefore an indispensable means of raising the morals of humanity as a whole. On the other hand, if we chance to overhear a "Bowery tough" uttering his bar-room sentiments in the same speech, we need not be driven to the conclusion that the English language is essentially vile, degrading all who use or study it, and that it should be forbidden to young people. Yet this is very much the principle on which music is often defended or defamed.

When shall we, profession and public alike, grasp clearly and once for all the basic idea that music is only one of the arts—that is, one of the man-made means of self-expression and intercommunication, morally no better and no worse than poetry or painting, in fact, differing from them only in material and method, not in purpose, somewhat less definite and tangible, somewhat mor-

vivid and subjective, dealing less with external phenomena, and more with psychical experiences; but, like the others, capable of embodying almost every phase of human life.

The direct influence of music, as such, is then, rationally considered, neither moral nor immoral, any more than literature. All depends on the kind we select and the use we make of it. Some of the most infamous sentiments, as well as nearly all of the most exalted, have been embodied in verse; but shall we for this reason forbid poetry to ourselves and others, and refuse to teach children their letters, lest forsooth they should some time read some of this infamous verse and be degraded by it?

I now approach the mooted question of the alleged immorality of musicians. It is certainly true that many eminent members of the profession, creative as well as executive, have furnished us with examples which are neither a model for youth nor a credit to their calling; but may not the same be said of every class and rank of men, from kings and priests to clowns, not excepting the Christian clergy, to whom, as their special work and training is in the line of morals, we might be supposed to look for universally exemplary lives? Dare we condemn a class or a vocation on account of unworthy individual members?

Even in those cases among the ranks of the musical profession, so often and so triumphantly cited, it has not been the musicians but the men who erred, and their faults are by no means always so glaringly conspicuous as they appear in the garish light of publicity. Moreover, it was not because they were musicians, but rather because they were prominent, that they fell. Eminence in any line means power, financial resources, increased opportunities, as well as temptations in the line of personal indulgence, and, to a certain extent, freedom from normal restraints. That which we briefly and conveniently designate as evil is not usually a definite something, deliberately chosen in preference to recognized and definite good, it is a dissonance in the harmony of right, wise living; a blunder from the true path, resulting oftener from mistake than intention. It is the outcome, not so much of wilful depravity, as of a combination of adverse influences and circumstances, too strong for the weak will or too deceptive for the clouded reason to cope with.

The eminent musician is necessarily subject to a thousand seductive temptations of which the average burgher never even dreams, and to which his peculiarly sensitive, impressionable, nervous organism renders him exceptionally susceptible; but his temperamental vulnerability would not be lessened, indeed would probably be increased, by forcing him in early life into some other less congenial occupation, and so denying to his extreme moods this natural and legitimate channel of expression, while his temptations would be just as great and as numerous if he were equally eminent in any other line. So the danger is to be found, not in the music itself, but in the man and in his position. Safety lies always in the conservative, the commonplace, the mediocre; quite possibly the greatest degree of happiness as well. We must remember that it is easy to sneer at the slips of the daring climber on the icy slopes of the loftiest peaks, if one is himself solidly planted below in the safe center of a plowfield.

How many of our staid, severely upright, orthodox fellow-citizens, if deprived from earliest youth of all their now habitual restraints and safeguards, and flung alone into the gay whirl of gay society in a foreign capital, in which they found themselves treated like princes, surrounded by the limitless opportunities and myriad seductions which such a life entails, and endowed with a volcanic nature, like that of Liszt, for instance, would come through the ordeal with a cleaner record than his, even if they had not known one note of music from another? Possibly a few, but by no means the majority.

Moreover, the head that wears the laurel wreath is always the special object of public surveillance and criticism. If it loses for a moment its proud erect carriage, the hoots of the envious crowd are loud and exultant; while those less distinguished may repose habitually in the gutter and attract little attention. Their very obscurity saves them from exposure. This is one of the many penalties of celebrity, and the publicity of every smallest fault in a man of genius and prominence magnifies and multiplies such faults almost beyond calculation.

Granting, as we must, and sincerely deplore, as well, the many instances in which musicians have failed in reaching their highest possibilities as men; granting, even, the special susceptibility of the genuinely musical temperament to certain classes of error in which the emotional and nervous organism is at once the tempter and the sufferer, I nevertheless maintain that great musicians, as a class, are no more prone to vice than great soldiers, great statesmen, great authors, great capitalists, or any other class of men of equal power and prominence; while, if I mistake not, I have met many obscure individuals, among members of the learned professions, among men of business, even among ordinary butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers, whose personal lives and characters would not bear the strong search-light of publicity so well as the most tarnished of all the great names written in letters of gold on the pages of musical history. The most dissolute reprobate who ever disgraced his high calling and discredited his brother musicians can readily be matched by a dozen equally reprehensible instances from any given class or vocation, and by hundreds from the blooded aristocracy of Europe and from the more dangerous moneyed aristocracy of our own land. Let us not blame art for what is only the fault of poor humanity, which, alas, when weighed in the balance is always found wanting.

In a previous paragraph I dwelt somewhat at length upon the moral character and reputation of musicians as a class, because it is a popular fallacy to suppose that in them is to be found an illustration, complete and satisfactory, of the influence of music upon human nature. Let us consider, now, briefly and impartially, the actual effects likely to be produced by the intelligent and judicious use of music as a study as one of the factors in general education.

As before stated, it can not be claimed, with any show of reason, that music, considered merely from its physical side,—that of its sensory effects upon the auditory nerves,—has any direct influence whatever, beneficial or detrimental, upon moral character or mental development, any more than any other harmless form of enjoyment which reaches the consciousness through the senses, like that produced, for instance, by the song of birds, the contemplation of a sunset, the color and odor of spring flowers. But seriously considered as a means of expression, the better class of music—that is, music which aims successfully at deeper results than pleasing the ear with melodious sounds—has unquestionably an indirect but powerful and manifold influence on human development.

First, it awakens a pleasurable perception and growing love of beauty, of symmetry, of the harmonious fitness of proportion, which acts as an unconscious but inevitable refining agent upon the individual taste, rendering it more and more keenly and painfully sensitive to the ugly, the coarse, the unlovely, in every form. Taste gradually reacts upon and permeates the other elements of character, even to some extent the moral nature, and vice becomes imperceptibly more and more repellant, not so much because it is immoral as because it is vulgar and unesthetic.

Parents, teachers, and ethical philosophers have never realized what a safeguard, what an invulnerable, if invisible, armor against evil is a really refined taste and a sensitive, fastidious nature. The child who naturally dislikes dirt will keep out of the mud from instinct, because contact with it is disagreeable to him, and in later life he will take to the cleanest path from preference. Many a man of weak will, undeveloped conscience, and lax moral theories, has been kept all his life at least from the grosser forms of evil by a cultivated taste, which forbade to him low associates, low surroundings, and low pleasures. The man of real taste and culture is rarely a vicious man, though many pretenders to such culture are so. If our young people would all come to abhor filth,—physical, mental, and moral,—this cleanliness of hand and soul would serve very well in lieu of the godliness to which it is akin.

Second, the true, earnest study of music, its deepest principles and broadest possibilities, demands and severely taxes every mental faculty and resource, and by exercise develops them. It is more difficult than Greek, more exacting than mathematics, more subtle than logic, more taxing to the memory than history. Four or five hours a day of serious study for four or five years would make any person, mentally well endowed, a fine and fluent master of several foreign languages; would fit him for almost any profession, and make him an expert in many. The same time and effort would make of him but a very mediocre musician. In short, music, so often covertly sneered at by the college man as a fair but feeble sister, tolerated in leisure hours for her winsome graces, rather than for any more sterling qualities, as a suitable occupation for the weaklings of the class, in reality requires for success in her service more genuine and more varied ability than any other study in the whole college curriculum, and ought to be ranked at least as the equivalent of any other elective branch, not only in the conferring of degrees and diplomas, but in considering the best method of obtaining mental development and power.

While mental progress is not, of course, directly or necessarily an agent in moral growth, it is generally considered that education tends to eliminate error in every form, and many writers since Socrates have insisted that sin is always the child of ignorance, and that wisdom and virtue are all but synonymous terms. Thus, because it is an educational factor, music may claim some credit as a moral force.

Third, perhaps the most valuable of all the indirect influences of music is its power to develop the emotional nature. Whatever has been said and whatever has been disputed in regard to music, it has never yet been denied that it appeals to and arouses the feelings. And this is just the direction in which we in America need cultivation; for, as a nation, we are but ill-endowed emotionally in comparison with other races, and in comparison to our own gifts in other lines.

Physically and mentally we compare well with any other people, and we have many special gifts along special lines, but it must be confessed that the average American is not very sensitive, not very warm, not very deep, and not very intense in his feelings; that he is, in short, a rather barren and sterile tract emotionally. This is partly because our British inheritance was but a poor birthright in this direction, partly because of the Puritan influences in our own early history, and largely because our excess of practical and material sagacity, interests, and ambition has crowded the emotional nature, by inheritance chilled and cramped, into the background, and almost into disrepute. We have lived too much on a basis of dollars and cents to be very fine or very profound in our feelings, and any American who has lived long in Germany, in Italy, or even in France, will realize our national shortcomings in this respect.

The world, as a rule, glorifies the man of deeds; yet back of all action is thought, and, equally as much, back of all thought is feeling. Hundreds of men might think never so clearly of political situations and complications, yet we should never have a hero or a patriot but for the ardent feeling for liberty and fatherland which prompts the thought to materialize into action. Hundreds might speculate forever on the sins and sufferings of the world, and yet, but for the warm feeling of sympathy and love toward fellow-creatures, we should never have had a prophet or a Saviour.

Thus it is always feeling which is the real motive power in the world, and the man who is highly endowed emotionally, who can feel more, love more, suffer more under given circumstances than his fellows, is the really gifted man, and the one who is most superior to his neighbors. He who is habitually stolid, cold, and destitute of emotional experiences, on the other hand, whatever his mental or material powers, is a man who is nine-tenths insensate clod and but one-tenth quickened spirit.

How little there is of tenderness, of fervor, of enthu-

siasm, of sympathy, in the average middle-aged American in these latter days of the nineteenth century, and yet how wholly we ignore this lack in our lives and in our systems of education! Music is the only study followed by us which arouses and intensifies the emotions, and so gives us development in this direction. Whatever may have been claimed as to the variety of mental and moral types among the great musicians, this may indisputably be said, that there never was a callous or barren emotional nature among them all.

Singular, but true, it is, that while music appeals to the better class of feelings as does nothing else, it has little or no power to arouse the uglier emotions. Tears have been started, hearts softened, sorrows soothed, patriotism kindled, tenderness aroused, courage steeled, religion deepened, aspiration awakened by music often; but there never was and never can be written a strain of music which would excite the passions of greed, avarice, gluttony, anger, or envy in the listener.

The love of music, whether one ever studies it or not, is always an inevitable sign of superior emotional endowment, and listening to music with real appreciation arouses, exercises, and so develops the emotional nature in its finest and highest phases. As we listen, with swelling hearts but tranquil souls, we feel ourselves lifted, warmed, refreshed, and are conscious that the spirit within us quickens the insensate clod which confines it.

Music, properly understood, may become a potent force for good, because it furnishes the only medium of expression in which may successfully be embodied those transitory, exalted, supersensuous moods and feelings which come to us all rarely, in our best moments, and are more frequent and familiar to the really artistic temperament, but which even the language of the poets confessedly fails to express. The best music deals most exclusively with these intangible phases of experience, and constant familiarity with so pure and lofty a form of expression, and with the softening, elevating, ennobling moods and sentiments which are its proper subject-matter, must tend to lift and refine, as well as to broaden and deepen, the heart and life of the student. A man is not only known, he is in a large measure formed, by the company he keeps, and daily companionship with genius in its highest moments, as embodied in these art works, can not fail to have its effect.

Esthetic pleasure, such as we derive from all truly great art works, in whatever form embodied, is the purest, because the most impersonal and unselfish, form of enjoyment of which human beings are capable; the most absolutely free from all sordid worldly elements, the most wholly apart from all merely physical conditions and every form of self-seeking. Many philosophers and many religious teachers have preached of the degrading effects of pleasure, and many sensitive and conscientious souls have felt the force of their censures, but none ever felt such an impression concerning the pleasure experienced from good music and good poetry. The universal expression is rather that one is "lifted out of one's self" into a fuller and higher life.

Art is the one point at which the circle of individual existence touches the infinitely greater circle of the universal. It is the golden gate in the narrow circumference of our little personality, ever open for those who seek it, through which we can escape from all the cares and sins and sorrows of our petty lives into the immense area of universal human experience, and can for a time think and feel and live and move and have our being with the greatest and most gifted of our fellow-creatures, past and present. Every glimpse, however transient, into this broader, higher sphere, lingers with us as a memory and a hope, and stimulates us to struggle for a repetition and prolongation of the visits to a realm which the spirit instinctively recognizes as its native domain; teaches us to believe in and strive for the soul's higher possibilities, and to weary of the dust-dimmed tinsel of mere sensual delights.

Music, the most versatile of the arts, consequently the most varied and exhaustless in the esthetic pleasure which it affords, is therefore a potent lever, when properly employed, for the upraising of mankind. That every musician is not the highest type of man proves merely that the most powerful lever can not always raise poor humanity to the level of the angels and sustain it at that elevation for an entire lifetime. But even a temporary ascent into higher, purer regions is certainly better than groveling in the dust altogether, as would be the case with such men otherwise. Who decries religion because every professor is not a saint, or poetry because every poet has not always lived up to his ideals? No one can claim that the most faithless disciple would have been better without any religion at all; and none dare say that without his music the most unworthy musician and his thousands of listeners would not have been worse or that without poetry the poet and the world would have been better.

The mission of art and the artist is to crystallize and present to us, in enduring and attractive forms, the best in human experience. We should regard music precisely as we do the other arts, reasonably, yet reverently, neither as an incomprehensible emanation from Divinity, nor as a frivolous pleasure and pastime, but as one of the purest and most potent, though always human, agents for human gratification, elevation, and development.

MUSICAL MEMORY IN ITS RELATION TO PIANOFORTE PLAYING.

BY ALFRED VEIT.

SINCE the arrival of the French pianist, M. Raoul Pugno, who uses the notes when playing in public, the questions of memory and of the advisability of playing without music are being widely discussed. It has become the fashion within recent years to devote much attention to the cultivation of memory in connection with pianoforte playing. The professional artist, as well as the amateur pianist, is expected to perform without depending upon notes. In fact, the general public has become so accustomed to it that a violation of the rule arouses general comment. Until the time of

Liszt, with whom the habit of playing without notes is said to have originated, artists used their music. Field, Kalkbrenner, Moscheles, Hummel, and their predecessors are reported to have used their own music. Since the appearance of Liszt on the concert stage it has almost become an imperative duty to perform without music. The pianist is enabled to do so by that most important function of the brain called memory, which has been defined by Dr. Edridge Green as "the process by means of which impressions of the external world and ideas are retained for use on future occasions."

In its special application to pianoforte playing memory includes :

I. Faculty of tactile perception (touch).
II. Faculty of pitch (hearing).
III. Faculty of perception of the position of notes on the printed page (sight).
IV. Musical analysis.

The faculty of touch is probably the most important to the pianist. It enables the performer to strike the right key at the right time, depending upon a certain sensibility of the nerves in the tips of the fingers. It furnishes the blind pianist with the capacity for finding the correct notes on the piano, and enables even the deaf to perform to some extent (Beethoven). In laying particular stress upon the faculty of touch as the most important essential to memory in the pianist, I am cognizant of the fact that in some exceptional cases that faculty does not enter into play at all. It is well known that that prince of musical mnemonicians, Hans von Bülow, could memorize a whole concerto without touching the keyboard. In the case of von Bülow, the faculty of pitch, combined with musical analysis, sufficiently explains the seemingly impossible feat. The story of Beethoven transposing his C-major Concerto to C-sharp at a rehearsal, as well as the transposition of the "Kreutzer Sonata," by Brahms, into another key, can be explained on the same principle. The average amateur, whose faculty of pitch is defective, like the immortal Trilby, depends almost exclusively upon the faculty of touch when trying to memorize.

After hearing a talented pianist perform the "Tarantelle," by Chopin, in a very satisfactory manner, I incidentally mentioned the fact that Hans von Bülow had published the same composition transposed to B-major. Bülow declares that it shows off to greater advantage in that key, and appears more brilliant than in the original. The pianist I allude to was highly gifted, an excellent musician, combining, therefore, all the essentials mentioned above. He immediately tried to play the "Tarantelle" in the new key, but discontinued after several unsuccessful attempts. The facts were evidently these : Although possessing II, III, IV, the faculty of touch in this instance had, for the time being, proved inefficient to accomplish the task of playing the composition in another key. In other words, the piece had to be practiced all over again, like a new piece. Besides, the memorizing process had to be modified entirely, in order to suit the new demands called forth by the new combinations on the keyboard. In the memorizing of pieces upon mute instruments the faculty of touch enters exclusively. The fingers are trained to go through the mechanical evolutions demanded by the figures of the composition. The impressions thus received are photographed upon the retina of the memory, and reproduced when required. Pianists, no doubt, will have often observed that compositions thoroughly familiar to them somehow would not go as well upon a strange piano as upon the "old piano at home." The cause is simply this : The faculty of touch must adapt the fingers of the pianist to the new conditions—no two pianos being exactly alike. When once accustomed to the demands of the new keyboard, the results will be the same.

The importance of the faculty of tactile perception as an aid to memory is often demonstrated in the following fashion : Ask a pupil to name the notes of a melody—say the opening melody of the D-flat Nocturne by Chopin. It will be observed in many cases that the fingers will unconsciously perform the movement of playing the notes on the piano, or the subject experimented upon will suddenly exclaim : "Let me play it on the piano first!" The touching of the keys in this case is simultaneous with the revival of the impression desired by the memory.

I once asked Antoine de Kontski, of leonine fame, what he did when his memory forsook him during the performance of a piece in public. "I think of nothing at all, and the fingers run on of their own accord," he replied. A similar remark is attributed to Saint-Saëns, showing that both artists depended upon the faculty of touch exclusively during temporary loss of memory. The most important essential to memory, as applied to pianoforte playing, in the case of artist and pupil alike, seems, therefore, to be the faculty of touch, *which does not seem to require any high degree of talent.* This explains the fact that even pupils without any particular talent, or, to quote Shakspere inaccurately, "Sans ear, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything," are enabled to memorize their pieces fairly well—sometimes astonishingly well.

Leschetitzky, in speaking of memory, once remarked that in striking notes upon the piano it is safer to know them by name than by pitch. Upon another occasion he observed that although the faculty of pitch is of practical advantage to the musician, he did not consider it of the highest importance as an aid to memory. It is undoubtedly true that the faculty of pitch is developed to an extraordinary degree in some musicians. (Mozart and the "Miserere" by Allegri.) Most players of string instruments acquire it, whereas most pianists lack it.

Of far greater advantage to the average pianist seems to be what Dr. Edridge Green, in his book on "Memory and its Cultivation," calls the faculty of perception of position. This faculty enables the pianist to see the printed page as in a mental picture. Thus he knows exactly where each note is to be found. Try the following experiment : After memorizing a composition in a certain edition—say a Chopin Ballade in the Klindworth Edition—endeavor to play it from the Scholtz Edition. It will be seen that, owing to the difference in the arrangements of the notes on the printed page and the difference in the general appearance of the page it will

prove rather confusing, although the music itself is exactly the same. It is, therefore, advisable to use the same edition when restudying a certain composition after having dropped it for some time.

It goes without saying that the pianist musician finds musical analysis another powerful aid to memory. By means of this process a composition is laid on the dissecting-table, as it were, and thoroughly separated into its constituent parts. The intellectual scalpel used during the operation comprises harmony, counterpoint, form, with their various modifications. As a case in point, I would mention the following fact told me by Leschetitzky himself. During the summer of 1885, Mme. Essipoff prepared for a concert tour, and desiring to add the great Sonata, Op. 106, by Beethoven, to her repertory, she studied that composition with the composer Fuchs in all its minutest details. (Since then Busoni published an analysis of the fugue in his excellent edition of "The Well-Tempered Clavichord.")

It would be absurd to underestimate the value of musical memory and its cultivation in connection with our musical education. We may all admire the beauty of a watch and delight in the intricacies of its movement, but unless we know how the different wheels, springs, and other details are adjusted and fitted together, we really can not judge of the merits of its construction. Similarly, we have no adequate conception of the workings of a composition until we separate it into its component parts ; in other words, until we memorize it. The memorizing process will bring out certain points that have, until then, remained obscure and indistinct. Every experienced pianist knows this. Also, that the mere playing over of a piece or even the analysis of it does not acquaint him with its manifold details until he has committed it to memory. Just as an author lives and breathes with his characters, shares their joys and sorrows, should the pianist identify himself with the composition he is trying to play. It is therefore absolutely necessary that he should memorize it in order to do so. However, between the process of memorizing a piece and playing it from memory in public is a vast difference. The former is a duty we owe ourselves as conscientious students : the latter is not an absolute necessity. After all, is the hydra-headed monster called public not composed of creatures of habit ? Why should a pianist play the piano part in the Schumann Concerto without notes, and use them in playing the quartet by the same composer ? "Because the quartet is simply accompaniment, whereas the spontaneity and freedom in the delivery of the concerto would suffer by the mere fact of turning the leaves, thus preventing it from being a 'continuous performance,'" answers the choir invisible. "Custom," say I.

If it were simply a question of art for art's sake, the public itself would be benefited by pianists resorting to a more frequent use of the printed score in public. Here we have concertos by Sgambati, Martucci, the last one by Saint-Saëns, as well as his "Africa," concertos by Rimsky-Korsakow, Gabriel Pierné, and hosts of others. Why does the public never hear them ? Because pianists hesitate to play them with notes, and have not the courage to play them without notes, not wishing to trust their memory. Very few artists escape temporary loss of memory.

I remember hearing Josef Wieniawski flounder around in the most helpless fashion in the F-minor Nocturne by Chopin, until that occult force which miraculously protects pianists as well as inebriates, led his tottering steps back to the right path. Pachmann's slip in one of Liszt's Legends is still within the recollection of concert-goers. The eccentric Russian pianist stopped abruptly, and not until he had performed some mysterious gyrations with arms and legs did he recommence the composition. At one of his recitals in Vienna, Hans von Bülow suddenly began pounding away at a single key like a carpenter hammering a nail. Then came a frantic rush for the door and the reappearance of von Bülow with an individual who set about tuning the instrument. After that performance had been gone through to the evident satisfaction of the great pianist, the latter resumed his seat and continued his work. The exquisite little comedy had been so neatly conceived and executed that only the initiated saw through the scheme and understood that upon this memorable occasion even the infallible doctor had tripped up and suffered a temporary loss of memory.

At his début at Carnegie Hall, Rosenthal, that dazzling meteor in the pianistic firmament, incidentally omitted eighteen bars in Chopin's Barcarolle. The latter composition seems ill-fated or especially difficult to memorize, as in its performance both Paderewski and Rubinstein became the victims of that bugbear of pianists—loss of memory. (If I remember correctly, Weitzmann, in a pamphlet entitled "The Last of the Virtuosi," relates that he never saw Tausig use notes, excepting on one occasion, and that was when he played the Barcarolle by Chopin.)

The most refractory memory can be made to yield, and the most astonishing results can be obtained by aid of mnemonic methods. Memory can be strengthened and cultivated by perseverance and concentration of thought. But let not its use turn into abuse ; for although of importance to the pianist, it is neither the Alpha nor the Omega of pianoforte playing.

FACTORS OF MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

BY DR. ROBERT GOLDBECK.

THERE is a difference between the *beautiful* and the *expressive* in musical performance. All or some of the attributes of beauty may be present and yet there may be a lack of expression. We may be impressed with its purity, perfect intonation (in song), fullness or delicacy of tone, and yet miss the feeling or impressed fervor which would move us, when without it only our admiration would be excited. Expression, then, is something more than tonal perfection, more than polished execution, more than the most varied shading, from a pianissimo to the greatest power. None of these are inconsis-

tent with calmness and unruffled repose. All these qualities are, nevertheless, important adjuncts and even indispensable *aids* to expression. To state it briefly, musical beauty is possible without soulful expression, but expression is not conceivable without at least *some* beauty, finish, and skill of execution.

Expression in singing resides primarily in the tone. This must be emotional to arouse emotion in others. What manner of tone this really is it is not easy to define, for it varies greatly in different voices. In a powerful, penetrating, and radiant voice it may be intensity and passionate utterance which thrills us; but in a slender, graceful one gentle sweetness may touch us just as much. Tone expression demands fervor, warmth, on the part of the singer. The violinist, the 'cello player, and all those artists who play on an instrument, be it wood or brass, of prolonged and pliant vibratory tone are quite closely related to the singer in their capabilities. When instrumentalists of this description or the singer possess this fervent feeling as the primary and most important factor of expression, then an extensive and subtle knowledge of their art will assist them greatly. The singer, of course, by reason of his superior organ, may attain loftier heights; he can be eloquent in yielding to the sway of his passion and reach a power which carries everything before it; and when, in turn, the flood of his tones recedes, when his efforts become fainter and fainter, he pictures love's complete surrender. At such moments we are charmed with shadings of tone that are not merely technical, because they are infused with a tenderness and passion that make the ebbing change of tone force a result of both deep feeling and high art. Next to the magnetism of tone expression we perceive the movement of time and rhythm, which exert now the charm of uniform motion, then the irresistible sway of acceleration or the persuasive appeal of lingering retardation.

The piano tone, which we must consider as an opposite of the vocal, is not capable of the same varied modulation, since it diminishes from the moment of attack, and is after that beyond the control of the player. Its power of expression under skilled fingers is, nevertheless, very great; but since its secret of expression lies principally in the first contact of the finger tips with the keys, I suggest to the many who practice and play that their first and last care should be—the acquisition of a beautiful touch. From the finger tips, which touch the soft, smooth keys, should flow the soul of the player. There should be no harshness, no pounding, no punishing of the unfortunate instrument, often an unavoidable thing, I fear, if the player has not been taught how to develop a noble force.

Since the pianist can only control and modify the beginning of the tone, not its continuance, it is evident that his greatest skill of tone production must be exercised in the *touch*. A piano with a tough and uneven action does not admit of sensitive finger-play, and in discussing these matters of touch and expression we must have in mind a perfect instrument, one whose elastic and easily managed keys will respond unfailingly to every demand, from the faintest caress to the most energetic grasps. Especially must it be perfect in its repetition! The tone should be full and mellow and of fine *singing quality*—as we understand this term in connection with the piano—to pick out from the general pedal tone, shadowy single tones and chords. The strings should be able to endure the application of the greatest force without clashing and jingling. With such advantages, the shortness of tone peculiar to the piano as a percussion instrument will be little observed in the playing of a capable artist. I may say here a few words about the ambition of piano-makers to discover some way of producing a much more sustained and evenly continued tone—something not unlike the tone of the organ or violin. The advantage of such a discovery is largely imaginary, if obtained at the sacrifice of the swift, airy, rapidly elicited tone, not stiff in its termination like that of the organ, but vanishing imperceptibly, like the silvery glimmer of a star. It is the peculiar charm of this tone which gives to the piano its individuality, a charm of which we do not easily tire. The touch calls this tone into life, and when this touch is beautiful, our sympathy is awakened, and with it the first recognition of expression. Although the pianist can control only the beginning of the tone, the variety of such beginnings is so great that in this alone we have inexhaustible resources of expression.

From the circumstance that tone expression on the piano originates entirely in the first immediate touch of the finger-tips, and that the tone diminishes from that moment, it follows that many other factors must be brought into play to produce that all-important, appealing element, *expression*, in pianistic interpretation. The proper use of the pedal—which tends to prolong the tone and make it play a telling part after the finger has left the keys—goes far to mitigate the shortcomings of the percussion-mechanism of the piano. The difficulty is to bring into prominence *single* melody tones, unaffected by the general pedal-din. To effect this, a third pedal, provided with a single pedal-tone mechanism, has been added to grand pianos by most makers. Very few pianists, however, care to make use of this contrivance, as it is a little bit dry in harmony of sound, and also, because the desired effect can be produced in a superior manner by the use of correct and quickly repeated pedalings.

The great masters have given us, each in turn, some new idea, which has contributed to build up the "science" of expression.

Hummel perfected the smooth legato, to join the tones to one another in a persuasive and carressing manner,—one of the most important and abiding achievements. Thalberg added the art of song (*l' art du chant*) by means of the pedal—the clear melody floating upon the waves of the arpeggio. Chopin invented the "rubato"—the witchery of graded, irregular time. Liszt opened up a new world of harmony, transcending all that was known before him, Wagner following him on the same path in the field of opera. Schumann gave us the highly wrought, more intense, and humanly passionate "dissonant harmonies," differing in their greater concentration from the Lisztian bolder and more violently contrasted modula-

tions. The sustained style has been for generations an important factor of expression, and of late years artists have found and revealed to us great beauties by a slow, deeply impressive rendering of the musical thought.

In conclusion, I may attempt a definition of the word "expression" by designating it as a "pressure," in distinction from an indifferent, placid mode of touching the keys. The word *pressure* is etymologically akin to expression, and corresponds, in the voice, to *intensity*.

CONVENIENT MAXIMS, FORMULAS, ETC., FOR VOICE TEACHING.

BY FREDERIC W. ROOT.

A NEAT, compact phrase embodying a truth is often a great help. Few, if any of us, are comprehensive enough in mental outfit to remember, even if we know, just the right thing at exactly the right moment. To aid both in knowing and remembering, for instance, that it is bad teaching to shower a mass of facts, precepts, and definitions upon a pupil; to give him music beyond his reach in order to "elevate his taste," and more than he can accomplish for the purpose of stimulating his industry—to correct such pedagogic errors as these, Pestalozzi's maxim, "The measure of teaching is what the pupil can receive, not what the teacher can give," is of great value. In certain everyday experiences of life,—those which put our philosophy to a strain,—we can brace ourselves up considerably with the thought that the disappointment or chagrin is not so important as it seems to us, and with the old maxim:

"It won't count a hundred years hence."

If we have worked long and painstakingly, and yet do not seem to get the appreciation which we believe ourselves to deserve, the acid tinge which might generate in the disposition can be neutralized by Longfellow's line:

"Learn to labor and to wait."

Some of us, to remember the number of days in the different months are entirely dependent upon the jingle:

"Thirty days hath September," etc.

And so on with a host of these.

As to definitions, how often we see two persons traveling round and round in a circle, getting nowhere, in a discussion with terms which they understand differently—which are not clearly defined in the ontset. Without a bit of definition the old French paradox might occasion endless dispute:

"*Je suis ce que je suis; ainsi je ne suis pas ce que je suis.*" "If one reads this, 'I am what I am; therefore, I am not what I am,' he condemns it as a silly contradiction."

But with the two definitions for *je suis*, "I am" and "I follow," opposition disappears.

In the study and administration of voice culture we need all the helps there are in this as in other lines. In the first place, voice culture in certain phases is a deep and elusive subject. In the next place, there are not many minds that can readily, upon the instant, put together the facts that they observe and make correct deductions from them. For illustration: Few can give immediately the right answer to so simple a proposition as this old and widely known one: A man buys a pair of shoes for five dollars, giving a ten-dollar bill to the dealer, who has to go to the bank to get it changed. After the customer has departed with his shoes and his change, the bill is returned from the bank as a counterfeit, and the dealer redeems it. How much does he lose?

In a company of people the answer to this is likely to be given variously as from five to twenty dollars. If the mental faculties will not work correctly in a commonplace problem so easy to verify as this, what endless error may we not find among those who pursue voice culture through the complications of taste, temperament, health, environment, education, inheritance, habit, and circumstances in general. At all events, it is best to fortify one's self with the clearest definitions, the best maxims, and the most approved formulas that can be had. Probably every teacher of long experience finds these thought-crystals forming day by day in his mind. It is the object of this article to offer some of mine, together with some that are more widely known.

Perhaps the most useful thought that a voice teacher or a singer can keep by him for constant reference is this: Take care of three points in making every tone—viz.:

1. Control the breath entirely with the breathing muscles.

2. Keep the jaw, tongue, neck, and shoulders undisturbed—relaxed, devitalized; let the attraction of gravitation have its way with them.

3. Place the voice—have the sensation of making the tone in the head, let the voice come forward, find the sounding board, bring tone to a focus. Or, more compactly:

1. Vitalize below.
2. Devitalize above.
3. Focus the tone.

There is never a wrong tone produced that does not need to be approached for correction by one, two, or all three of these avenues; and when these three conditions are right, the tone is as right for mechanical development as it can be at the existing stage of progress. A fourth consideration might be named with these three—that of register, the degree of thickness in which the vocal cords vibrate. But this would be only for corrective work. The constructive side of voice culture—the orderly building of the voice where there are no serious errors in the previous habit—is all in the trinity named above.

And, by the way, the extent to which groups of three prevail in voice classification is noticeable. There are three vocal organs:

1. The lungs (the bellows; the motive power).

2. The lips of the glottis (the vibrating reed; the sound-forming agency).

3. The cavity of pharynx and mouth (the sound tube; the agency of quality, including word formation).

Much is said in these days about other parts of the organism as resonating agencies. Without entering that discussion, let it be said, to simplify the subject, that any other part in the anatomy of the singer, if involved at all is passively acted upon, or is, possibly, auxiliary to one of the last named trinity ; and if the singer sees to it that these three do their parts properly, he will find that all the rest has been included.

There are three forms of action to distend the lung cavity for inhalation :

1. The descent of the diaphragm (a part of abdominal breathing).
2. The lateral movement of the lower ribs (in costal breathing).
3. The forward movement of the breast-bone (as in clavicular breathing).

A fourth action—at the spine—is sometimes referred to as a convenience in teaching breath management ; but it involves nothing beyond the trinity here given.

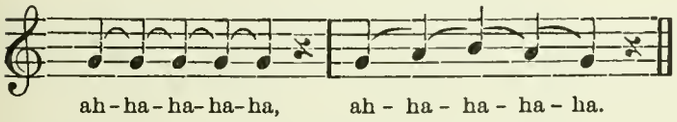
There are just three departments in complete breath management :

1. Taking breath (full, quick, noiseless, without drying the throat).
2. Holding the breath (by the body muscles entirely, no aid from the throat).
3. Giving out the breath.

There are three kinds of muscular action employed in giving out the breath during the singing of a long phrase :

1. At first the muscles with which the breath was taken are kept vitalized—held firm.
2. After the natural elasticity of the lungs has been restrained from letting the breath escape too rapidly at the outset, there comes a gradual relaxing of a part of this muscular constraint.
3. After this relaxing has allowed the breath to escape to the extent that it does at each exhalation of ordinary breathing, a different set of muscles compress the body in order to call into use a part of the residual air of the lungs.

There are three forms of execution in which the voice may pass from note to note.

1. Legato (including *portamento*).
2. Detached (including *staccato*).
3. Martellato (*legato* but with glottis action).

(This use for the word *martellato* is not general.)

One of the most common trinities in classification is the chest, medium, and head registers. This is a convenience in teaching ; but theoretically this is not a good classification. A different treatment of the subject of register is, I think, advisable.

Another important formula might be cast in this same mold, if we consider only the three desirable features of it. But an undesirable feature is also one we constantly encounter, so it must, for practical purposes, be included. I refer to the four levels or places in the anatomy at which voice may seem to be produced.

1. The level of the throat (always wrong).
2. The level of the mouth (a free, childish, uncolored tone, useful in the earlier stages of voice culture and for some shades of expression).
3. The level of the bridge of the nose (a more mature tone, in which most of the work of vocalization is done).
4. The level of the forehead (the flower of voice culture ; the mellow and emotional tone which comes of perfect vocal training).

There are three kinds of effort which, rightly or wrongly, may be made to add power to tone :

1. Breath pressure.
2. Register effort.
3. The resonating process.

Some considerations of this sort fall into pairs, the two parts illustrating each other by contrast. Here are some of these :

Addition and Subtraction.

As a vocal tone is the result of many separate actions, as these actions have to be applied in varying degrees of power, and as certain natural and ready throat actions which interfere with the voice must be eliminated entirely from vocal method, voice development proves to be a daily process of addition and subtraction, certain muscular actions being stimulated and others suppressed.

Objective and Subjective.

This distinction regarding mental attitude is a valuable suggestion to the voice teacher, as he discriminates in his work with his pupils between that which turns the attention inward for the purpose of forming the habits of vocal method, and outward in the interest of that subtle current which one mind can send to another, and which is variously denominated sympathy, magnetism, warmth, expression, feeling.

Principle, not Personality.

This is in the line of the foregoing contrast, but reaching somewhat deeper. As one studies singing, it should be borne in mind that the principle to be arrived at is music, not display. The teacher who will not take a good idea from another for fear he may seem to subordinate himself, or who holds to a wrong notion because it is his own, is putting personality before principle, and, in consequence, is falling behind in the march of progress.

Quality before Quantity.

This is trite, but is, nevertheless, one of the most excellent maxims to keep in mind during the formation of vocal method. Quantity of breath and quantity of tone are likely to bury the small sprouts of desirable growth.

While speaking of pairs, let us mark this fact :

Technical exercises for the voice properly go in pairs.

Almost any line of exercise can be overdone, and from being advantageous it may become harmful. Practice in a divergent line should properly go with it to secure an equilibrium of resource. For instance, a voice is rarely good from the technical standpoint, and never effective for shades of expression, without development in both the clear and the somber timbers. There is hardly a

vocal exercise in the entire list of effective ones that does not need to be counterbalanced by a sort of opposite.

A self-evident truth, which, however, needs to be urged upon the attention of some pupils (not to say some teachers) is this :

The beginning of anything may be very unlike its final development.

Any one who wishes roses to grow in his garden would do well to be patient with certain green thorny bushes for a while. If he maintains that thorn bushes are not satisfactory, and that he will discharge the gardener unless he manages so that what comes to sight from out of the earth shall have soft petals folding together upon each other, the gardener to keep his situation may go to raising cabbages for roses.

In view of the frequently expressed opinion that to sing naturally is the best way to use the voice, I will offer this thought :

A good method of singing is not natural but may in time be made to seem so.

The "natural" pitch of the voice is that at which one uses the speaking voice. The singing voice must average about an octave higher. The "natural" act of breathing is to inhale slowly and exhale quickly. For singing it is the opposite. And so on with the whole process.

Another thought that does not fall in with current notions but which is useful in teaching is :

The voice, when produced with the greatest ease and freedom, is colorless, without expression.

The practical bearing of this is that the necessity often arises of temporarily laying aside in practice certain valued qualities in tone, in order to relieve the voice of limitations and constraint. In the effort for free and effective tone the thought may be in this wise :

Maximum of tone ; minimum of effort. But the application of this idea would require careful guidance.

Here is a fact that we teachers do not always honestly acknowledge :

Nature contributes far more to a singer's progress than the best teacher can possibly do.

Indeed, nature's gifts to a pupil will sometimes not only overcome the effects of bad teaching, but carry the incompetent teacher to opulence and renown. The thought is a help in estimating the probable progress of a student ; but, more especially, it is a caution against any course that might tend to undermine the natural advantages in a voice.

The extent to which the teacher can deal successfully with the pupil's thought is the measure of his success in teaching the body.

This is another form in which to put the obvious truth that the body is the servant of the mind. But it is not amiss to keep attention directed to it. Modern methods look more and more to mental processes. And for so subtle an operation as vocalization, one that is such a sensitive exponent of mental states, it is more than ordinarily appropriate to take the imagination and other phases of thought into account. A teacher may work long and hard with a pupil without making much headway if he fails to discover the wrong ideal in the pupil's mind which is barring his progress.

These maxims, statements, classifications, formulas, definitions, or whatever they are, are given here in unstudied order and with rather meager elucidation. Each one is capable of expansion into a complete magazine article, and it may come into my programme to do this as time and occasion present themselves.

Perhaps, however, these brief paragraphs may suffice in many cases to keep helpful truths before the minds of some who will value such reminders. I will close these remarks with one more maxim, a favorite one with Dr. Lowell Mason, of venerated memory. This great teacher and leader in the early days of American music was always thankful for correction or information, and his dignity was not outraged if criticism was from some humble source, for he was wont to say : "Error makes us weak—truth makes us strong."

THE MUSIC TEACHER ANALYZED.

BY HENRY HOLLEN.

THE music profession is far-reaching in the scope of its work. Its representatives are many and varied. Its extremities are widely separated. In the front rank is seen a Scharwenka, a Moszkowski, and a Mason. In the rear, the young-lady graduate of a boarding-school, who went into the profession simply to earn "a little pin money," keeps apace with the persistency of a leech, and with a careless indifference which surprises us.

SOME KINDS OF TEACHERS.

There are music teachers of all descriptions—teachers who boast of originality, and those who do not ; teachers who hold to one method, and those who employ several ; teachers of erudition, and those whom we term musical machines ; teachers who have something to teach, and quacks whose sole purpose is to fill their coffers ; teachers, in fine, who differ in habits, methods, and ideas as widely as do the characters of a melodrama.

MAKE-UP OF A TRUE TEACHER.

There are, however, certain definite qualities which are the distinguishing marks of successful music teachers. Speaking of the music instructor, a critic says : "He must be a scholar ; quick to observe strong and weak points in the intellectuality of the one whom he instructs ; scientific in his way of doing ; kind, patient, interested ; a pupil with his pupil ; a keen and accurate judge of human nature ; quick to conceive a situation, and a perfect master of his means of action."

EDUCATION.

The foundation requisite for success in the profession is education. Full development of the intellect, and a knowledge of other affairs than those which are directly related to music, are the absolute requisites of the true musician. Mental education, too, is not to be disregarded. One must learn *what* to think and *how* to

think. "A systematic education in the childhood of a musician presents the greatest advantage." Ultimately it will prove a means to an end, and the time may arrive in the course of an individual's career when he shall see that a mental education is not less important than his musical development.

The "Rusty" Teacher.

It very often happens that the careless teacher casts his anchor in stagnant waters after he has once embarked on his professional cruise. He fails to keep apace with the times; his ideas become tarnished and his methods worn. His knowledge of musical affairs becomes scanty, and he, together with his art and all that it represents, becomes a stereotyped unit in the musical whole. His more intellectual fellow-workers, whom once he rivaled, leave him in the rear to work out the problem of existence as well as he can. There is no room in the music profession for fogies and ignorant quacks. The era of musical machines is over. The world demands something more than mere technic. "He must know how to explain, how to persuade, how to convince. He must possess talent for communication, as well as extreme fitness for studying and seizing not only the valuable aptitudes of his pupil, but the character and inner thought as well."

Secondary Requisites.

Following these foundation requisites are those which may be termed secondary, not because they are secondary in importance, but because they are somewhat dependent on the former. A person striving for success in the profession should be enterprising. He must not fall back into his musical domain and shut himself in from the rest of the world. Like his fellow-workers he is a unit in the world's great whole, and as such he should deport himself. "He must not be shut up within the confines of his art." Activity, not somnolence, should characterize the teacher. He should remember that common sense is the guiding finger to success. Use it in your dealings with men.

A Business Man.

Every teacher should be a business man to a certain extent. He should learn how to value his work, his time, and his ability in general. He should be a financier to such an extent, at least, as to be able to manage his own affairs, and to avoid imposition. But the extreme of a good thing is bad. The selfish, grasping individual is despicable. One should not be so taken up in the filling of his coffers as to lose sight of everything else. A pupil is always a good judge of the character of his teacher. If the teacher has no sympathy, no interest in the welfare of his pupil, but teaches music merely as a matter of course, it will leak out during the lesson hour. If the instructor is frivolous and careless, the pupil will learn it in the end. If his methods are worn, it will ultimately become evident.

Method in music, as well as in other branches, is a thing to be sought after. Promptness, in all dealings, promptness in appointments, and promptness in remedying weak points in an individual, is always a well-marked characteristic in those who have gained a high place in the profession. It is possible, however, to go into the extreme here also. I have in mind a certain teacher, who, during the course of a lesson, made it a point to consult his watch four or five times, and who breathed a sigh of relief when the lesson was finally over. Do not begrudge your pupil a little extra time when it is seen that he will be benefited by such action. Show your interest in his welfare by giving him ten or fifteen extra minutes at times. Do not feel that your relation with your pupil has ceased when the hour has been struck.

A Perfect Gentleman.

An obliging nature is always appreciated, in whatever walk of life it may be found. One who is obliging is sure to win the respect of his fellows. When a pupil asks you for information, show that you are always pleased to give it to him. Do not deem it below your dignity to converse with your pupil on subjects outside the domain of music. Lend him books when he expresses a desire for musical literature. Learn to be obliging without being imposed upon. Use your judgment when accepting invitations to play at recitals and sociables, in which remuneration is not a factor. Familiarity breeds contempt, so that it is well not to appear too often at such entertainments.

Among the secondary requisites of a music teacher are several which seem insignificant but which are important notwithstanding. A well-trained temper is one of these. It is true that some of the greatest musicians possessed erratic tempers. Hans Bülow's was almost uncontrollable. It is said that on one occasion, when an awkward English girl made an attempt to play a certain composition, she became frightened, and managed to play the piece with so large an assortment of blunders that the irate doctor cried out:

"Ach, Gott! You play the easy passages with a difficulty that is simply enormous."

On another occasion, after having listened to a song by a certain tenor, he remarked, savagely:

"Do you call that singing? I call it a disease."

While conducting a rehearsal of "Lohengrin" at Hanover, he became enraged at the singer's rendition of a certain passage, and throwing his baton at him, cried:

"You don't sing like a 'Knight of the Swan,' but like a knight of the swine."

Handel, also, had a savage temper, and Henselt was described as something terrible whenever he flew into a rage. While it can not be denied that severity accompanied with judgment is often fruitful of good results, it is not to be encouraged in the teacher. Kindliness and persuasion will accomplish more than reproach and anger.

Another secondary requisite is good personal appearance. "There is an individuality that shows itself in dress and personal appearance." Accompanying this are good habits and pleasing manners; for it must be remembered that there are certain things which play a seemingly small but decisive part in the career of every man.

CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC DEFINED.

BY E. R. KROEGER.

THERE are two terms frequently used by musicians and students, of whose meaning very vague conceptions are held. These terms are "classical" and "romantic." "Classical" music is that wherein the contents are admired for their own inherent beauty or merit, independent of outlying circumstances. The imagination is not necessarily called into play, in order to arrive at some subtle idea of the composer not stated in the title. For instance, in listening to a slow movement from a sonata by Mozart, one does not wonder what the composer means, but he permits the senses to be charmed by the exquisite melody and the pure harmony. "Romantic" music is that wherein a definite title is given, indicating a certain emotion or a particular scene; or wherein no definite title is given, but the imagination of the listener is supposed to be on the alert to ascertain the hidden meaning of the composer. In the slow movements of Schumann's F-sharp minor sonata or Chopin's B minor sonata, the listener feels sure that the composer intended to portray musically certain emotions or pictures. It is for the listener himself to conclude which emotion or picture may be the idea of the composer, and he largely arrives at a conclusion influenced by his character, his temperament, or his past experiences. It is supposed that romantic music began with Schubert and Weber, but if the above definition be correct, such was not really the case.

Sebastian Bach wrote a "Capriccio" for the clavichord in six short movements, entitled "Capriccio on the Absence of my Brother." In the first movement the friends of the brother coax him not to go away. In the second, they represent to him various dangers that might befall him abroad. The third is a general lament of his friends. The fourth indicates that the friends, seeing his determination to go, bid him farewell. The fifth is the song of the coachman. The final movement is a fugue in imitation of the coachman's horn.

Clementi wrote a sonata to which he gave the title "Didone Abbandonata; Scena Tragica." Beethoven wrote his Pastoral Symphony, to each movement of which he placed titles. One of his sonatas is named "L'Adieu, L'Absence et le Retour," and he wrote a Rondo Capriccioso, which he called "The Search for a Lost Groschen."

Other examples might be cited, illustrating the point in question. However, it was comparatively seldom that the great classical masters gave titles to their works, and the desire to picture something in tone, without special titles, occurred to none of them excepting Beethoven, and with him but rarely.

These attempts at "tone painting" were evidently the outcome of songs and of operatic composition. The composers of these branches necessarily tried to write music which would fit the words and the dramatic situation when they discovered a "species" of music which would be suitable in such cases, they and others wrote abstract instrumental works in the same vein. In this way the romantic school of music was born. Its great progenitors—Schubert, Weber, and Spohr—seldom gave specific titles to their works other than "Sonatas," "Impromptus," "Capriccios," etc., yet there can be no doubt but that their music is essentially romantic in its nature. Schubert's "B-flat Sonata," Weber's "A-flat Sonata," and Spohr's "Sextet" are truly romantic. And the three great masters following them gave the romantic movement great impetus. Mendelssohn, with the fairies and witches dancing in his "Scherzos" and "Capriccios"; with the religious longing so well depicted in some of his "Songs Without Words"; Schumann, with the mystic character-painting so accurately defined in "Les Papillons," "Die Davidsbündler," and the "Carneval"; and the picturesque scenes, such as "In the Forest"; Chopin, with the melancholy of some of his "Preludes" and "Nocturnes"; the serpentine grace of some of his "Etudes," "Impromptus," and "Rondos"; the poetry of his "Ballades," "Berceuse," and "Barcarolle"; the tender, plaintive seductiveness of his "Mazurkas"; the national fire of his "Polonaises,"—all developed and extended the cause of romanticism.

Upon these masters' works subsequent composers for the pianoforte, with but few exceptions, have built. It was but natural that the pendulum should swing to the extreme limit, and in listening to some of the orchestral works of Berlioz and Liszt it is necessary to have a printed program in one's hand in order to follow the attempts to musically define certain portions of a tale or a history. However, the majority of recent composers have refrained from going so far, steering between conservative classicism and reckless romanticism.

One modern composer of great eminence has stemmed the romantic tide with much success, basing his principles upon those of the classical masters, disdaining the aid of the imagination in conjuring up fitting pictures to his works, but relying entirely upon their musical merit in order to recommend them. This composer is Brahms. His method of writing was to base his polyphony upon the methods of Palestrina and Sebastian Bach, and his homophony and form upon Beethovenian principles. He thus arrived at a standpoint where he produced works of great dignity, convincing value, and extraordinary scholarship. They rarely appeal to the senses. His name has indeed been united to those of Bach and Beethoven, and it will be a question for future musical historians to decide whether the classicists, Palestrina, Bach, Gluck, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms are really greater composers than the romanticists, Schubert, Weber, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner.

THE STORY OF A MUSICAL METEOR.

FROM among the obscure mass of humanity, in some out-of-the-way town, there frequently arises a musical prodigy who, for a brief space, meteor-like, flashes into public view with true brilliancy, soon thereafter to dwindle to the glimmering feebleness of a rush-light, to

die again with faint, sputtering, momentary revival. Let me trace for the readers of THE ETUDE the course of one of these meteoric musical phenomena.

Since every town, we believe, has at some time allotted to it one or more of these gifted ones, it is needless to center our plot about any one in particular. If the observer is a careful reader of the local press, and keeps himself informed on the current happenings of the place, he may notice buried in some casual account of an unimportant musical entertainment, printed in the morning paper, passing emphasis on the (let us say) violin-playing of a never-before-heard-of child. This preliminary notice may or may not be violently complimentary to the child, but invariably makes some grateful reference to its parentage, and possibly to its pedigree for a few generations; coupled to this will follow a string of platitudes prophetic of the future success of the precocious little being, whose gender it will be not too cruel to announce as of the feminine.

The child, in all likelihood really a talented, amiable creature, may be never so romantically situated,—indeed, romance in such cases need have no limit,—but she eventually gets to know of the little conquest she has achieved, hears of the newspaper comment, and, like all others of her age and temperament, becomes fired with a zeal for more such notices, and an ambition for more glittering victories. And here is where the gravity begins. So incited, she doubles and redoubles her diligence; her teacher, flattered by her progress, ever encouraging her, until, after a few months, her talent is trebly marked in her technic, which, too, we will say, is really well developed. She hungers—and the desire is not altogether a vain one—for better opportunity to display before her friends and neighbors the fruits of her industry. Her proud parents, not at all loth to indulge their marvel, invite the neighbors and friends to their home to hear her; their astonishment being too great for any containing, they spread her fame—entirely without protest—until the whole neighborhood gets to know of the promising child. She is in great demand at private musicales in neighborly parlors, sometimes figuring in affairs gotten up expressly in her honor; every such invitation to play she accepts with alacrity; all of which happens with her indulgent teacher's sanction, the man thinking to "accustom her to publicity." These little "appearances" may not work disastrously on the child's vanity, but, contrarily, only increase her passion for advancement—a thing she is by no means averse to displaying, and she does so with evident sense of justice to herself and her talents. Of the possession of these latter endowments she finally convinces herself, and settles into the belief that some day she is going to amount to something; out of all which state of affairs, in any feminine nature, are sure to grow wild dreams of vast conquests, and lofty achievements in the remote future.

After her fame has had so thorough a bruiting-about in her end of the town, our observer will note a spread of the appreciation of her accomplishments to the more conservative ranks of the profession. Her teacher probably will give a recital, and invite his precocious pupil to "assist," taking care to announce that fact conspicuously on his program. For such an occasion he will be very apt to school her in some composition woefully beyond her conception, but mayhap within reach of her technic. The fascinated public on the evening of the recital will not discriminate, however, and may rapturously applaud; several encores will be needed to appease them, and the triumph gluts the child's ambition and the teacher's pride, while the audience predicts astonishing things, too often in her hearing. The newspaper next day will likely disclose to our observer a lengthy and subtly analytical discourse on the child's work, all strung together by some critic who very evidently prides himself on his ability, and utilizes this fat opportunity to display his own powers as analyst and prophet. The child reads the warm notice of her playing; accepts the flattery as a matter of course; all the more definitely settles in her belief in her destined greatness; and her acquaintances brag of her as a modest child, not one whit "swell-headed," and, indeed, quite a prodigy withal.

After a string of months,—grant it a year,—our observer should not be too incredulous to believe his eyes when he finds coupled to the little girl's name whenever it receives mention in the daily print some careless reference to "our young violin-genius," or "the child prodigy," or, mildest of all, "the precocious little daughter of our Mr. So-and-So." It is to be expected; without it the parents would feel slighted and might stop the paper. Her commonest public cognomen now is "the young genius," which she thinks quite fitting, if she thinks of it at all. Her playing, by this time, has come to be taken, now that its novelty is worn off, as a matter to excite the united pride of the population; and our beloved critic on the paper begins to announce, with some little ostentation, that "Miss Blank, our young violin-prodigy," or that "Bungville's young genius" has gone to some neighboring town to give a recital under the auspices of the "Excelsior Consolidated Choral Union," of that place,—a feat she manages to accomplish with a repertoire of pieces usually far beyond her childish conception, but which she executes with surprising grace "for one so young." Here, we will say, our observer hears her play a Chopin nocturne (Sarasate transcription) with skill and tenderness enough to excite a rapturous comment in the local sheet, which, too, is copied in the Bungville "Tocsin"; and thus does her fame spread over several counties at least.

When several years have elapsed, and to her increased knowledge of music and familiarity with her instrument have been joined the taste and judgment of maturer years, she is hailed, at the age of fifteen, as the peer of her teacher, and benefit concerts without number are arranged for her. *Now* the critic compliments her teacher on his success with his talented pupil, and hints at the necessity of her going to broader fields and higher authorities. The idea, not at all new to the miracle, is taken up by all who know her, until finally she hears nothing talked of but her "talent" and her "opportunities;" a mountain of cheap advice and needless encouragement, which she accepts with becoming candor.

Suitable conservatories are discussed ; authorities consulted ; endless plans, formed for the general and unlimited continuation of her studies, are gone over daily ; she gets to understand that her sole end in this world is to become a great violinist. She accedes to every demand on her "genius" ; neglects everything that can honorably and safely be neglected for practice and musical study, and at last she emerges from it all with no inconsiderable acquaintance with music and the violin ; but with an amazing lack of ordinary knowledge and a complete inability to fraternize with books such classics as all children know to belong to the commonest education.

Thus mentally equipped, and with a fine old costly violin, presented by her admirers, she is to leave for a noted conservatory in a large city, and our observer will have to journey thither. The critic gives her a parting shot, faithfully promises his readers to follow her through the maze of her successes, with notices as to her progress from time to time, and joins a crowd at the train one morning to bid her adieu, and she departs with great *éclat* and with every determination to become great. Once ensconced in her new niche, she begins work on her larger scale, with all confidence in her "genius" and certain of the most dazzling successes. Strange, though, she thinks it—*very* strange—that her new teacher, the grim awful ogre ! is so slow to discover that genius of hers ; strange, too, that in her own class she finds "geniuses" quite as accomplished as herself, who give her many a fierce tug to keep with them. With these she is at first a bitter rival, but her tact and feminine diplomacy inspire her quickly to make friends with them. Roughly, too, does it grate on her to find herself so far behind these in matters of the commonest, and the task of sticking to their standard is almost beyond her capacity.

She misses the approbation of her critic ; misses the plaudits and faith of her Bungville public ; feels occasional grave doubtings as to the reality of her "genius" (which now she is content to call *ability*) ; feels altogether sadly out of joint and like a superfluous atom in the refinement of the city, to all which she is so much a stranger. Woefully down-hearted she becomes, and for a few months succeeding her instalment in the conservatory her friends in Bungville are startled by the utterly hopeless tone of her letters, and wonder what can have blighted the genius they expected would strike admiration in the hearts of all beholders.

Eventually, though, our observer will note this wear away, and our miracle settles herself down to hard work, for she really is ambitious and determined to become *something*, at least. During her course of study she probably plays a modest obligato and a solo or two—always provokingly simple—before a critical audience, and is quite satisfied with the qualified praise given her.

At the end of her first year she returns to native Bungville for a vacation, and surprises the town with her meekness, her vast improvement, and her unwillingness to play in public. Her ideas of the art seem *so* altered, her "attitude" is *so* changed, and the hapless critic brings about an "estrangement" by again referring to her in his print as "the genius." For four years this process is repeated, each time the improvement is more marked, the astonishment of Bungville is greater, and the reserve of our miracle is more icy.

Returning at last for good and all after having finished her course at the conservatory, she pines ardently for a period of study in Europe. The idea is hailed with delight universal, and benefit concerts galore are given to eke out the family funds set apart for so glorious an end. The town is wildly proud of its heroine ; attends the concerts in lavish numbers ; subscribes scandalous amounts to her fund ; and, lastly, praises her playing still more scandalously. The critic nerves himself, by a terrific burst of technical reading, into a lengthy analysis of her virtues, and ventures as ever on his prophecies.

To shorten a long tale, we will send our miracle, accompanied by the faithful observer, to Halir ; and from Halir to Joachim, the very pinnacle. After three years "abroad" back to native heath she comes for a brief respite before launching out to conquer destiny. And what lofty station does she get ? Well, still faithful to truth and reality, we could prescribe almost any fate for the girl. We might have her father fail in his business and compel our genius to turn to very prosaically and support the family with brave struggles in a barren field ; we might have her mis-marry and end all in commonplaceness. Instead, we will simply send her out into the world to become what all the others have become, namely : a plain hack-fiddler, with a bevy of "backward" pupils and a stingy little income, while the world goes on as if nothing special had happened. Great violinists pass and repass before her gaze and (what was too mortifying) also before the gaze of all disappointed, outraged Bungville. Our prodigy, like all other ephemeral meteoric phenomena, sprang out of obscurity with regulation brilliancy and fizzled out again into as abysmal a vacuity.

Such is the simple narrative of the rise and end of hundreds of the world's geniuses, many of whom, because all can not get to the summit, can get to be no more than mere slaves to a despotic series of circumstances. These unfortunates are inclined to believe that circumstances make the great and reserve places for them at the top. But, *do* they ?

DO SOMETHING FOR YOURSELF.

BY H. C. LAHEE.

A Word to the Musical Novice.

It is one of the aphorisms of the musical profession that the more you learn the less you know. The field of musical education seems inexhaustible, and this fact is only realized as the student progresses and sees opening up before him, continually, new vistas of scholarship.

Every one admires the scholar who, by his own exertions, has obtained an education. We have all learned to love and respect Lincoln, and Garfield, and hosts of other eminent men whose early schooling was of the

most meager kind, and who, in spite of obstacles, succeeded in obtaining that which they most desired—a thorough education. It is far more easy to obtain a good college than a good musical education. It calls for less sacrifice of time and of money; the path is far more definitely laid down, and it is within the reach of many.

The more honor is due then to those who, by their own exertions, succeed in obtaining a musical education. Their path is beset with obstacles and disappointments, but it has been shown that all difficulties can be overcome by one who is determined.

We find many young people who, after taking music lessons for a time in their native place, think that they know practically all that is necessary, but wish to go to some musical center "to take a few lessons to finish." Ridiculous as the idea seems to those who know the length of the musical ladder, it should not be derided. On the contrary, encouragement should be given to those young people, but not the kind of encouragement which will lead them to throw away their time and money in fruitless effort. Let the encouragement be that kind which points out to them the necessities, and enables them to make their efforts effective.

For those who have ample means to gratify their musical aspirations no advice is necessary, for if their enthusiasm cools off, no special harm has been done; they are not dependent upon music for a livelihood. Again, there are others who think that they are endowed by heaven with remarkable musical talents, and, being without means, unblushingly announce that the world owes them an education for its own benefit, and in their own behalf make no further effort than to pester all they meet or can reach with a demand for help. These young people may safely be let alone. In nine cases out of ten they fail to improve the opportunities offered them, and they seldom attain any rank in the musical world. Perhaps in time they may decide to make an effort for themselves, and then they come into the third class of musical aspirants, for whom these lines are intended, those who are willing to work and do something for themselves, who wish by their own efforts to raise themselves into a higher intellectual atmosphere.

It may safely be assumed that the majority of those who are without means, but are ambitious to enter the musical profession, are accustomed to some kind of work. It is also certain that they have better opportunities for saving money, in any kind of employment, at their own homes where expenses are lighter, than in large cities such as most of the musical centers are. Let them prove to themselves that they are in earnest about their music by setting themselves a task—seek some employment, and save something every week until enough has been laid by to cover the expenses of one year in a musical center. This will be from $400 to $500, and though it may seem a large amount at first, yet it is possible to almost all who are capable of making a persistent effort and are in good health. And if they are not capable of persistent effort, and have not good health, they had better give up the idea, for both character and health are absolutely essential. The time necessary for this effort may also seem great, but it soon passes, and every day's experience and desire helps to build *character*, without which the musical study will be of little use as a means of livelihood.

There are so many ways open to both young men and young women for earning a living that it would be absurd to try to specify them here, but in all educational institutions it is a recognized fact that the students who are earning their way are looked upon as the most promising material—not necessarily the most talented, but the most likely to make good use of their education. It is to such as these that help is willingly given wherever and whenever it is possible.

Some few years ago a certain philanthropist, for reasons of his own, offered a term of music lessons in a well-known conservatory to the person who could give the three best reasons to show why he or she was worthy of such assistance. This offer was advertised in a number of papers throughout the country and brought no less than 800 replies. More than 750 of these replies were considered unworthy of a second reading. The remaining forty odd were submitted to a committee and eventually two candidates were selected and given each a term of lessons. In one case the gift was a failure, except in so far as it may have persuaded one young woman that she was not intended for a musician. In the other case it was the means of enabling a young widow to turn her musical talents to account and to support her three children.

It must not be supposed that she could be educated by one term of music lessons, but she was brought into a musical atmosphere at a time when she needed sympathy and help, and when in a condition of mind to reap benefit from the change. She showed that she was brave and in those few weeks she had secured the good-will and esteem of all who came in contact with her. The one term became two, and the two lengthened out into several. Various means of supporting herself were offered to her, and she found that she could keep on studying. She was making a grand effort to enter the world of those who must toil, and she won the battle.

We will now suppose that the prospective student has saved the necessary funds and proceeded to one of the great cities,—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, or perhaps Chicago,—he has sought out the teacher or conservatory of his choice; he has carefully figured out that he will do two years' work in one by practicing eight or ten hours a day; he has allowed nothing for the supplementary work of harmony, theory, musical history, and other studies which are considered to be an essential part of a musical education. To play the piano is his one idea. He now discovers that he must practice technical exercises for not more than two or three hours a day, that he must devote considerable time to other studies, and, in short, his plan is ruthlessly knocked on the head. He finds himself among other students who came with similar notions, but who have now become accustomed to the idea that three or four years' study is none too much,—in fact merely a beginning,—for there is no longer a field for a superficially educated music teacher.

A period of deep dejection ensued. There seems to be no way for him. The road is full of obstructions, and the long years of patient frugality seem to have been thrown away. But these long years of labor have given him just the stamina which will help him through such a crisis.

A little sympathy and encouragement from the teacher has a wonderfully invigorating effect. An acquaintance with his fellow-students soon brings home to him the fact that they have all had their trials. They are all struggling along. They show him how to get employment of some kind to eke out his savings. One is earning his meals by waiting at table a few hours a day in some restaurant, one gets an occasional dollar by ushering at concerts, another gets occasional engagements to play dance music. They are all doing something, and as their musical ability increases they earn all their money by music, perhaps by teaching a few pupils. For a young man who is bright and energetic there are countless ways of earning a few dollars without interfering seriously with studies, but the young man must not expect to have much leisure.

For young women, the ways are fewer but nevertheless quite numerous. I could quote dozens of instances of young women who have come to the great cities with small means, and with the expectation of staying only a few weeks, and yet have been able by their own energy and tact to remain not only one year, but several years, and some of them even to save money and go abroad for a year or two.

For every one that succeeds there are no doubt many who fail, and of them we hear but little. But the success of a number, by no means inconsiderable, is sufficient proof that it can be done, and the first lesson that the neophyte should learn is—Do something for yourself before you expect any one to do something for you. When that first step is made you will probably have developed qualities which will enable you to do the rest also for yourself.

THE NEED OF HIGHER EDUCATION FOR MUSICIANS.

BY CHARLES SANFORD SKILTON.

DURING the past few years the colleges of the country have often been urged to give music a place in the curriculum as a subject of higher education of equal importance with literature and science. A few courses in music have been established, but there has been no wide acceptance of the idea. Perhaps the colleges would feel more interest if higher education were common among musicians, and their influence in communities as great as that of other professional men. At present this is hardly the case.

Outside the cities most Americans gain their conception of musicians from two classes. One is composed of the players in a brass band or dance orchestra, who go to the saloon when their duties are over or eat refreshments with the servants, give lessons at homes where their footing is strictly professional, speak broken English, and take their children out of school before they have fairly mastered the language of the land, to repeat their own monotonous career. This class is composed of excellent musicians, but possesses little education or culture, and can not be counted a social force.

Lower in point of technical skill, far higher in social standing, is the earnest lady teacher who trains the children of the town according to her light, plays the reed organ in church, and sees enough of the possibilities of the art to regard her own achievements with a humility which few of her patrons will believe they deserve. She is often cultured, but seldom a highly-trained musician, and, therefore, practically to be regarded as an amateur. From these two classes the average rural American forms his conception of musicians, and is forced to believe that musical ability and general culture do not readily combine. Hence, he pronounces the word "musician" with a circumflex accent on the second syllable.

In and near the large cities more adequate conceptions prevail. Here we find directors of music schools, teachers, writers, lecturers, performers, conductors, composers, organists, who are people of culture and social standing, occupying positions of recognized importance, easily the peers of other professional men. Most of them possess genius in some form, enjoy the prestige of foreign study, are known by their works, and have won wide influence by force of character and natural gifts. Nearly all have solved the problem which is the subject of this paper, and it is their influence, inspiring others to emulate them, to which we must look for an uplifting of the musical profession. Cultured Americans are proud of these musicians and recognize their power, but to many their profession seems a hindrance in spite of which their personal force has gained them success rather than a help and inspiration to the greatest effort. It is worth while to pause and inquire why music is held in low esteem in all but the most enlightened centers of our country; why the name of musician is not so sure a guarantee of intellectual culture and social worth as that of editor or lawyer.

In the first place, the Anglo-Saxons are not a musical race, and have had no influence upon the development of music except as patrons. No composer of the first rank has come from the English-speaking people, and what original creative ability they have shown in the art has been isolated and without permanent result. Next, we must remember that the race as it exists in our country has only partially completed the task of subjugating an entire continent. Hence, only the older portions of the country are sufficiently settled to encourage development of the fine arts. This preponderance of material interests blinds men to the mission of music. They look upon it as merely a means of entertainment,—much as savages at first regard clothing as only ornament,—and hold its devotees in correspond-

ingly light esteem. How often have we heard cultivated people say, "Music is very well as a pastime, but an unworthy profession for a man who can do anything else." To this lack of popular understanding of the mission of music is due much of the low estimation in which musicians are commonly held. But it can not be denied that we musicians are partly to blame. We accept conditions we should try to better; we neglect opportunities to come in touch with other interests than our own; we seek no education but a musical one, and give the impression that we care for nothing in the world but music. Such are the causes of the present status of the musician in this country. What can be done to improve it?

So far as the race problem is concerned, the event is in the hand of Providence. It may be that musical genius will some time become a property of the Anglo-Saxons, as it has been of the Teutonic and Latin peoples. It may be that our race is becoming so modified by immigration and education that we are on the eve of a period of original musical development. Be that as it may, the event is not under our control. But for the other conditions there is a simple, effective remedy described by the one word, "education"—education for the masses in regard to the meaning of music; education for musicians along broader lines than those of their art alone. It is not the purpose of this paper to dwell upon the former topic. There are powerful and well-directed efforts for educating the masses in regard to music. Concerts, church services, choral societies, lectures, critical reviews, periodicals, traveling artists, teachers, conventions—all these are extending their influence further every year, and producing always greater results. But it may honestly be said that the people are educating themselves to understand music better than musicians are educating themselves to understand the people.

Let us consider, then, how musicians may acquire higher education. Not every musician will acknowledge the need of it, and in support of his position may point to several of the great names of history as men who succeeded in music and were quite ignorant of other subjects. Let us briefly examine them. Of the earlier masters Schütz, the predecessor of Bach, was educated for the law until art and nature proved too strong; Händel by his wide travels and contact with men acquired the equivalent of a liberal education; while all the rest—Palestrina, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert—were unlearned in aught save music. Of modern masters Schumann, like Schütz, was destined for the law and combined scholarship and literary ability with musical genius; Mendelssohn and Brahms were doctors of philosophy, and, of course, highly educated; while Chopin, Liszt, Rubinstein, and Wagner acquired, like Händel, a high degree of culture from the surroundings into which their genius brought them. Thus we see that of eight classical masters, only two possessed a liberal education, while of seven modern masters, we may claim it for every one. This is a significant fact. It means that life in the eighteenth century, with its narrow limitations, its fixed relations of master and servant, its settled grooves of thought and feeling, could be intuitively comprehended and adequately expressed by musical genius alone: but that life in the nineteenth century, after the social upheaval of the French revolution, the new departures of science, the growth of individual life, the vastly broader intellectual horizon and cosmopolitan interests, can only be understood by musical genius aided by liberal education. Wherefore, I say, *let musicians as well as ministers, lawyers, or doctors seek a college education.* It is necessary to raise them to the place they deserve in popular esteem; it is necessary to enable them to understand and interpret modern life. When a musician of liberal education settles in an intelligent community, he is received as he deserves. He understands the achievements of science, can discuss civil government with the lawyers, labor problems with the manufacturers, social theories with the economists; can converse without talking shop, has method and aim in all his work, and, by showing the world that it is better to be a man than to be a musician, proves that a musician may be a man. I have seen such a musician make a whole city musical in a few years. I know the American people will interest themselves in music when musicians concern themselves with the broad interests of life. The question may be asked, how a musician can find time for a college education in addition to his professional studies, especially when his means are likely to be limited. A course of modern education alone too often exhausts the strength of youth. Who could add to it the daily practice necessary to attain professional excellence in music? This query seems to me to apply only to concert artists. For them college education is well-nigh impossible. They must practice seven or eight hours daily; music will claim nearly all their time. Private study and contact with the world must impart culture as best they can. But for all others—composers, conductors, organists, choir-masters, writers, lecturers, most of all for teachers—higher education is both possible and necessary. At most of our leading colleges a bright young man can earn his entire way.

Musical courses offer opportunity for one or two hours a day of the indispensable practice, to allow for which one might dispense with secret societies or banjo clubs. When the college course is finished, let the musician, like the doctor, lawyer, or minister, spend three years at a professional school, and he will enter life equipped to do the broadest work as an artist, and inspire the highest respect as a man. He will be capable of understanding and interpreting all phases of human life. As composer he will not be limited to the writing of sentimental songs or graceful piano music, but all forms will be at his command. His sympathy with everything that pertains to human life will gain for his message a respectful hearing from all classes, and his culture will lift him above the eccentricities and petty animosities which often disgrace his profession. So shall the "irritable race of poets," which is composed of musicians as well as of poets, lose the qualities that debar it from its proper place in the popular esteem.

A STUDY OF SUCCESSFUL MUSICIANS.

BY WILLIAM BENBOW.

"Who's Who" is the name of a publication giving short biographical sketches of the most successful Americans. The edition of 1900 contains 8602 names.

In the *Popular Science Monthly* Professor Dexter has made "A Study of Modern Success" based upon the data contained in the 1900 edition. His deductions in regard to the relative standing of musicians is timely and interesting. He classifies the professions represented into actor, artist, author, business, clergyman, college professor, congressman, editor, educator, engineer, financier, inventor, lawyer, librarian, physician, musician, sailor, scientist, soldier, and statesman.

He collated and compared the data furnished by these sketches, which are rather limited, to find the relative probability of achieving *early* distinction in the different callings. In that respect he finds that the musician outruns all other rivals, as thirty-four per cent. of the most famous musicians attain reputation at an early age; that is, below forty.

The next point he wished to establish was the average ages of persons of distinction in the given professions. According to his compilation, forty-five years is the average for the musician of note.

In trying to account for the comparatively earlier eminence of the musician Professor Dexter thinks it is not so hard to understand when "we recall the infant prodigies who frequently figure on our bill-boards, or consider that Nature has in most cases contributed more largely to his success than has nurture."

The present writer is inclined to think he has laid too great an emphasis on the infant prodigy, for is it not a pretty well established fact that a good proportion of such prodigies never comes to fruition? And, as to nurture, we submit that the prodigies who gained eminence later have also been prodigies of assiduity in study; in other words, nurture. Liszt was certainly an infant prodigy, but consider the hours and days he had to practice and study while yet a mere boy, and compare it with the way other boys of his age were probably using the same time, even those who subsequently became illustrious.

As to the balance between Nature and nurture, it will be instructive to compare the musician with the artist. The average percentage for artists who have gained early fame is only fifteen, while the average age of eminent artists is forty-five, the same as for musicians. Although the infant artist does not so "frequently figure on our bill-boards," yet it is a nice question whether the percentage of famous artists who displayed precocity is not as great as in the case of the musicians. True, we do not see so much of the youthful artist, because he does not need to stand by his picture in the exhibition, while the musician must be in personal evidence at the piano or with the violin.

Eliminate the personal element and have Kubelik, for example, play from behind the scenes. What a difference there would be in the audience and in his popularity, two points that help to give him "early distinction"! The manager estimates very carefully the "profitable publicity" of the young artists' appearance *in persona*.

As to educational preparation, the following results were deduced: Fifty-nine per cent. of the noted musicians are shown to have had no education above the high school; seven per cent. have had a college education; two per cent. have had a professional education, ranking the same as a divinity-school course; thirty-three per cent. were educated entirely abroad, and of this number it is probable the larger part were foreigners; and two per cent. have had a post-graduate course.

This finding is an encouraging one for the musician; for, in comparing the percentage in other professions of those who have had no education beyond high school, we find that authors have as high as fifty-five per cent.; editors, sixty per cent.; statesmen, seventy per cent.; and financiers, seventy-five per cent. Even lawyers have as much as forty per cent. in this class. So that between the lowest (seven per cent., for physicians) and the highest (ninety-five per cent. for actors, business men coming next with eighty-five per cent.) the musician stands on a par in this respect with most of the influential men of the age. There is great stimulus in this for the self-respecting musician who feels himself a responsible member of society, owing it the best he can give. And there ought to be here a great lesson for the other near-sighted practitioner who ignorantly refuses to look out beyond the limits of his own little professional bailiwick.

BROADER MUSICIANSHIP NEEDED.

BY ROBERT BRAINE.

Musical education is, as a general rule, too narrow in America. We have too many composers, pianists, violinists, organists, and vocalists who are narrow specialists in their separate branches and outside of them are unpardonably ignorant in correlative musical branches. Musicians educated along narrow lines never attain their full musical growth. They remain stunted and dwarfed until the end of their careers, to what they would have been had they grown up under the full blaze of the sun of musical knowledge in its broadest sense.

Robert Braine.

The broad musician is he who knows everything about something, and something about everything in music, if I may be allowed to express the matter in the form of an aphorism. Too many students are possessed

of the idea that they will attain quick eminence as composers or virtuosi by giving attention to a single branch to the exclusion of every other department of musical study. We have pianists who are practicing night and day on the compositions of Liszt and Rubinstein who could not tell you to save their lives the rules for the resolution of the chords of the dominant and diminished sevenths, and many others who could not tell the difference between the chords themselves for that matter. We have violinists who have nearly worn their fingers out practicing scales and études, who can not play the easiest composition on the piano, are hopelessly destitute of the slightest knowledge of the rules of phrasing, and to whom the elementary principles of harmony are as a sealed book. Vocalists again we find in perfect legion, who have been so busy having their voices "properly placed" and learning to produce "true tones," that they have lost sight of all other departments of musical study, and are not only profoundly ignorant of musical theory in general but often seem to be of the opinion that "time is made for slaves," so faulty is their observance of the commonest principles of rhythm.

After laboring earnestly with piano students to study singing, harmony, theory, and composition so as to broaden their musical comprehension and make them musically intelligent, I have often been met with the response, "What for? I do not wish to become a singer or a composer. I do not care to take the time from my technical work on the piano to give to these outside studies. I wish to become a pianist and nothing else."

Such pupils can not be made to understand that music lies in the brain as much as in the fingers. If one has a perfect conception of a composition in his mind, it will not take the fingers long to learn to execute it and give it voice. Almost incredible stories are told of the readiness of great musicians in learning new compositions and learning to play on new instruments. A story of Spohr is a case in point. The Emperor Napoleon was to listen to recitations by the tragedian Talma at a town twenty miles from Spohr's home. The latter was burning to have a good look at the great emperor, and set out for the town, which he reached two or three days before the entertainment. Here to his dismay he found that he could not gain entrance to hear the recitations. He told some musical friends about his desires, and they promptly suggested that he play in the band which would be present. He asked all the musicians if there was one among them who would like to give up his place to him. The only one who was willing was a French-horn player, and Spohr did not know a note of the French horn. Nothing daunted, however, he set to work to learn the parts within the two days he had left before the entertainment. His efforts were successful and he actually played the parts and saw Napoleon.

Technical acquirement is absolutely useless if the artist brain and the exalted soul be not there to command it.

To one who has not had long experience in the field of musical education, the proposition that a pupil with five hours of practice at his disposal, who spends three and one-half hours a day on technical work on the piano, and one and a half hours on other branches, such as singing, theory, harmony, composition, etc., and elementary work on some string instrument, will progress faster on the piano than one who spends the entire five hours on piano technic alone, may seem absurd, but I maintain that the proposition is true and will be borne out by the experience of other teachers.

I believe that every musician, no matter what position he is called on to fill in the musical life, whether that of a composer, virtuoso, or teacher, should understand harmony, theory of music, piano playing, singing, and violin playing, besides acquiring a general intelligence in other musical branches. By this I do not mean that one should hope to become extremely proficient in all of these branches,—human life is too short for that,—but that the musical student should attain great proficiency in one or two of these branches, and sufficient proficiency in the others to master their fundamental principles, for only thus can he hope to get his fullest growth in his specialty.

Take the art of singing for instance: no musician can afford to be ignorant of the principles of the vocal art. All music is based on singing. The human voice is the first and greatest of all musical instruments. All phrasing is based on the laws of breathing. Singing is the supreme court of the musical art; song is the model which every instrumental performer must copy, and his success in interpretation will be in proportion to the fidelity of his imitation of the vocal art. The player of an instrument goes to the singer for his model, as the artist goes to nature, for song is living music. It has a soul.

Paganini confessed that the best thing a violinist could do was to copy on his violin the characteristics of a fine soprano voice. Thalberg, the pianist, took lessons for years from an eminent Italian teacher of singing, although he had no voice to speak of, simply to master the principles of artistic singing, which he hoped to translate into his piano playing as nearly as possible. Schumann, in his rules for young musicians, says: "If you would become musical, sing middle parts in a chorus." A large volume could be filled with the testimony of eminent authorities in regard to the importance of every musician learning the principles of singing as the foundation of all music. In no branch of the musical art is the importance of correct phrasing so forced on the student as in singing, for here we have words and sentences which have to be delivered properly in order to make proper sense, and this causes every student of singing to be a student of phrasing whether he will or not. The necessity of breathing also causes the pupil to give great attention to the principles of phrasing, even in the case of études where no words are used.

Many an advanced piano pupil who is not studying with a first-rate teacher does not know what phrasing really means. In vocal study much attention has to be given to it.

A great pianist once said to me on this subject: "All the time I am playing I am singing in imagination, and, wherever it is possible, I take breath at the end of phrases just as a singer would do. It is of immense

assistance to me." I have often heard this pianist take breaths as he described, and his playing was modeled throughout on the principles of singing.

A knowledge of harmony, composition, and theory of music is also absolutely essential to a liberal education in music, and yet how many musicians, professionals at that, have never studied these branches systematically and thoroughly. Thousands of students, in all our large cities even, are taking private lessons of eminent teachers of voice culture, piano, violin, etc., without devoting any of their time to theory, harmony, and composition, that indispensable trinity of a sound musical education. Many pupils are even impressed with the idea that such study would be a waste of time—sort of a "jack of all trades" proceeding, as it were.

The courses prescribed for the education of a specialist in the medical art may be recommended to musical students in all branches. Does any medical student object, pray, to the study of anatomy, physiology, surgery, medicine, and other studies because he expects to follow the profession of a specialist, say, of the eye, ear, or throat? He would receive no diploma, and would not be allowed to graduate if he did. Even a dentist is obliged to study the general principles of the medical art, and is obliged to pass an examination in anatomy, physiology, etc., before he can practice, even notwithstanding the fact that he expects to spend his whole life treating the teeth alone. A knowledge of theory, harmony, and composition bears the same relation to the musical art as anatomy and physiology bear to the medical art. Ignorance in these branches is unpardonable in a musician.

The virtuoso who thinks that art lies in the fingers should study musical history. I can not recall the example of a single eminent instrumental performer who was ignorant of these branches. Almost without exception the great virtuosi have left excellent compositions; not only for their own instruments, but for other instruments, chorus, and orchestra as well. Take Liszt, Rubinstein, Paganini, Spohr, De Beriot, Wieniawski, Sarasate, and hundreds of lesser artists. They are examples of virtuosi of the highest type and composers and skilful theorists in addition.

Who would not blush to say he had never studied English grammar, yet in music you will find thousands of students and even teachers who do not even know elementary theory, harmony, and composition—the grammar of music.

A knowledge of piano playing is indispensable to broad musicianship. In European conservatories, students of voice, violin, etc., are required to study the piano in addition, and the same rule should obtain with us. A knowledge of piano playing is always convenient, but the piano should be studied even if the student have no intention of playing the piano, on account of its educational advantage. The student of the voice or violin is busied with the melody part only. When he comes to the study of piano playing he has all parts to play. The composition is complete in itself. He must give attention to the bass and the inner parts as well as the melody, for he now has to do with a complete musical structure. A student who never plays anything but a melody part can never become really intelligent in music. He is like a man in a watch factory who makes only one kind of wheels, and gives no attention to any other part of the watch or how it is put together.

In playing the piano the student finds constant application of the laws of harmony, theory, and composition, and gets, as it were, a bird's eye view of the anatomy of the composition he is playing. Every vocalist and solo instrumental performer should have a minute knowledge of the piano accompaniment of his music. The importance of piano playing to a well-educated musician can be judged by the fact that it is rare to find a musician of any eminence who is not a reasonably good pianist.

The study of a string instrument, even to the limited extent of but a half-hour a day, will greatly benefit and broaden every musician, and especially every pianist. Study of string instruments of the violin family, sharpens the ear to an even greater extent than the study of singing. In singing, the pitch of the tones is found by instinct, and all keys are alike to the vocalist. Not so to the violinist. There are so many mechanical difficulties to surmount in violin playing that the difficulties of playing in tune are very great. This constant searching after the true tone sharpens the musical hearing to a wonderful extent. Besides this, the passionate tones of the violin and 'cello, second in beauty only to those of the human voice, are the basis of the modern orchestra, and a knowledge of their technic will be found of the greatest advantage to the student of other musical branches.

Almost all the great composers, especially Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn, were skilful violinists, and wrote largely for the violin and 'cello and for the string quartet.

Violin study will be found of peculiar advantage to the piano student, because the violin excels where the piano is deficient—in producing long, singing tones. The pianist who is a violinist and vocalist as well will play very differently from the student of the piano only. The former will feel the great necessity in his playing of making the piano sing, and all his efforts will be to that end. He will also constantly strive after various tone colorings on the piano.

The student who, in profound ignorance of harmony and composition, grinds away day after day at technic only is like a blind horse in a treadmill. He will make just about as much real progress. A student of high musical intelligence escapes half the technical drudgery of music, because he knows the why and wherefore of every passage, and a passage understood is half learned, as every pupil knows.

A student who has only a certain number of hours at his disposal should remember that he will advance faster in every way if he give but one-half or two-thirds of his time to the branch which he intends to make his specialty and the rest to other musical studies. No one knows his own language until he studies other languages.

Literary scholars have for centuries studied classical and modern languages, grammar, rhetoric, history, and many other branches of study as the best means of making themselves skilful in their own language. It is not otherwise in musical education. All the most eminent musicians of the world have been men of the broadest mnsical education, who not only knew harmony and the grammar of music thoroughly, but knew the tone languages of the various leading instruments, if I may so call them, and of the human voice—the real basis of them all.

The great virtuosi reached their great perfection not by one study but by many. They knew the musical art thoroughly, and thus were enabled to bring out what is best and noblest in our greatest instruments of music.

"GIVE YOURSELF ROYALLY."

BY AUBERTINE WOODWARD MOORE.

When Carlyle lay on his death-bed Prof. Tyndall called on him for some helpful farewell word. Raising his eyes to the eager face bowed over him, the dying man said: "Give yourself royally."

Could more have been desired? These three words are full of import to students of science and letters. They are equally valuable to students of music.

"Give yourself royally" when you study music. Give the best that is in you. Thus only can the best that is in music be grasped. Thns only can be reached the lofty ideal music represents.

"Give yourself royally." By so doing alone can those habits of mental concentration be acquired in which centers the secret of success in every aim of life.

Genius has been defined as infinite patience. It were better to call it infinite concentration of the mental, spiritual, and physical forces. To a certain degree concentration is possible for every one who faithfully seeks it. Comparatively few teachers of music impress on their pupils its urgency. Yet the ability to concentrate one's powers right royally is of prime importance in the study of music.

The teacher who does his duty is compelled to give himself royally. This does not mean to lift the burden of responsibility and effort from the pupil. It means to guide the pupil's footsteps into the right path; that they must tread their own way. It means to show, by precept and example, what is meant by giving one's self royally to music.

No student of music should rest content with empty technic. It is an established fact that just so much as music says something to those who give themselves to it, by just so much it becomes an influential force in their lives. We are fast approaching the time when this force will be universally employed in the educational work of the civilized world. Music is of value in proportion to what it says to people. Technic is a means of giving utterance to its inner message.

It was Philipp Emanuel Bach who said three things were needful to make an artistic musical performer, and he pointed to the head, the seat of understanding; the heart, the seat of the emotions, and the fingers, as symbolic of technical skill. Head, heart, and hands should be schooled right royally by the one who studies music.

His father, the great Sebastian Bach, always insisted that the practice of the clavichord should go hand in hand with composition. No one could play who could not think musically, he said. If a pupil complained or grew down-hearted, because of difficulties, he would say: "You have as good fingers as I. I had to work; whoever is equally industrious will succeed."

The idea of writing music while studying it is a valuable one. It is precisely the same as what is considered indispensable in learning the language of speech. Every student of music should do a great deal of writing away from an instrument. Not only should scales and chords be written after the student has learned how to build them, but little original motives, phrases, sections, periods, and complete melodies should be thought out and written down. It no more requires a great composer to do this than it requires a great author to write a school composition, aud one is as important as the other.

A musical composition can not be adequately interpreted until it has been intelligently memorized. This does not mean playing by ear, which may be a mere matter of parrot-like imitation. A piece is not thoroughly memorized until it can be written down from memory. An excellent drill in memorizing music is to write down a Bach fugue, section by section, from memory, first in the key in which it is written, then transposing it into another key. Such an effort brings the aspirant near the heights of musicianly attainments.

The highest degree of musicianship, as Schumann declares, is to be able, on the first hearing of a complicated orchestral work, to see it in bodily score with the inner eye. Few can do this, but the ranks of those who can would greatly increase if more students were given royally to music.

Sight-reading is another test of musicianship. Although a composition is never thoroughly part of the performer's consciousness until it has been memorized, that pianist is no musician who can not intelligently read any piece not beyond his technical skill. Unless a page of notes can be read as easily as a page of words, music is poorly learned. Therefore, practice sight-reading early and often.

More can be accomplished in one hour by giving one's self royally to music than by months of study with a wandering mind. Every one can not attain the achievements of genius, but every one who studies music faithfully can make it a useful and enduring possession, as far as permitted to advance in it. Less time need be consumed, less money expended, and better results will be gained by those who give themselves royally to the study of music than by those who dawdle over it.

"Give yourself royally" while you can study. You have ears to hear, let them hear. They will bear to your inner being the glorious message of the divine art, and ceasing to be the exclusive art, mistaken methods

of teaching and study have condemned it to be, music will fulfil its rightful mission in the world, beautifying the lives of the multitude.

MUSIC AND THE INTELLECT.

BY ROBT. W. HILL.

MUSIC is a stimulus to the intellect. This does not mean that all wonders open to us under its inspiration, for to many minds the noble thoughts of the masters which find expression in their works will always remain unknown. Minds are quickened according to their capacities, but somewhere within the ample range of musical expression there is a power able to move even the dullest mind. The effort to follow the development of the musical theme, its recognition from time to time, as it presents itself in new combinations or changes its form ; the comparison of different harmonies, the thought necessary in properly discriminating the good and the bad, all stimulate the mind and enlarge its powers.

The great music dramas require a large degree of intelligence for their full enjoyment, just as do the noblest works in other fields of human activity, and this intelligence can only be acquired by effort. That which is simple is readily comprehended, while the complex necessitates study. This is as true of music as of machinery, and it is also true that as simple mechanical movements underlie the complexities of the great machines, so do the most involved passages of the greatest musical creations depend upon the simple combinations which have become commonplace to all. It is for this reason that it is unwise to decry what is simple and call it commonplace because it is simple. That which is trite to one may be a revelation of musical beauty to another. The simple is the preparation for the masterpiece as the primary school is a preparation for advanced study. The simple melody, or the dance music which starts the feet into motion, appeals to a culture, which, perhaps, may not be able to follow the swelling harmonies of a symphony, yet a culture which has a true place in the education of the people. The great masterpieces are for the few who can appreciate them ; the rest of the world must find enjoyment within the range of its own culture, even though that culture lead to "the poor worship of the commonplace."

Fortunately for our art there are no hard and fast boundaries to culture. The limits of to-day are passed to-morrow, for the spirit of progress animates the love of music, and that spirit quickens the perception and broadens the horizon and presents new ideals which past attainments can not satisfy. Growth in musical intelligence changes the attitude of the people toward the writings of composers. That which appears to be a work of unequaled genius to-day may be "commonplace" to-morrow. Not that the work of the composer has changed, for that remains as when given to the public, but the ideals of the people have been enlarged and nobler conceptions are required of composers. A broader culture has changed the standpoint, and the older must give place to the new. It is only when the mind is possessed by a feeling of complete satisfaction with present attainments that music fails to stimulate the intellect.

Music, then, should have a very much larger place in the work of our public schools, if for no other reason than for its stimulating power. It is a wonderful discipline to the memory. This is seen in its effect on the memory of many of the great composers, and we may safely infer that what it did for them it will do, in a degree, for all others. It is said that Hans von Bülow memorized every score written by Beethoven and Wagner, and it was his boast that he could give twenty recitals, each requiring two hours, entirely from memory. It is also said that Rubinstein played from memory in a single season over 1000 distinct compositions. Beside this, he could reproduce at will any piece he had ever played. Mascagni, also, has memorized all the works of the most famous composers, while Paderewski is not far behind him. It was the study of music that so wonderfully disciplined the mind of Mozart, who, when a mere boy, was able, after a single hearing, to reproduce from memory the carefully guarded "Miserere" of Allegri, after permission to copy the written score had been refused by the Pope. Mendelssohn was independent of written scores, and the technical ability of his hands was more than matched by a memory obedient to his will. The close attention which a child must give to the score while at the piano must have a beneficial effect upon the intellect, and the discipline of musical study must prove helpful in other things, owing to this discipline of the attention.

But there is a yet higher function for music ; it quickens the imagination and develops the creative faculty. Under its spell the mind is lifted out of the ordinary channels of its thought and realizes that it possesses wings able to bear it up while it sweeps the circle of the universe. For the time it is gifted with "the open vision," and through the curtains which music has parted for it the soul sees beauties at other times concealed. Under the influence of music comes that condition we call "inspiration," when the mind moves with vigor and freedom. Then it is that great things become possible, and high hopes are formed, and worthy ambitions are realized. Under its ministry the imagination creates a new world from which evil is banished and in which there are perfect harmonies—a new world in which only loveliness may enter ; one in which the ideals of brightness and beauty, goodness and grandeur, seem to be realized. And this is possible because music speaks directly to the soul, the divine part of man, and sets the creative faculty free to work, but to work under a divine spell. Thus it is true that harmony touches the finest fibers of our being, so that the soul is lifted from the plane of the gross and material to the realm of the spiritual. Thus it is that the high mission of music is to give glimpses of the fullness and joy of the perfect life, and reveal somewhat of the deep and tender quality which is possible here even under adverse conditions, as well as to open vistas down which may stream some little portion of the light and glory of Heaven itself.

REPOSE.

BY HELENA M. MAGUIRE.

HELENA M. MAGUIRE.

"HAVE we not," asks some one, "had rather too much of the gospel of work? Why not treat of the gospel of relaxation?"

Siloti, Szumoska—these are grand exemplars of this repose, this art which is nature with the non-essentials left out. Ah me! how much time has been given to the non-essentials! How much wasted nerve tissue, and overstrained muscles and benumbed ears have been laid upon the altar of the non-essentials by the pianists of the last decad, and, indeed, there are still some to-day—aye, and who write a title before their names—who manipulate runs as though they were but so much molasses candy.

"Will-power,—not the will of energy that moves the muscles of the animal body, but the will of stillness that controls the animal body." That is it, that is what we want, "the stillness that controls."

It is a doctrine: that we should listen to with shut eyes; but the fact remains that we continue to listen with eyes widely open, and such being the case, is it not delightful, aye, restful, to watch a pianist who is a master of repose?

Have you ever sat idly and watched a woman making lace and thought of all she wove into her pattern besides the mere thread? Well, that is what a reposeful pianist makes me think of. The lace maker of Miraflores expresses it so well as she mourns for the lace which she has sold. "I was twenty years making it, and now that I have sold it I am lonely, for all the thoughts that I have thought, and all the love that I have felt, and all the happiness that I have dreamed of are there. For my lace is my life—all spun out of my soul." And surely, music is all of this and more to one who gives one's life to it—all spun out of one's soul.

There are things I studied when trouble was upon me, things into which the trouble wove itself in quivering fibers. I have put them sadly away; and then, in after years, when light-heartedly going over my music, have taken them out and, all forgetful, sat down to play them through, when, lo! all this that I had so forgotten rose up once more with the music and overwhelmed me, and looking, I saw the notes as I had seen them years agone, through tears. But what need to tell this? Every musician knows what it is and has gone through it all, yes, and tried to play the misery *out* of the thing, tried vainly, for it was "spun out of the soul."

Charles Dudley Warner has said that "art is a suggestion impregnated with the artist's personality." Oh, the thoughts, the moods, and the fancies that weave themselves in and about every bit of music which we make our own!

What if the notes we learn were written by some one else! What is it that we give out but our very self? The thread may have been made by Barbour, but suppose it remained always upon the spool? Everything we play becomes a part of ourselves, and such being the case, are we going to publish ourselves as so many vulgar jumping-jacks, so many subjects for St. Vitus' dance? Oh, this horrid throwing about of the hands, describing all sorts of circles in the air! Why not leave circles to Marie Corelli, the electrical, the mystical?

When we think of the class who are straining after effects, do we wish to be one with them? Ruskin declares that no great thing was ever done by a great effort. A great thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it without effort. There you have it. Cultivate self first, even up to your ideal, and strive to feel that "the art of a thing is first its aim, and next its manner of accomplishment."

How silly to think that we can make a composition a part of our very lives, fashioning it day by day from all the present means to us, impregnating it with our own personality, and then that we can sit down upon occasion and display in one rendering only so much as we will. If we but realized how much of the inner man is revealed as we sit at the piano, I think there would be more careful cultivation of innate refinement, reserve force,—the grand, yet simple *repose* that characterized all noble beings.

One thing struck Amy Fay so forcibly in her music study abroad that she kept repeating and repeating it in her letters. It was, that all the *great* musicians whom she met were so *simple*. Why the thing explains itself: It is the *great* musicians invariably who are simple.

Von Bülow's mother, writing of him in 1854, marveled at the equipoise which balanced so wonderfully in one being the simple young son and the great genius.

A truce to storming. We have seen too many marvels. We are an age which nothing can astonish. Let us who are pianists cease trying to astonish and please; aiming to elevate, uplift, what you will, but first of all and through all, *repose*. Feel it; live it! Feel, with the lace-maker, that your material is too fine to be handled roughly. Draw out a slender run delicately, then carefully back again, weaving in and out with quickness and precision, and out of all the daintiness completing a firm, graceful, and lasting whole, so saving yourself, your piano, and your audience.

"The ideal is the real well seen."

MUSIC AND MANNERS.

BY LOUIS C. ELSON.

THE musician of a century ago was very often a boor; the musician of to-day needs to be, above almost everything, a gentleman. There is a reason for this change, which is to be sought in the great change in the caste of the artist which has been wrought by a single century.

In the last century the musician was only a species of upper servant; the cause for this degraded position is to be found in the fact that music was held to be solely a rich man's pleasure, and not a delight, belonging to the entire public. Concerts were practically unknown in the beginning of the last century; good music (outside of that connected with religion or with festivals) was only to be heard in the chambers of the residences of the wealthy, whence the term "chamber music."

The moment that the musician could appeal to the general public for the support of his art (and, incidentally, of himself), his position grew less servile. It was in England, and through the coffee-houses, that this change first took place, for one coffee-house after another began to give music in the reign of Charles II, and charge admission during the concert. To coffee, therefore, the musician owes his first emancipation from thraldom. But the change came slowly enough; the musicians were still accustomed to look for their subsistence at the hands of noble or wealthy patrons; Evans, one of the greatest of harp players, died of starvation while in the service of Charles II; Mercer, the sweet singer, of whom Samuel Pepys speaks so frequently and enthusiastically, was necessitated to be serving-maid to Mrs. Pepys, and received corporal punishment on one occasion when she went to visit her mother without leave. One needs only to read the history of the last century to see how oppressed even the masters of music were because of this unjustly low caste. Haydn was treated by the Esterhazys as an ordinary servant, and Prince Esterhazy always addressed him in the contemptuous third person, as "Er"; only after his sojourn in England, where every honor was showered upon him, was he bold enough to request that he might be treated on a somewhat higher plane. He had been Porpora's bootblack, and the servility of earlier times clung to him almost to the end of his life. Mozart was treated by the archdemon—I mean the Archbishop—of Salzburg, very much as one might treat a criminal; it would be impossible to reproduce the vile epithets which his master bestowed upon him during the later part of his musical servitude, and he was literally thrown out of the room when he once ventured to remonstrate. In some of the newspapers of the last part of the last century one obtains a passing glimpse at the servile standing of the musician by advertisements such as the following (which is literally translated from a German paper): "Wanted, a valet who understands the care of a gentleman's clothes, who will also make himself generally useful, and who will be able to play viola or second violin in a quartet when desired."

What wonder that, under such circumstances, the musician remained an uneducated clod! The musical education too, given sporadically and in a rough as well as systemless manner, took all the time that the average musician had to spare, and precluded the chance of such other studies as would refine the artist. Only too often the person who was fitting himself for the musical profession was obliged to apprentice himself (especially in Germany) to some master who caused him to play at dances and other festivities during every spare moment, and put all chance of anything like a literary education beyond all possibility.

Beethoven is sometimes looked upon as the liberator of musicians from their low position, but this is a mistaken assumption. Beethoven himself is an example of the musician's lack of general education in the last century, for he had not even a common school education, and it was chiefly owing to the interest taken in him by Eleonora von Breuning, who taught him something of belles-lettres, that he did not remain ignorant of other arts than his own through his later years. His idea of "Imponiern," of impressing the aristocracy, was not that of a liberator of his brother musicians, for he was only rude to many of his superiors, while these, even when belonging to the noblest families, as in the case of Prince Lobkowitz, merely looked upon him as an amusing eccentric, and never sought to revenge themselves for any of his incivilities.

It was to Liszt that, more than to any other man, the musician owed his social emancipation. Liszt was of good family, highly educated, proving in every detail of his life that a good musician could yet be a thorough man of the world, of good manners and address. It was the dawn of a new epoch when Liszt enunciated the standing of the musician in the salon of Princess Metternich. He had returned from a concert tour and was promenading with the princess, who, scarcely thinking of the status of the artist, inquired, "Did you make good business?" Whereupon the artist drew himself up and replied, "I make music, madam, not business!" It was the first true voicing of the rights of the artist.

The new régime admits the musician, as a social equal, to the very highest circles, but the privilege brings a duty with it; the manners of the modern musician must be as refined as those of the littérateur, the physician, or the lawyer. He can no longer sparkle for a few brief moments at the piano and then become a clod for the rest of an evening.

There is another phase of his career in which his cultivated manners will be of still greater importance; almost every musician is to-day a teacher, and if manners are an essential to the drawing-room they are ten times more so in the instruction-room. The rough and boorish teacher is gradually passing away and a teacher who produces better results with far less friction is taking his place. "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*" is the motto of the true teacher of the present. A firm resolve that his plans shall be carried out, but an equally set resolution that it shall not be merely through scolding and squabbling. The hand of iron in the glove of velvet it is that makes the best teacher nowadays.

But back of manners there must be education; manners are only the outer shell of culture, and culture is frequently only the fragrance of study. The leading music schools of to-day begin to demand that their students shall know something besides the science of tones and their production, nor can the good influence of general study upon the musician's art be overestimated. An acquaintance with history will make such works as Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony or Wagner's "Meis-

tersinger" more intelligible; poetry touches music at almost every point; mathematics will make counterpoint very much clearer; languages will cause the singer to comprehend the spirit of many a song the meaning of which is obscured by the translator. The list might be continued much further. But over it all, and because of all this study and research, there will be a glow of explanation that will illumine many a lesson, and there will be a poise and ease that will attest the triumph of good manners. Meanwhile the old-fashioned musical scolder will be tearing his hair, shouting his comments, roaring and raging, his pupil either laughing in her sleeve or weeping in terror, according to her nature. It is just one hundred and fifty years ago (almost to a day, for the letter was written July 1, 1748) that the Earl of Chesterfield wrote to his son,—"Manners must adorn Knowledge and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity and also for its intrinsic value." Let the musician also polish the rough diamond of his knowledge, for assuredly no one in any other calling has as much daily need of this external polish as he.

PROFESSOR QUACK.

(A SKETCH FROM LIFE.)

BY ALFRED H. HAUSRATH.

Professor Quack was a man of short stature, crooked legs, round shoulders, pale face, and weak eyes, whose sight was assisted by powerful glasses, through which he peered as though he were making frantic efforts to keep awake; his hair was dark brown, and he wore it brushed back from his forehead *à la pompadour*. A heavy, drooping mustache bulged out from underneath his knob of a nose like a cataract.

Sleepy though he appeared to be, he was, indeed, very decidedly wide awake in matters of business. He was conductor of a band and was not too proud to take up the violin and follow his own leadership, even if he was obliged to play second fiddle. For some strange reason not distinctly known he never played first violin, but time and again led the band while playing second violin himself. This stamps him for an original conductor, for what band ever followed the sway of the second violinist's bow?

He was also conductor of several singing societies, and these were his chosen prey. Every society gave at least one concert during the season for his benefit. Upon these occasions each member was provided with thirteen tickets, twelve to sell and one for his own personal use. He was director absolute—to wit: business manager, stage manager, general manager, etc.—on all these occasions. These societies, which, by the by, were all Männerchöre (male choruses), held their rehearsals in beer-saloons, because his Männerchöre were all drinking corps; and he found it more convenient to have the flowing liquor at their side than to have them go out around the corner, between songs, to relieve their parched palates.

Prof. Quack was to be admired for his business ability if for nothing else. He was first, last, and all the time treasurer of every society with which he had any connection. The members handed their yearly dues to him in little dribbles, equal to one-twelfth of the annual fee, monthly in advance. The professor, knowing their weakness, declared that this contribution should go toward defraying the expenses for the purchase of the vocal lubricant commonly known by the appellation of "bier"! The scheme was an excellent one, for never were meetings more regularly attended. Indeed, the faithfulness and sense of duty exhibited were marvelous, awe-inspiring. The professor knew from the start that he was the power supreme, and that his herd of donkeys would bray him unto the world's end, so docile were they. And all this through the instrumentality of beer. Verily the way to reach their hearts was through the brewery. It is quite unnecessary to remark that they did not represent the élite of the town; in fact, they themselves boasted of their non-connection with aristocracy in the matter of birth, and also their antipathy to being inoculated with the germ of nobility. One of these societies was nicknamed by a wag from its own ranks, "The Anti-Gentlemen's Bawling Club." Coarse jokes and indecent language sallied forth between the measures of sweet and good music, and the muse, if ever she did come near them, must certainly have clapped her hands to her ears and sped away, terrified and abashed. Poor thing! How the crimson blush must have overspread her countenance!

The professor not only attempted to sell tickets for his concerts, but sold them; and that, too, in a town where such work was no easy task either. For this he has received the applause of even his enemies in the musical fraternity. We must admire the man who can persuade people that it is their duty to support him, when it is n't, and actually carry his point so far as to make himself considered an indispensable member of the community. His activity was marvelous and nothing was too high for his ambition; nor was anything too low, either, provided there was money enough in it. He would have led a band of monkeys if he thought it would pay. His friends and dupes were synonymous, and they stuck to him with remarkable adhesiveness. Probably nothing could have separated them but death, and the "Fass" was the keystone of their union. All rehearsals were at an end when the "Fass" ran dry; for he who sings must drink. And why not? Did any one ever hear of a great singer that was born and bred on the desert of Sahara?

These societies flourish and will so long as beer is brewed. The professor has no scruples about teaching any instrument he has ever seen, be it string, wood, or brass. The less he knows about an instrument, the more anxious he is to teach it. His natural curiosity probably inspires this in him; and, then, one is sure to learn something by trying to teach something.

Being gifted with a natural tendency to investigate, and having been accidentally thrown into the musical world, he tried, and fussed, and dabbled with every musical instrument; became a follower of all and a

leader of none. Although he did occasionally stand before a band of men, baton in hand, he did not lead them ; they led themselves.

Now, what should such a man do, indeed, but found a school of music (a conservatory, as he called it). Nothing seemed more natural, and this he did. As for teachers, he hired none. Why should he? He himself was a whole corps of teachers. He was the faculty, director, secretary, manager, and last, but not least, treasurer of the whole establishment.

The most notable feature about the school was the place where it held its sessions. In the main avenue or business street of the town was located a two-story brick building, the first floor of which was fitted out for a store or shop with two show-windows of the modern type. Now, the professor having secured the lower part of this building, probably on account of its fine site, tenement houses standing on either side of it, and finding that the show-windows could do much to attract attention, ranged in neat order a miscellaneous collection of sheet-music intended to be for sale. His plan had its desired effect. People stopped before his windows, gazed, read, and were apprised by a sign in each window that Professor Quack gave lessons on this, that, and the other thing. Underneath this announcement was a line extending the cordial invitation to "step in and see me."

The first floor of this building consisted of one long room running the full depth of the structure. Just by the door as one entered was a small counter, over which he sold his wares and also made arrangements for business appointments, such as "music furnished for all occasions," the accepting of new pupils, etc. At the further end of the room was a piano bearing the name of some obscure firm, and standing out full to the view of everybody. There, divided neither by portière nor screen from the remainder of the establishment, was the "hall" where the aspiring youth exerted all their powers of discipleship while the maestro, between the puffs of a cigar, the disposing of a jewsharp or other toy instruments which were among his stock in trade, listened to the pupil with one ear and to the customer with the other. Sometimes, in order to demonstrate that an instrument was in good health, he would sound it while the student was digging away at some insurmountable difficulty at his chosen instrument. Peculiar, indescribable combinations were often thereby effected.

After school-hours the "conservatory" was made the rendezvous of interested and curious children. Boys and girls would huddle together craning their necks to peer into the windows and get a view of the "scholar" taking a lesson. They would pass jests about what they considered the poor unfortunate inside. Report had it that the professor believed in corporal punishment, and they would watch eagerly for an outburst of passion from him. Speculations were constantly being made as to when he would fly at his victim and deliver a dose of chastisement. Such expressions as "Watch him," "He's warming up," "There he goes," and the like were frequently heard from among this juvenile mob.

Occasionally the professor would make a wild rush for the door, open it, give an angry, menacing yell at the crowd, and shake his fist at them. They would scatter, making various jocular remarks, followed by choruses of taunting yells, upon which the professor, foaming and dancing about in frantic anger, would slam the door shut and return to his pupil like a wild beast to his prey.

The simple contrivance of a portière or screen which would have overcome all these annoyances was not even thought of. It was not long before the large sign stuck up on the front of the building came down, the windows cleared of all the music and other articles for sale, and a "to let" sign posted in each window. The professor had sounded no note of warning and had moved none seemed to know where. But he was not one to secrete himself from the world, and before long he was located by a sign in the window of one of the flat houses on a side street. The sign was smaller, as of necessity it would have to be, but it was the same old announcement, "Conservatory of Music." And so he continued to do business, and plenty of it, too, at low rates. That word conservatory had captivated his senses, and he was not happy unless he saw it or had it near him. This word is much abused, and fond mamas and papas should be careful lest they be captivated by its appearance where it has no right to exist. There are quacks in every profession, and music, unfortunately, has many more than its share of them.

EXPRESSION IN PLAYING AND ITS CONDITIONS.

BY EDWARD DICKINSON.

A NEWSPAPER clipping recently sent to me for comment contains a somewhat disgruntled expression of surprise at the unsatisfactory nature of the playing of many piano students who are rated as possessing talent and technical skill. "It appears to us," remarks this correspondent, "as if a whole lot of time were spent upon technic, and when the pupil at last is heard he has technic and not another thing beside." There is nothing new in this complaint ; in ancient Greece philosophers lamented that music, instead of holding to its true office of poetic expression, was degenerating into a mere virtuoso display, and doubtless the pipe and lyre players of the time of Jubal were often subject to the same censure. The unprofessional patrons of music, the general public, have always been disposed to insist, in spite of temporary aberrations, that music ought to mean something instead of manipulative jugglery ; they have held pretty firmly to the notion that music is an art as well as a science, and by no manner of means a mere handicraft. An art, to be entitled to the name, must have some vital relation to life ; it speaks from and to the soul, and quickens the emotional sensibility through the medium of beauty. However difficult it may be to give definitions of art or of beauty,—in the last resort both of them touch the conscious life of the soul, giving pleasure that is felt to be healthful, enlarging, and permanent. Whether an art is impersonal as architecture, or unimitative and indefinitely suggestive as music, this one

universal element remains an indispensable factor—the mental exhilaration produced is realized as a sufficient end in itself because promotive of spiritual life and growth. One who clearly recognizes this aim and essence of art will be impatient even to wrath with any result of the study of the technical elements of art which rests satisfied with them, and which gives to the expectant art-lover only the outer wrappings or superficial agencies of art when he is hungering for its sweetness and strength-giving power.

That such and such a pianist plays without expression is a frequent charge. Those who make the accusation would often be unable to state in set terms what is meant by musical expression, but they mean what I have indicated, that the player somehow fails to impart the real pith and substance of the art-work; it does not breathe and glow; the inward spiritual beauty is not revealed. Making due allowance for illegitimate demands on the part of uncultured listeners who sometimes require of a piece of music an effort which is not within its special nature to bestow, this complaint of lack of expression, in the playing of young performers particularly, is often just. The reason of this deficiency on the part of faithful, mechanically accurate students is, of course, that they do not themselves really know what musical beauty is. They follow their teacher's directions as best they can, but the final charm of which any given production is capable they do not impart because it does not exist in their minds as an antecedent consciousness. This defect is not due to lack of conscience or of hard work, but is simply a sign of mental immaturity. There is something in music which their ears have not heard or their hearts conceived. In such an instance there is no occasion for surprise or fault-finding. Young people generally, up to a certain age, are destitute of that disciplined emotional or imaginative faculty which grasps immediately the special significance and ultimate loveliness of a musical work, just as they are irresponsive also to the profounder suggestions of poetry and painting. This coldness is due, in the majority of cases, not so much to original lack of sensibility as to neglect of its development. How can one give what he does not possess?

Now, the question arises, How shall this sensitiveness to intellectul beauty, the preliminary condition of expressive playing, be developed in a young student? Doubtless there are many ways. Let me suggest a few:

Technic is ordinarily supposed by a young learner to consist of striking a certain number of notes with accuracy and evenness, legato or staccato, in a certain specified time. The pupil should be made to feel, however, that quality as well as quantity of tone, and the balance, adjustment, and blending of sounds to produce a rich and finely shaded effect upon the sensuous ear, are also included in the province of technic. An unharmonized scale or trill, a detached chord or arpeggio, may arouse a sense of beauty through the management of tone-color alone. The ear should be trained to appreciate and demand this element in the beautiful. Many students are not keenly conscious of the effects they produce; they are so occupied with the perceptions of the eye that the ear is only half awake. This organ should be developed at the same time with the fingers; it should be alert to the most subtle distinctions of pitch and the most exquisite gradations of timbre in the piano, violin, and the human voice. Harsh or inappropriate tones will then be impossible to the player, for, of course, he will not knowingly produce impressions which are painful to himself; and when he has learned to revel in all the possible luxuries of sound and make the achievement of them an object in his study, then one important element of expression in playing will have been mastered.

Another factor in musical beauty is harmony. The student should be led to recognize and enjoy the impression conveyed by full, pure, majestic, masterly constructed combinations; to linger with delight over some enchanting chord or chord progression; to follow with satisfied delight those undertones which move within the fluent mass of sound, lending weight, dignity, somberness, or luster. He should accustom himself to listen down through the harmony, instead of allowing his attention to rest upon the surface. Most young players produce too thin a tone; the left-hand part is weak; the tone does not balance; the brilliant treble has no adequate substratum. Let them be taught to watch the bass part by direct vision and listen for the bass and tenor components in the harmony, and bring out every characteristic figure in the under and middle parts. Then when they come to enjoy the beauty of harmony and substantial wealth of tone they will strive to produce it, and another element of expression will have been mastered.

The same might be said in regard to developing a sense of the beauty that lies in rhythm,—not the obvious march and dance rhythms which every one catches as if by instinct, but the more involved and recondite rhythmical groupings which lend such an impression of firm-knit, yet facile, power to the works of men like Bach, Schumann, and Chopin. There is also a beauty of flexible tempo, the air of ease and self-poise which is conveyed by a skilfully-handled rubato in music of a buoyant, undulating character. There is a beauty of contrast, of strong dissonance, of syncopation, of crescendo and diminuendo, of glaring colors, of a tempestuous, passionate delivery.

All these, however, are but the external contrivances, the mediate terms, of true expression; their direct action is upon the nervous organization. The problem of expression is solved only when they are employed by the judgment for judicious and appropriate ends. What is to prevent a false use of them, a travesty of the composer's intention? Only the ripening of the musical sense, recognition by thought and experience of the laws of characteristic beauty as distinguished from general abstract beauty. There is an ultimate, irresolvable element in expression which can not be imparted by precept and hardly touched by any words at our command. It is that mystical somewhat which we call, for lack of a better phrase, poetic interpretation. By virtue of a certain intrinsic imaginative power, the player sinks his whole being in the art-work which his hands are calling forth, so that it becomes soul of his soul, breath of his

breath, a part of his sacred inner life taking form for a moment and realizing itself in the eloquence of sound. Now, can this capacity for feeling the utmost beauty that lies in music, and the impulse to project this feeling in justly tempered tone, be aroused or developed by any means within the teacher's reach? Not if there are no germs of it in the student's mind in the first place; but as there are probably few that do not possess its rudiments at least, much can be done to call out a consciousness of the vital elements of musical effect. One method is that of giving music that is connected with a definite idea and that has a character appropriate to that idea. A child who would not play a Mozart andante with expression would quickly see that tenderness and grace must be imparted to Gade's "Spring Flowers," languor to Schumann's "Child Falling Asleep," and joyful eagerness to Wilm's "Before the Ball." Where a single idea or quality is more vaguely suggested, as in Seiss's "Evening Song" or Mendelssohn's G-minor "Gondellied," the player's fancy may be arbitrarily stimulated, and his judgment allowed to take its own course in adapting the musical treatment to an imagined picture or sentiment. Perhaps the best way of all by which to arouse dormant notions of expression is by the accessory aid of vocal music. Use some out of the multitude of song transcriptions, and, at the beginning of the study of the piece, require the student to read the words of the original song, and then (privately, of course) sing the melody, thus becoming imbued with the definite meaning and spirit of the composition. A love and study of the best vocal music, the practice of hearing good singing, and judging it from the side of its relation to poetic sentiment, would be a powerful stimulus to a healthful musical feeling. I can not help believing (although I do not dogmatize upon the point) that a love of beauty in other forms, as found in poetry, painting, and the world of nature, is or should be bound up, in a greater or less degree, with a genuine love of music; for, while the laws of art expression vary according to the medium, yet if the student earnestly strives to penetrate below the sensuous vehicle to the spiritual activity within, it can hardly be possible that the tie which binds all manifestations of beauty together will escape his recognition.

What does it profit a student or his friends if he can perform Liszt's "Tannhäuser March" with mechanical accuracy, but can see or reveal no charm in Schumann's F-sharp "Romanza" or Chopin's D-flat "Prelude"? Music of a profoundly emotional character should be included in every teacher's repertoire, and the question of the pupil's advancement made to depend partly on his ability to deal with solemnity and pathos. Still more important is it that the young artist should be awake to the greatness that often lies in moderation and simplicity. There is no more certain evidence of superficiality in musical judgment than the inclination to despise the simple. The literary critic calls Wordsworth's "She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways" a masterpiece. A great painter may expend some of the rarest resources of his art upon a clump of shy wayside flowers. A musician is unworthy of the name if he will not bow with reverence before a thing like Bach's E-flat-minor "Prelude" or Franz's "Ave Maria." That which the highest authorities worship let not the student be permitted to despise.

All that has here been said may be but safe and glittering generality, but it comes as near being practical as the case permits. For playing with profound musical feeling is not a matter of routine or analysis, but of temperament; it can not be taught by precept, but must be stimulated by suggestion and indirection. Encouragement has much to do with it; overexpression is far better than none at all, and teachers are too inclined to repress the individuality of their pupils. The student is so afraid of doing something wrong that he renounces his own instinctive feeling for the composition, and gives only a lifeless and perfunctory performance, because he does not dare let himself go for fear of some technical slip which will bring down rebuke upon his head. It is much easier and more satisfactory to tone a performance down than to tone it up; some excess, some turbulent exaggeration of expression, may well be permitted rather than a rendering that is mechanically accurate, but, after all, "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

The whole matter resolves to this: Teach music as art, as the manifestation of the life of the soul. Help your pupils to become more intelligent in judgment, more acute in perception, more tender and liberal in feeling. One only needs to be alive to every finest, every characteristic degree of tonal and emotional beauty; then with a technical skill adequate to set forth the hidden quality which he has intellectually grasped, there will be no complaint that his playing fails to reach the heart.

MUSIC-STUDY AND MANUAL-PRACTICE.

BY WM. E. SNYDER.

How do the great majority of piano students, even some of the most talented, earnest and ambitious, set to work to learn an étude or a piece? There are certain études which the modern piano-teacher and pianist can not dispense with, among them being the Cramer, Clementi, Chopin, Henselt, and Liszt studies, and some of the Bach preludes and fugues, all of which must be so thoroughly learned that they become a part of one's musical consciousness. For what permanent good to one's musicianship will result from merely getting the technic of an étude into the fingers, without its music entering and abiding in the mind? These masterpieces in the form of études are musically too great to be practiced merely for the technic there is in them, and to make them one's own property, every phrase must be memorized.

We tolerate too many poorly learned lessons, for one that is not learned "by heart" is practically not learned at all; that is to say, we only know what we remember. How is it in dramatic art? Would it not seem absurd at the play for an actor to come out, book in hand, and read his part? How it would hamper the rendering and action! He could not throw himself freely into the rendering if the text were not a part of himself, graven on his memory.

Just so in playing the piano: we never see any solo pianist of reputation play from the printed page. In these days of high art specialty it would seem as absurd as in the case of the actor, and for just as good reasons. Now, each lesson which the student prepares ought to be as nearly like the perfect playing of the artist as possible, not a stumbling, stammering note-reading from the printed page. He should be prevented at the very beginning of his lessons from falling into the habit of making the slightest mistake. If he practice slowly enough after learning the phrase mentally, until it is well fixed in the mind and trained into the fingers, there will be no occasion for any mistakes.

Suppose a pupil in the public school has a lesson in spelling to learn. His teacher selects a number of words for him. He is required to learn the words "by heart," to know every letter in each one in proper order, to know the sound and meaning of each. He is given very little to learn for each lesson, and as he has daily lessons, is expected to learn it for the following day. Here is a great point: to learn only a little at a time. Have short lessons, and have them as often as possible, because the brain, especially at first, tires quickly, and one is unable to concentrate the mind on the work very long at a time.

Music should be studied in the same way. The pupil should be taught to master it, so that in a short time he will know it, and play it as perfectly, as far as it goes, as an artist would know and play it. Suppose the lesson for to-day is that little piece by Behr, "In Happy Mood." It will not just do to put a cross at this piece and tell him to take it for his next lesson, and let him go. It is the teacher's main business to show the pupil *how* to study a thing, and to lay it out for him. The first thing to do is to find out the key and measure and fix them in his memory in connection with this identical piece so that he can never forget them. Now, shall he proceed to read the piece through, playing slowly with both hands? By no means! It is not a lesson in sight reading. The object is for him to play this piece for all there is in it, like a little artist. But it is n't time to play it or to attempt to play it until it is learned. The next thing is to learn the first note in the melody, which is, in this case, E fourth space, a quarter note on the fourth beat, the touch to be used the down-arm, dropping on the fourth finger. When all this is noted and fixed in the memory, he proceeds with the next melody note in the same way, and so on until he finishes the first phrase. Let him play it on the top of the keys several times, naming the letters. Then play it aloud until he can sing or whistle it correctly from memory. All this is the work of a few minutes, if the pupil is in earnest and gives his whole mind to the work. It is a matter of only a minute or two more to consider and memorize the fingering, the touch, the meter, the accent, the musical effect, the relation of the notes to one another in the phrase, the shading, etc., and master the technic of it. But brain-work must always come before hand-work. When the pupil is sure of one melodic phrase he may go on with the following one, or he may learn the accompaniment to the first phrase and then go on with the second melodic phrase. He must concentrate his whole mind on one thing at a time, *one* note, *one* phrase, and fix each in the mind, before going on to the next. Let it be all brain work and study, until completely memorized. Then the greater part of the work is done. The technical practice which remains is soon accomplished, when he can give all his attention to studying the right motions for producing any phrase he has learned. "Five-sixths of piano-technic, and even of piano-mechanic, is in the head rather than in the fingers," says Leschetitzky.

The pupil may say, "But it will take longer to learn my étude this way." We answer by asking, "How long did it take to do the first phrase? Five or ten minutes at most. At that rate you could learn half a page a day to begin with, and in a dozen lessons you will be able to take in a phrase at a glance, and learn two or three pages a day. Think what a repertoire you will soon have!"

In the usual way of practicing, the piece is played through, from a dozen to a hundred times a day, according to one's stock of nerve and dogged perseverance. This will take longer in the end, and one does not feel that he knows the music when he gets done. He will feel that he has not accomplished all that he should for the great amount of time expended. Then, after all that, he will have to go to work to correct the mistakes he inevitably made because he tried to play it before he knew it mentally.

We used this old method in our practice for years. We were taught to play over from the notes a certain section of a piece until it sounded about right, but if it were a very difficult passage (and frequently the music was far beyond the technical and mental grasp), it simply had to be played over many *more* times, until we concluded that the only way to master a difficult passage was to practice it many hours a day for years, in a likely-to-be plodding, perfunctory way. (After the manner of certain pianists of whom we have heard, who practice with their digits and read a novel at the same time, and thus literally "*kill* two birds with one stone." They wear deep ruts in their piano keys, and not only plunge their neighbors into the deepest blues of despair, but have some difficulty in avoiding the blind staggers themselves.)

After a while the piece would work itself into the fingers and, within an inch of its life, into the brain; and then we never felt certain of going through it in public without a break. This uncertainty, together with the extreme nervousness resulting from the great amount of practice required each day in order to pound it into the fingers, unfitted us for performing publicly. We felt the music, we loved it, but had not the right way of studying. It was mostly all mechanical finger works and little clear mental study, and that little was done after instead of before the technical work—the "horse behind the cart."

The present writer is thoroughly convinced, after having had experience in learning and teaching both ways, that the brain-work, the studying, the memorizing, will precede the manual or technical part, if one works scientifically. He requires that each melodic phrase, with its accompanying harmony or counterpoint,

with its measure, meter, note-values, octave, intervals, touch, dynamics, accent, and fingering, shall be learned—that is, *committed to memory*—before it shall be practiced for technical mastery. In other words, the mind shall survey intelligently all qualities and quantities to be found in the given phrase, and memorize them before it shall direct the work of the hand. There are the memories of sense-impressions taken through the eye, the ear, the fingers ; and the memory of the construction and musical and dynamic and other content of a phrase. It is this last, the actual mental grasp and memory of the content, which we believe should be the mainstay of the pianist, and the other memories used merely to strengthen, but by no means to supplant it. Let music study *precede* manual practice.

THE VALUE AND PRACTICE OF ADVERTISING AMONG PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS.

BY J. FRANCIS COOKE, MUS. B.

Behind The Scenes.

It is often surprising to note the ignorance of the general public regarding the importance of advertising. I have known people to stand in open-mouthed wonder when they hear for the first time that the last cover page of some publication such as "The Ladies' Home Journal," or "The Youth's Companion" is often worth from $2000 to $4000 for a single insertion. "Do the advertisers ever get their money back?" they ask. They most certainly do, or they would not continue to advertise year in and year out.

The preparation and placing of advertisements is a business of such significance that many of its followers succeed in deriving a yearly income of over $100,000 from it. Probably the highest salaried officer in the modern department store is the one who prepares the advertisement for the daily paper. The introduction of artistic display in recent years has done much to raise the standard of advertising, and to-day it is an art in itself. It is the voice of trade, deep, full, and rich in every note.

Profession Advertising.

The advertising of a profession is, however, so different from that of a business, that entirely new methods must be employed. There is nothing in business itself for the professional man to be ashamed of. It should be his pride to make himself as independent as possible. The day has passed that found the man of talent a serf to a titled house, and it is the democracy of business that has freed him from his thraldom. Imagine Mozart being ejected from the house of his patron, and as a family servant made to suffer from the whim of a drunken noble. I have no sympathy for the fancy-struck fools who spurn business on general principles, as if music was dependent upon penury. We all must live.

Advertising Among Physicians.

Just why it is that a young doctor fresh from a medical school is supposed to wait in his office until some patient happens to see his sign and he receives his patronage purely as accident of fortune the physicians themselves are unable to tell. Suppose that he was to have prepared, in a readable manner, a little booklet giving information to the public in a business-like way just what particular branch of his profession he intends to pursue, his office hours, and his address. Have you any idea that the community would think any the less of him if it was not for the ludicrous and bigoted barrier he has inherited from his predecessors?

Very fortunately no such relic of a decadent school of etiquette exists among musicians. Our forerunners have observed the very wise distinction between egotism (a truthful and consistent consciousness of one's own ability) and conceit (an overestimation of self)—have left us a legacy of liberty in the matter of advertising unknown in any other profession.

Business Principles.

It is well for the musician to understand in the beginning some of the principles that business men have in mind when about to advertise. First of all, there must be something to advertise ; that is, there must be something distinctive about your ability, something enviable in your career, something that will make your time valuable to other people ; for all that advertising is, is to talk honestly of your business—just exactly as it is—in as dignified a manner as possible. Time and money spent in advertising anything that will not inspire genuine confidence are simply wasted.

Reputation vs. Notoriety.

Here we must draw the distinction between reputation and notoriety, upon which all good advertising is founded. Reputation is the regular growth of popular admiration. Notoriety is a forced condition of publicity, usually resulting from some objectionable performance. Thus, if a pianist depends upon long hair and affectation to attract public attention he may become notorious, but it is only by meritorious work in his profession that he adds to his reputation. A pianist who depends upon radiograph pictures of his hand to create popular interest, very often has much difficulty in redeeming himself at the keyboard. So, for the time being, let us agree to condemn anything that leads to notoriety as bad advertising, and maintain that whatever adds to reputation is good advertising, and then take up the different branches open to musicians.

Personality.

A musician's personality is one of the first things that will bring him business. This is especially true in the case of teachers, for as surely as you make yourself objectionable personally, you will lose the interest of the public. This pertains to your appearance as well as to your manners. People appreciate neatness in a musician just as much as they do in a physician or a minister. Bohemianism is a complete failure in music teaching—

your patrons are much more liable to advertise your tolerance and patience than your temper. Because Kalkbrenner, Henselt, and von Bülow have made eccentric fools of themselves is no reason why you should.

About a year ago a very able young musician came to me with a "tale of woe" about his business. Much to his indignation I advised him to put an end to one of the most alarming habits of profanity I have ever known. When among ladies he was fortunately able to restrain himself, but his notoriety among men preceded him. He stopped, and is just beginning to see why he had always been unsuccessful. Of course, this is an extreme instance, but it illustrates by contrast the meaning I desire to convey.

Thus it is that society enters the question. It is the musician's behavior to the outside world that gives him personal respect. A singer in a New York music hall can bring herself to public notice by bathing in milk, but a respect such as that enjoyed by Emma Eames comes through a strong character, a lovely disposition, and a dignified demeanor. This last instance is, to my mind, an ideal example of good social advertising. We all love Emma Eames for the life she leads.

The Field.

It is more than probable that many of the musicians who read this article suppose that their field of action is limited to the small circle in which they work. You could never be more mistaken. Your field of action is this whole great world, and the more your good deeds are known, the more good you will be able to do. If you are a teacher in a little country town, and the musical world knows that you have done something to your credit, that "something" is not to be forgotten. There is, however, a direct dependence upon the immediate society. Please do not think me to mean that a musician should go "nosing" around in people's parlors after pupils or engagements. Far from it. But I do maintain that it is his duty to himself and society that he should not ostracise himself from the body upon which his support depends. Let the musician meet society in its own field as often as he can afford, and the word "musical crank" will disappear from the vocabularies of the world.

Pupils' Recitals.

The common opinion of some twenty teachers whom I have consulted in reference to the present article is that the most profitable advertising they have used is the "pupils' recitals." It is certainly one of the fairest means of advertising, but is often abused by well-meaning teachers. By this I mean that a teacher often unconsciously neglects the real musical education of a pupil during the preparation for "pupils' recitals." This I know to have been the case in many prominent music schools.

A Public Imposition.

Another abuse is this: If a pupils' recital is to be given to exhibit a method or a teacher's ability,—in other words, to advertise,—it should be honestly classed as an advertisement or exhibition recital, as the Virgil Clavier School has done, and not represented to be solely for the purpose of inspiring confidence in pupils when before an audience. Integrity amounts to something nowadays, and we draw nice distinctions. Exhibition recitals are sometimes boomerangs, especially with young pupils. Parents are justifiably proud of their children's ability, and I have known jealousy, born at a pupils' recital, to steal many a promising pupil away from teachers. Tact, of course, can prevent this.

Very few musicians understand the value of printers' ink in their profession.

The Daily Paper.

The daily paper is a printed business agent for every musician who knows how it should be used. To the public performer and singer it is indispensable, and to the teacher it is a great business aid. Everything to your credit that appears in print just exactly as it occurred is just so much to your advancement. If your work, however, is inaccurately represented or overestimated, the effect is the opposite.

Puffs.

"Newspaper puffing," as it has come to be called, is decidedly the most dangerous impediment a musician can have to his career. Any one can detect a puff, and every one can detect a notice with the ring of honesty in it.

The reputable teacher is, at the time of present writing, almost debarred from using the advertising columns of the daily papers, and so long as the advertising managers continue to allow impostors to guarantee to give a complete musical education in ten lessons, musicians of standing can not afford to insert their advertisements. Many of the advertisements in the metropolitan dailies are pathetically humorous.

Ridiculous Advertisements.

I remember one that appeared in the Brooklyn "Eagle" some time ago. It speaks for itself:

WANTED—A PIANIST, WHO CAN ALSO OPEN oysters; must be a prof. —— Bowery, Coney Island.

I have been told recently of two advertisements in London papers. One advertiser offered to exchange music lessons for washing, and still another offered a bun and a cup of tea with each lesson. I should dread teaching in London with such rivals in the field.

Old-time Advertisements.

Among many quaint advertisements given by Henry M. Brooks, in his very interesting "Olden Time Music," is the following—the first from the "Columbian Sentinel," December 8, 1797, and the second from an unmentioned source:

"Dr. Flagg, surgeon dentist, intending to embark on the ship 'Hancock,' for Liverpool, requests those to

whom he is indebted to apply for payment. Those indebted to him are informed that as cash is one of the indispensable recommendations in a foreign country, there is an absolute necessity of his receiving payments by which to insure him a favorable reception in Europe. He hopes a hint is sufficient to those who have long experienced his indulgence. To the lovers of harmony, Dr. Flagg, if a sufficient number of purchasers offer, intends to contract in Europe for the construction of a number of organs, calculated to play all tunes usually sung in places of worship, with interludes to each psalm. The prices will be various—supposed from 60 to 300 £. No money to be paid until the instruments are delivered.

"N. B.—The construction of the organs will be adapted to play all the tunes and pieces of music which any particular parish may require, with every direction adapted to the most simple capacity."

"SAMUEL WADSWORTH begs to inform the public, but the female sex in particular, that he has opened a singing-school for their use at his dwelling-house, to be kept on Tuesday and Friday evenings, from 6 to 9 o'clock. If any of the sex are desirous of being instructed in this beautiful science, they shall be instructed in the newest method.

'Ye Female Sex I pray draw near,
To music sweet pray lend an ear;
Young virgins all with beauteous voice,
Make Music, Harmony your choice.'

—*Muccini.*"

The antiquated form, "Beg leave to inform," I have found in many advertisements of the present day.

In those days it was the common custom for musicians to make use of the daily papers, and I have only to regret that it is so unprofitable for them to do so at the present day.

MUSICAL JOURNALS.

This leaves but one field open to the professional musician, and that is the reputable musical journal. I say reputable because there are disreputable musical journals. An agent of a paper solicited an advertisement from me with the following argument: "The paper could not notice any one, but if you had an advertisement it would be far more liable to find you out and 'boom' you in its reading columns." No reputable paper could make such an offer, as it is undeniably a mild form of systematic blackmail.

The "card" in a musical paper is a help, but I do not think that it is enough. The fault is that it is too indirect. The small notice has its effect, but its value can be quadrupled if its size is doubled.

EXPERT OPINION UPON INDIRECT ADVERTISING.

Mr. Chas. Austin Bates, the noted advertising specialist and author of "Good Advertising," gives an instance of indirect advertising in reference to Murphy's varnish. Murphy's varnish was advertised in "Century," "Harper's," and "Scribner's." People wondered why the manufacturers should advertise varnish to the general public, when varnish is used principally by artisans. Why did n't the manufacturer use a trade journal? The explanation is this: Varnish is applied to most all of the fine wooden merchandise used by the public. A dealer in cabinets could, for instance, in selling, note that Murphy's varnish was used. The customer knows Murphy's varnish to be well represented, and assumes that the article upon which it is used must also be of a high order. In this way indirect advertising is very profitable. Where direct advertising, however, is possible, indirect advertising is a neglected opportunity. A card can be made attractive if a little thought is given to it.

HERBERT BENNER

Concert Pianist and Teacher

334 Gramercy Park NEW YORK

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is of some value, of course, but suppose we increase the space and say—

MR. HERBERT BENNER

Concert Pianist
and
. . . Teacher . . .

Studio
334 Gramercy Park
New York

Announcements forwarded to those Interested

SPECIMEN programs will be furnished upon application. Examination of students desiring to study with Mr. Benner will be conducted at his studio every Tuesday at 2 P. M. Students with sufficient preparation will be admitted to classes immediately

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These additional notices relieve the advertisement of monotony and make it stand out upon the page, whereas the card would not be so prominent.

A COMPOSITOR'S ADVICE.

It is well to get the advice of some good compositor before sending an advertisement to a paper. If you make a request for a special kind of type it will be respected by the publisher. Notice the difference that type and composition make in the foregoing examples. Which one is the more attractive?

Half-tone Portraits.

A half-tone portrait adds materially to the appearance of an advertisement. The public can tell more of you from your face than they can from your own description of your work. Many papers have some pages of high-surface paper, especially inserted to heighten the effect of such portraits.

A Comparison.

On the back cover of the holiday number of The Etude (December, 1897) there are ten advertisements of music schools. Two of these lose in importance by saving space. One of the largest on the page suffers from monotony and great size of type. Three avail themselves of the advantage of illustration. One advertisement is very nearly ideal from the advertiser's standpoint. It has modern type tastefully displayed, and just enough for people to remember; plenty of white space, giving the advertisement a clean appearance, and it has one of the best positions on the page. Any one familiar with musical advertising could almost guarantee a direct return from such an advertisement. It is evidently profitable for music schools to advertise. They are certainly large advertisers. One seldom finds a music paper without at least ten such advertisements, and I have no doubt money spent by private teachers for the same purpose would prove as good an investment.

Circular Advertising.

In the preparation of the present article I have collected over one hundred and fifty different circulars and announcements, some of which I have submitted to advertising specialists. I shall endeavor to point out just what appears to be profitable advertising in this line, and, again, how money can be very easily wasted.

False Economy.

It goes without saying that while your announcement must be neat and artistically plain, the paper and the presswork should be the best you can afford. Do n't give your matter to any printer whom you happen to meet. Find out which firm has a reputation for doing the best work, and let economy be the very last consideration. If your announcement is to be short, have it engraved. No script types can compare with engraving, although some printers may tell you the contrary. Your writing-paper and envelopes should be of the same character as your circular. Here again economy is expensive. If you send out an elegant announcement with cheap stationery, the whole effect is lost.

Harmony of type is as important as harmony of voices. Styles change, and type itself is subject to fashion. The following arrangement of matter in a circular appeals especially to me. It is business-like, artistic, attractive, and sensible. I give it in the line of suggestion :

Model Form.

The first thing to display upon a circular is the name of the advertiser. This *must* be prominent. Next in typographical importance is the line of business. Keep the two apart from the body of the circular, preferably upon a different page.

Next in order comes whatever you care to say of the division of the profession in which you are concerned. If you are a teacher and make a specialty of "Dr. Mason's Method," "The Clavier Method," or the "Leschetitzky Method," tell why you use it, but do so without condemning all other methods.

After this, mention any general rule that you observe in your business, but under no circumstances should you insert in a circular such statements as, "Terms invariably in advance," "Lessons missed by absence will be at pupils' loss." Such regulations should be reserved for your business papers, receipts, and statements.

Terms.

We now come to the question of terms. These should never be left out, for it is often just this particular information that a prospective pupil desires. It is well to consult an older person in the profession. As to what your time is worth is sometimes difficult to decide. In the case of performers or singers it is well to state "Terms upon application," since the conditions under which they appear are so varied that no regular rate is practicable. At the end of an announcement the advertiser's address should be prominently displayed.

Many circulars consist solely of name, profession, press notices, and address. This is sometimes very effective, yet to my mind the object of the circular is better accomplished by some straightforward business announcement.

No. 1.

The first circular selected for consideration from the lot I have collected is that of a vocal teacher and public singer. The cover is of heavy green crepe paper, with no printing. An inserted folder of high-surface paper is connected to the cover by staples. The enameled paper is no doubt used to obtain better results in the printing of the half-tone portrait on the first page of the leaflet. Would it not have been better if the advertiser had gone to the slight extra expense of an extra sheet for the portrait, printing the reading matter upon some paper that corresponded with the cover? Another weak point is the lack of some simple announcement on the cover. The singer's name, for instance, would have removed it from the commonplace.

In commencing his announcement, the teacher uses the following antiquated form : "Mr. —— *begs leave to announce* that he has resumed his vocal lessons in his new studio,—— ——. The most elegantly appointed and conveniently located studio in the city." The most prominent line on the page is the fact that Mr. —— has "an elegantly appointed studio." As if a studio was a guarantee of his musical ability. He does not forget the terms, for they follow in large type. I wish Mr. —— success ; his advertising is very nearly worthless.

No. 2.

The next circular before me is that of a concert violinist who has played in many large orchestras and has splendid testimonials and press notices, combined with a

marked indifference or ignorance of good advertising. His announcement is about a foot in length and six inches wide. The arrangement of the matter is miserable, and the type combinations far from artistic. The last page is blank, showing that the extraordinary size is unnecessary, as the matter could have been condensed and the important parts made more prominent.

No. 3.

Compare this with the announcement of another teacher of the same instrument. His four-page circular is upon linen paper, note size. On the cover is "Mr. ——, of the —— (a prominent London musical institution), late Conductor —— Orchestra, pupil of M. ——, teacher of violin, violoncello, and *ensemble;* specialist in bowing and tone production."

The middle pages are filled with testimonials from celebrated English musicians, and the last page gives terms and address. This circular will accomplish its purpose in every way. It will reach the class for which it is intended, whereas the other circular is of little practical value

No. 4.

Let us now examine the circular of a well-known 'cello teacher. He commits the crime of using a bright-yellow card-board to extend his reputation. He also confines his references to music publishers and musical instrument dealers. This invariably has the opposite effect upon the public from that expected. His press notices are splendid, and are well arranged. To my mind, it is well to avoid using press notices from papers of purely local reputation, since it is little more than space wasted. Brevity is the soul of advertising. Arrange press notices in the order of the prominence of the musical department of the paper in which the notice occurs. Such a paper as the "New York Post" engages a critic of national reputation, and, therefore, any musical notice appearing in its columns is of great value.

No. 5.

Among the many announcements which I have collected I have found two, elegant in their simplicity, engraved in the style commonly called "steel engraving." Both are naturally small, since the expense of such advertising is great. They are similar in size to the ordinary wedding invitation, with printed matter on the first page only. Anything more would be condemned as vulgar extravagance. The engraving should be all in script, and by all means uniform.

No. 6.

Some one has wasted some money upon the circular I now hold. It is printed from an engraved plate upon very cheap paper. The style of the engraving reminds me of the written testimonials presented by fire-engine companies and fraternal organizations to their officers. The engraving imitates pen-printing so closely that the advertiser would have done much better by going to a printer in the first place and having his subject-matter set up in plain type.

No. 7 A.

A New York organist does something I like to see in an announcement. On one of the pages of his circular he has a portrait with his name printed below—nothing else. The effect of a portrait is lost if it is surrounded by printing. The advertising matter of organists is usually fine,—a compliment to their intelligence and taste.

No. 7 B.

Among the advertising matter put out by vocalists I have met with nothing that pleased me more than the announcement of a young concert soprano of New York. A portrait on the first page is set in a frame of artistic execution, giving the effect of a dainty miniature. Inside I find "Terms and press notices upon application," and the words "Introduced by," followed by the names of several persons of national prominence. It is hard to imagine a more effective advertisement for the purpose.

No. 8.

One well-known pianist is noted for good circular advertising. Unfortunately, I have only an old announcement for critical purposes. It consists of a cover, a portrait, and an eight-page leaflet. I do not exactly like its cover. The type is too large. He quite offsets this, however, by the arrangement of the material inside, and the use of a separate sheet of high-surface paper for his portrait. His success attests the fact that advertising is profitable. Many a pianist of similar ability will die with his light under a bushel for want of printers' ink and a little of the Emersonian style of self-reliance.

No. 9.

It is always pennywise to allow a piano-house to bear the expense of personal advertising. One splendid circular before me has this fault. It makes the performer an agent for the firm and not an artist.

No. 10.

One very singular little circular has amused me very much. It will suffice to give the announcement that appears on the first page to illustrate :

Mr. .....

VOCAL TEACHER

THE ONLY ONE IN AMERICA WHO FOR COMPLETE TRAINING OF THE VOICE

Is Indorsed by .....

That settles it · he is the only one.

No. 11.

I wish that all my readers might see the circular of another vocal teacher. He is a pupil of Garcia, and has had

many successful pupils, but I can not believe that he increased his business by his circular advertising. The circular in my possession is printed on the first and last pages, evidently to spare the extra expense of printing on both sides. Any advertising specialist could double the profit of such a circular at a very slight increase in expenditure by a judicious arrangement of the very good advertising material the teacher possesses.

No. 12.

The best circular advertising I have seen among music schools is done by a Brooklyn music school. In many ways it is ideal. It has its faults, of course, —one being the detail given to business restrictions on the last page.

Distribution of Circulars.

What should be done with circulars when they are published is often a question. Music dealers tell me that their customers frequently stop to gather circulars from bulletin boards, but this is the smallest field that your circulars will have. Dependence should be placed upon your acquaintances to distribute your announcements to advantage. The more attractive your circular is, the more willing your friends will be to oblige you. If a prospective pupil applies to me for information, I should feel very much handicapped if I had not a suitable announcement to give or send. A great many things that would seem rank conceit, if said verbally, may be said in print with perfect modesty.

Thus ends a talk on a topic that has a very strong personal bearing upon the work of a professional musician, upon a matter that may contribute much to his success. I hope that some ideas may have been advanced that will prove of practical value to my fellow-musicians and teachers, and may stimulate them to a study of the value of printers' ink.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF TASTE.

ANNA FARQUHAR.

No two terms are more generally confused than "good taste" and "cultivated taste."

A child with a musical nature may have an inborn taste for music, but he can never have a cultivated taste until his perceptive faculties have been developed and he has studied thoroughly those masterpieces of beauty which are conceded to have established a standard.

It is marvelous how what one fancies to be one's natural taste will change by association with musicians of wide experience and educated taste, and by listening to the best music performed by those who are capable of leading less advanced minds into the true path toward a perfected taste. This change comes gradually and unconsciously to the student of any esthetic subject, and can only be fully realized by listening to or by playing over some composition that a year ago seemed to you to contain the limit of perfection. At this test performance you are inclined to think something must have been the matter with the performer or your edition that the composition seems so dull, empty, or trivial; but gradually you will perceive that the change is in your own point of view, that your ideal has receded before you, and yet, truth to tell, if this is so you are to be congratulated, for that is a sign of growth. Did you ever leave an intimate friend for a year and return to him or her with delight at the thought of picking up the threads of friendship just where you dropped them, only to find that the friend seemed painfully changed, that the old relations could not be forced even into a renewal of their former conditions? Presently you realized that the change was in yourself—new influences had been working upon you, new experiences had directed your sympathies away from the old channel. So it is with the taste for the beautiful.

It is the habit of the Philistine to cry, with what he deems subtle irony, "Oh, yes; those Wagner fanatics and worshipers of classical music! Bah! It is all put on! It is all a cultivated taste!"

Of course it is a cultivated taste, the result of long years of growth toward the appreciation of the noblest and best, exactly as the student of literature outgrows first his love for children's stories, then Jules Verne and other writers of adventure; then novels of the soap-bubble school; then "Reveries of a Bachelor" (perhaps), and so on, finally landing somewhere in the neighborhood of literature's highest rung—just how high he climbs is to be determined by his natural gifts and his ambition, the ambition that includes industry.

I once knew a girl who was fairly possessed with music, especially with its rhythm and lighter poetic or sensuous side. She was no great student in her childhood, but she went through the usual amount of necessary technical drudgery. Up to the time she was eighteen her ideals of musical perfection were the "Pilgrim's Chorus" from "Tannhäuser," Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," Rubinstein's melody in F, and opera in any form—not a bad taste to begin with, you see. Up to this time she had heard only two orchestral concerts, given by the Thomas Orchestra. A symphony was little more than a mass of sounds to her, more or less tiresome, except one movement in the "Pastoral." She was suddenly transferred to Germany, where music virile, intellectual, and emotional with the moods of the great masters of the art were her daily diet. In a year's time she wrote me that the melody in F seemed to her acquired perception weak, the "Spring Song" merely a delightful trifle, and the "Pilgrim's Chorus" not the only thing Wagner ever wrote worth listening to with delight.

No change had come in these compositions, but the girl, molded by strengthening and broadening influences, had begun to see light when it surrounded her; "to understand the values," as a painter would say. People of uneducated taste hear new music or look at a new picture, and exclaim, "Oh, I suppose I ought to like this because the critics and professionals do, but I believe they affect everything they say. *I* can't see anything in it!" Naturally they can not see anything in it. They have never lived the life nor thought the

thoughts that would give them sympathy with the subject before them, nor with its handling. We must live up to art as we must to our conscience, shaping our understanding to what is above us as we do our lives.

What George Eliot said is true, that "there is a great deal in the feeling for art which must be acquired. Art is an old language with a great many artificial, affected styles, and sometimes the chief pleasures one gets out of knowing them is the mere sense of knowing." But even when the style is affected there are the good, bad, and indifferent specimens of that style, something apparent to the person of cultivated taste, who with acquired discrimination will immediately recognize the best even in that affected school, while the individual with native good taste will not be able to find one gleam of inspiration owing to the mannerisms with which that gleam is clothed. The possession of highly cultivated taste is sometimes a doubtful pleasure because the possessor wants only the best in whatever he hears and is constantly annoyed by the multitude of defects inevitable in this world of imperfections, whereas those very perfections are lessons to him. How could he know the good, were there no bad with which to contrast it?

Joseph Jefferson, the actor, who is a man of both native and cultivated taste, loves flowers with almost a childish passion. Looking down at some roses he held in his hand, he said, one day, "I believe God gave us flowers to prepare us for heaven; otherwise we poor mortals could not stand the shock of all the beauty there." A beautiful thought, but Jefferson did not mention the use of the weeds, also given us by God to show us the beauty of the flowers in contrast. Our own mistakes in taste are daily lessons if we will only accept them as such, stepping up on each one we make above the self-conceit which causes the Philistine to say, "I like it because it pleases me. I don't want to be told what I ought to like."

Not long ago I was talking to the singer and thorough musician, Mr. Max Heinrich, about the interpretation of Schumann's great song, "Ich Grolle Nicht." Probably there is no other musical composition interpreted in so many different ways as "Ich Grolle Nicht." I asked Mr. Heinrich, "How do you account for the many different ways in which people sing that song? Some singers double the time in which you take it."

"They don't know any better, that is all," he replied. "The trouble in America is that everybody has his own ideas too much. Nobody is willing to concede that those who have spent a lifetime in finding out what the masters meant are authorities on that subject, to be looked up to with respect for their opinions." Do not mistake his reply for conceit; it was merely the expression of the German artist's respect for the master mind and musical tradition, which together form a standard. Undoubtedly Mr. Heinrich was right. The musical mind must be led by an authoritative hand, just as the child is led by its parents (or ought to be) and a flower-garden is cultivated by a skilled gardener. Those fortunate beings possessed of native taste will respond more readily than those less endowed, as seed sown in good soil sprouts more quickly than seed cast into rocky, untilled ground.

The genius, for instance, comes into this world with a richer inheritance than the ordinary man. He is prepared at birth to receive and to understand what others do not grasp at the end of a life of hard work; but even so, his powers must be directed and his genius proved. America herself is slowly developing a taste. Art in our country has had a long, bitter contest with the Puritanical attitude toward beauty as an immoral force, as a temptress; and so she might easily be if she were not inspired by the same Being that gave the Puritans their moral purpose and hardihood. Now that beauty is abroad in the land as a power for good, we must open our minds to her and take every hint she gives toward the development of taste.

We must find out what message music conveys to those who know her best before we assert that what we hear is all she says when our hearing is not very acute. "Listen and learn" is a trite but true injunction, a word of good advice even to those gifted with good taste.

MUSICAL TASTE.

BY ALEXANDER MCARTHUR.

THE formation of a correct and refined musical taste is one of the least thought of, yet one of the most important duties a teacher has to discharge toward those who have consigned themselves to, or been placed under, his care. Unfortunately, the majority of those who profess to love music will always prefer Sousa to Bach, just as the majority of readers will continue to prefer penny-dreadfuls to Shakspere or Goethe. Yet, given a teacher conscientious in his work, loyal to his duties, and interested in his art, long before the pupil has mastered "Czerny for Beginners," or de Beriot's "Violin Exercises," he will have instilled into his mind a taste for the best in musical literature.

No matter how dazzling may be the perfection of technic, the correctness of ear, or the accuracy of scientific knowledge, unless there be a taste for the purest and best, for sound romanticism, and for at least the lighter classicists, the teacher has failed as a teacher.

When you hear a pupil say, "I hate Bach," "Beethoven is so dull," or "Chopin is pretty, but I like Tweddledee's last waltz better," you can gage at once the value of the training he receives.

Of course, there are musical natures that are hopeless, just as there are other phases of the same which are wonderful, yet when a teacher finds out he has to do with one of the first class and that all his attempts at reform are useless, he should refuse at once to have anything further to do with such a pupil. Roses can not be made to bloom from weeds, and the base and low will flourish in human nature to the end. Weeds must be thrown aside and uprooted, never cultivated. Although poor soil can nearly always be improved, unfortunately the soil local teachers must grub and dig in is too often of the poorest. When they come to that which is hope-

lessly and irreparably bad, why, it must be passed by, if their own reputations mean anything to them.

For the formation of taste there is no one to equal Bach. He is the alpha and omega of all that is correct, beautiful, and majestic in art, and pupils, no matter how young, can not be too quickly introduced to his music. Bach should be a daily study in the lives of all musicians, and they will find that, no matter how dry or uninteresting in early years he seems to them, in later years he will grow on them until he becomes the joy and delight of their whole musical existence. It may be that there are musicians who are unable to appreciate Bach,—even Shakspere is not admired by all the educated,—but at all events a study of Bach invariably fits one the better for appreciation and delight in the music of Chopin, of Schumann, of Mendelssohn, or of any one or all of our great composers.

A young pupil should be taught that there are names in art which are sacred,—Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Palestrina,—and that if he or she can not love their music, it is a defect in their nature which must be corrected; a disease that should be cured. How frequently one hears a pupil speak with a shrug of Mozart, or call Palestrina an "old fogy," simply because the pure excellence of the one and the rigid beauty of the other does not gratify their sensation-loving souls! The passion that is in Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," or in the scherzi of Chopin is not to be found in Mozart or in Palestrina, but only a silly and an ignorant student will be blind to the excellence of the latter because of this.

Some people think it requires courage to say they find no beauty in Shakspere or in Bach, but it does n't; it only requires audacity. More people profess atheism because they think they show daring and distinction in so doing, than do so from conviction. It is the same with art; among students to-day this evil is on the increase, and it can not be too vigorously combated, for it saps right at the very life of our art progress as a nation.

To have great art you must have great reverence, and it is only by learning to know and to appreciate the work of the giants that we can have this reverence. There are moods of the mind and soul when, even to the most gifted, Mozart may seem tiresome and Palestrina dull, but they are moods to be combated, not encouraged, for they proceed from brain weariness, never from want of taste. Of course, each and all of us will have our preferences, and some will find more satisfaction in Chopin than in Bach, but there is no doubt the better we know the older masters, the more we will appreciate the younger. Chopin always shut himself up with Bach to prepare for his own concerts, and found his greatest inspiration therein.

When a student finds out that he is lacking in appreciation for one or any of the great masters, he should go to the root of the matter and study the reason why. He should neither glory in the fact nor think himself an exception. To the little soul there is always infinite satisfaction in thinking itself an exception, but exception is not always distinction; on the contrary, it is often the best proof of imbecility.

Given the case of a young student who honestly finds that one or another of the great masters gives him no pleasure, he should immediately read over all this master's music he can lay hands on, and, above all, read what great artists have written on the subject. The most important of all the gifts of youth is emulation, and if, perhaps, the young student finds Bach beyond him, the words of Schumann, of Mendelssohn, of Chopin, and of Rubinstein will surely open up to him a path to the labyrinth of beauty abiding in the works of the greatest of the musical fathers.

The surest foundation of a good musical taste is to be had in Bach. It may be somewhat difficult in the building, but once built, no effort of the enemy can crumble or break it away. Bach is undoubtedly *caviar* to the multitude, yet after a little study any serious musical student will learn to love him. It may be years before a faint reflection of the joy such artists as Schumann or Rubinstein knew comes to one; but a reflection of this, no matter how faint, is worth infinite work, and there is always solid comfort for the worker in the thought that once this love of Bach is formed, neither time nor custom can rob or stale the infinite variety to be found in it.

Bach fits one for everything—for the form of Palestrina, the majesty of Handel, the philosophy of Beethoven, the mysticism of Schumann, the soulfulness of Chopin, the romanticism of Mendelssohn, and the polyphonic grandeur of Wagner.

A student who is wise or well taught will study Bach from cover to cover—study the church music, the clavier music, the violin music, and concerted music. He will write out the Bach fugues in voices, hear his organ music whenever he can, and study diligently that greatest of musical biographies, Spitta's "Life of Bach." In doing so he will lay up for himself musical treasure beyond comparison, and strengthen in himself a greater repugnance for that dreadful cancer of our modern musical art, that jingle-jangle set to vulgar rhythms and themes, yclept popular music, because it appeals to the masses.

If the time ever comes when we have art tribunals, as we have courts of justice, then assuredly those who write such ditties as "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," or "Linger Longer, Lou," will certainly receive the penal servitude they deserve.

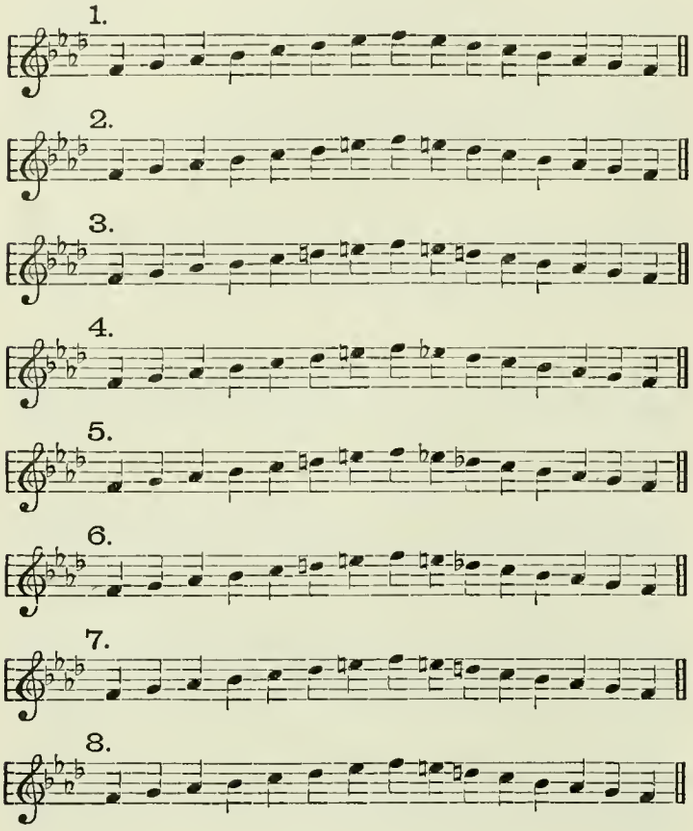
THE MINOR SCALES.

BY CARL FAELTEN.

A POSITIVE understanding of the construction of major and minor scales is one of the fundamental conditions of proficiency in music. The uncertainty which prevails among students with regard to the formation of the scales, especially those in the minor mode, must be regarded as a hindrance to any healthy progress. Articles from various pens have appeared in THE ETUDE from time to time on the subject, and the writer of this article welcomes the opportunity of adding his mite to

the discussion. He has had the opportunity of observing thousands of students, who, after years of study, lacked a sufficient knowledge of the minor scales. As a large proportion of these students professed, and even proved, that they had made efforts, with or without a teacher, to acquire such knowledge, their failure may be traced either to the difficulty of the subject, or to the method in which the matter was attacked or presented to them.

The subject itself is not without intricacies, but the main trouble lies usually with the method of teaching and learning. Look, for instance, at the different forms of the F-minor scale, as presented below:



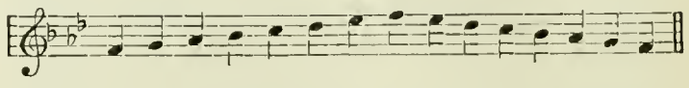
With which of the forms should the pupil be familiar?

In the writer's opinion, with *all* of them, because all are in actual use.

Model No. 2 is mostly adhered to in the construction of chords or harmonies. No. 5 is used extensively in vocal and instrumental compositions. No. 1 is adhered to in staff notation. It is the only one which appears without any auxiliary accidentals, and it frequently occurs in compositions. No. 3 sounds somewhat unfamiliar in its downward progression, but is freely employed by classic writers. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 contain the same tones in upward and downward progression, and present the ground or primary forms. Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 differ in their upward and downward progressions, and present composite or mixed scales.

The next question is, In which *order* should we present these scale forms to our pupils?

After deliberate consideration the author decided to begin with model No. 1. The logical reason for this decision is that staff notation, pure and simple, adheres to this form. It has been proposed by some musicians to change our system of writing in the minor mode, and express, for instance, F minor with the following signature:



Should this be adopted by composers and publishers, the writer would begin with model No. 2. But it is very improbable that this change will ever come or find the sanction of conservative musicians.

The author, in his Fundamental Training Course, adopted the term "pure minor" for Model No. 1, "harmonic minor" for Model No. 2, and transferred the name "melodic minor" from model No. 5 to model No. 3. The remaining models are not honored by specific names, but according to our system, No. 4 could be known as "harmonic pure"; No. 5 as "melodic pure"; No. 6 "melodic-harmonic"; No. 7 "harmonic-melodic"; No. 8 "pure-melodic."

As it is not our purpose to keep our pupils in ignorance of existing terms, we add after the matter is clearly understood that our "melodic pure" model No. 5 is known as the *melodic scale.*

Some theorists and musicians recognize only the existence of models Nos. 2 and 5; especially ignoring the existence and use of models Nos. 1 and 3.

An examination of the following examples will remove all doubts on this subject:

MODEL No. 1.

Schumann.—Op. 68, No. 39, upward progression in first and second measures.

Mozart.—Fantasie C-minor, No. 2, measure 5.

Chaminade.—La Zingara, measures 9 and 10, etc.

Godard.—Etudes Rhythmiques, Op. 149, No. 2, measures 9 and 10, etc.

Chopin.—Valse A-minor, Op. 34, No. 2, measures 1 to 4, etc. Mazurka, Op. 7, No. 3, measures 11 and 12.

Beethoven.—Violin Sonata, Op. 30, No. 1, first movement, measures 177 to 179.

MODEL No. 3.

Illustrations of model No. 3, especially the downward progression, may be found for instance in:

Handel.—Air of Suite in D-minor, end of first part and beginning of second part.

Bach.—Set of ten easy pieces, edited by Carl Faelten, published by A. P. Schmidt. No. 2, Song, measures 4 and 5 of second part. No. 6, 5th measure from the end of the trio. No. 10, 1st measure of second part.

Bach.—2 part studies, edited by Carl Faelten. No. 25, Duetto in E minor. Partita No. 2, Caprice.

Beethoven.—Violin Sonata, Op. 30, No. 2, first movement, second part, measures 13 to 24. Sonata, Op. 53, first movement, measures 23 to 26, right-hand passage. Sonata, Op. 57, third movement, measures 103 to 108, left-hand figures, the same 13 measures before coda. Sonata, Op. 90, measures 33 and 34. 32 variations in C minor. See end of the 31st variation and the first half of the 32d variation.

MODEL No. 8.

Musical combination of No. 1 ascending and No. 3 descending. See, for instance, **Bach,** Air from Partita No. 6, opening measures.

In face of these illustrations, to which could be added numerous others, the assertion that such scale forms are not used becomes untenable. Some teachers may not like them, but we can not teach only what we like; we must teach what exists. The teacher of composition may, of course, advise his pupil to use these combinations moderately or not at all, if he thinks best, but this is an entirely different issue, and has nothing to do with primary instruction.

HOW TO UNDERSTAND MUSIC.

BY THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE.

I SHALL endeavor in this paper to make some suggestions to teachers and amateurs as to what it means to understand music, giving some practical directions for the interpretation of great compositions and some advice also for the guidance of those who desire to get in touch with the master minds of music.

The subject is almost a trite one, for the music shops are full of books on the subject, and every teacher worthy the name is at least making an effort to give his pupils something more than a mere technical education. But as is always the case when a new idea springs up, many follow blindly because they think they ought to follow, and only a few grasp the real essence of the thing. One has only to talk with teachers in small places to find that their knowledge of how to understand music is often contained between the two covers of a pianoforte method and a simplified harmony manual.

Not long ago I was asked by a young man to give him advice to help him in broadening his musical knowledge and to fit him for a wider career, which he thought himself capable of entering on. He had given piano lessons for some years, gone through his harmony, and read a few musical books, but he was not satisfied. I made out a list of books for him to read. It contained Taine's "Philosophy of Art" and several other books of a similar nature, and it required considerable explanation on my part to make him see that he must read outside as well as inside his subject if he ever expected to master it; that music touches life on every side; and that if one remains only a musician he confines himself in a narrow round, and limits his power of appreciation.

My experience in speaking from the lecture platform leads me to believe that there is a large number of persons who desire to come closer in touch with great music, and who can be appealed to successfully from this standpoint. In many places I have had classes out of the audience who met together and read under my direction certain books which bore on the particular subject I was to talk about, or perhaps some one played over the music I was to analyze and play when the lecture night arrived. These classes would include all kinds of people, musical and unmusical (so-called), and the purpose always was to bring to them this knowledge, just as one would knowledge about painting or architecture, avoiding technical terms as much as possible and particularly endeavoring to establish the relation between the compositions and the times which produced them—showing how, step by step, as men's ideas changed, music changed with them. This takes the art out of the mysterious and darkened shrine where it has been worshiped so long and lets the common light of day shine upon it. All men become its votaries, and its influence extends over the whole of life.

This, then, is what we need: not mere piano-playing or singing, with a theoretical knowledge of harmony which consists in writing chords which we don't know the sound of until we go to the piano; not facts about the lives of the great composers, but this: a clear understanding of musical forms, and enough knowledge of the conditions of civilization which prevailed at the time the different schools of composers arose to enable us to see the reasons for their existence and to seize upon the salient features of the music they have produced.

For although music teaches nothing; although it is inarticulate as to any code of morals or any system of philosophy; although its meaning can not be defined, yet it appeals strongly to the understanding, and, in common with the other arts, can only be apprehended by something within ourselves which is akin to it.

I shall sketch briefly what I think to be a simple, yet sufficiently comprehensive, plan of work which could be profitably pursued by music clubs or associations of people gathered together for music study. It is a plan which I have gradually arrived at after fifteen years' experimenting, and it proves as useful in talking to a thousand denizens of the Bowery as it does to an uptown audience or one in the country.

I shall not go into detail, because space does not permit. I can only set forth here some general considerations which will be of assistance to a group of people gathered together for music study.

I should suggest that in case the club or association is not led by one teacher continuously,—if it is, in a measure, going on its own way as best it can,—there should always be an assignment of subjects far enough ahead to permit of plenty of preparation on the part of each leader.

There are two or three pitfalls to be avoided: first, that of trying to cover too much ground. This is the bane of music study in America, and destroys all hope of anything lasting. I have had programs of women's clubs sent me for advice and suggestion which would cause a German to hold up his hands in horror. You can't rush from Haydn to Brahms in six weeks without getting a severe case of musical dyspepsia. Take time enough. Haydn's music alone is important enough, and beautiful enough, and intricate enough to keep a group of people profitably employed through several meetings, provided you are intent on finding out something about the times he lived in, why music took such a sudden leap just then, and what he contributed toward the evolution of that great form, the sonata. And if you are not interested to know all of these things, why not go back to "Silvery Waves" and "Monastery Bells"?

Another pitfall is the unquenchable desire many amateurs have to express just how or what the music makes them feel. Avoid this if you wish to preserve any sign of seriousness in your meetings. It has been tried before. Wagner himself made a flat failure of it. Any criticism on the music to be performed should be confined to the general character of the themes, the structure of the compositions, and to any sufficiently marked peculiarities of style.

The object of the meeting being a better understanding of the music itself, I should advise beginning with a paper on the times in which Haydn lived and

the particular circumstances which surrounded him. After this, some of his themes should be played—merely the tunes, to get an idea of his melodic gift, to see how his nature is reflected in them. Then a paper could be read on the subject of form, with special reference to the development of the sonata prior to his time; after which one of his early sonatas should be analyzed. This is the most valuable and, at the same time, the most difficult part of the program: difficult, because it is likely to involve the use of many technical terms; but there is nothing else of such great value for increasing our appreciation.

In another paper it may be possible for me to go into detail as to the methods I employ in making this analysis, but I will say here that the themes should always be played apart from the context: any use of characteristic phrases, or "motifs," should be noted; episodes or closing themes should be played separately, and every detail gone over with great care. The sonata of Haydn in E-flat, common time, should be taken at a later meeting, using only the first two movements, with possibly a symphony movement, arranged for four hands.

I have taken Haydn's music for a typical subject because he first brought to anything like perfection the sonata form, and through his compositions we can get a clearer idea of what that form is than is possible from any other composer. Haydn's music is considered old-fashioned; but if you don't like it, it must be because you have lost your taste for simplicity and sweetness and sincerity; for country scenes, the sounds of brooks and birds, and children at play. You drink from a clear spring when you turn to his music, and I can give you no better advice than to play it and learn to understand it. You must bear in mind always that music, as well as painting, literature, and sculpture, is the voice through which all the deep feelings and purposes of life speak; that it is not mere sound; that the greatest music, such as Beethoven's, reflects most vividly the underlying thought of its generation, and any real appreciation of such a work as the "Heroic Symphony" must be founded on some knowledge of this, added to a clear idea of the structure of the composition itself.

I do not wish to belittle the efforts of many people who are trying to get at these things in a less thorough manner. If you only get together and read the life of a great composer and play his music you are gaining some acquaintance with great things; but a more systematic and thorough plan of work is within the reach of any group of earnest students, and with the aid of books and the music itself, which nowadays can be bought cheaply, there is no reason why we should not get to the heart of the subject and put ourselves in the way of a real understanding of great music.

What does the middle portion of a symphony mean to most people? It is one continuous series of confused and broken phrases, and the average listener gives a sigh of relief when he hears a well-defined tune again; yet some of the greatest moments in the work are there.

Don't dabble. Do what you do seriously and thoroughly. Don't expect to understand Beethoven if you don't know Haydn well; don't think for a moment that Schumann is to be apprehended without some knowledge of the romantic poets and of the general trend of thought at that time in Germany; don't attempt to play Grieg without learning something about Norwegian myths and legends, about Norway itself, and the life of the people. All these things are in the music and unless you know them you will make only a grotesque failure of your efforts to interpret it.

ON SELECTING A TEACHER.

BY H. C. LAHEE.

ALTHOUGH the subject has been attacked many a time and oft, there may still be room for a few words on the subject of "conservatory *versus* private teacher." It was considered a sufficiently important question to occupy a session of the Music Teachers' National Convention recently held in New York, but that was among music teachers, and not intended specially for the edification of the student. Yet the question is one which seems to be of more importance to the student than to the teacher.

A conservatory, in any discussion between teachers, is more than likely to appear at a disadvantage, if only because of the fact that it is constantly educating rivals. So also, one may say, is the private teacher, but the difference lies in the fact that the conservatory is a larger affair than a private individual and represents a body of teachers. It is easier, therefore, to say, "Don't go to a conservatory," than it is to enumerate individually an equivalent number of private teachers.

By unbiased persons it will probably be acknowledged that, for a student being educated to enter the musical profession, a conservatory course is a most necessary part of the education, not by any means the whole of it. The statement so frequently made that conservatories have not produced any first-class musicians is contradicted time after time by history.

The chief question for the student to decide is how to make his selection. If he prefers a private teacher, several teachers of different branches will be necessary to give that which is given by the conservatory,—how to select those teachers, or, if he prefers a conservatory, how to make a choice amongst all those which offer "the greatest advantages."

The music student is nothing if not in earnest. Nobody could possibly pass the Boston Music Hall ten minutes before its doors open for a Friday afternoon symphony rehearsal, gaze upon the anxious, suffering crowd of music students striving for a point of vantage on a "rush ticket," and doubt for a moment that music was anything but a dead earnest occupation. Nobody could watch the rapt expression of the humble students crowded on the orchestra steps in most uncomfortable positions, and fail to realize that matters pertaining to musical education are matters of vital interest. And yet we find these same rapt, ecstatic individuals rushing from one teacher to another, following fads, fashions, or

what not, without, apparently, using a particle of common sense or being able to give one satisfactory reason.

Music teachers are frequently selected in the same manner as hats. If "they" are wearing a certain style of hat, of course that is *the hat*, and if "they" all go to a certain teacher, why, of course, that is *the teacher*. It never occurs to the impulsive student to find out if there is any valid reason for that teacher's popularity. A young music student will go to a city to study with Mr. Jones. He meets casually some other student who has been a month in the city, and who says, "Oh, don't go to Mr. Jones; Mr. Smith is the best man." And forthwith Mr. Smith is selected on the advice of a perfect stranger, and with no more convincing argument than his gratuitous advice.

The student owes it to himself and to his future teacher to make himself perfectly acquainted with that teacher's reputation and its reasons, for an accident may bring an incompetent teacher into prominence.

If he decides to study at a conservatory, he should learn something of its history, what work it has done for its pupils, and whether the faculty consists of competent musicians. In judging of conservatories, too, one must remember that great musicians can not be expected to spring at once from the student ranks, any more than full-grown roosters issue from the incubator; but a period for development is necessary.

The pupils of any teacher are his best advertisement or his surest condemnation; his reputation as a musician nd the position he holds in the city are matters which can be ascertained without listening to the idle gossip of ignorant people. Men are gregarious, and it does not follow that they all go the right way, any more than that a flock of sheep go the right way by simply and blindly following their leader.

In no case is it safe to judge of a teacher, whether a private or a conservatory teacher, by pupils who are endowed with remarkable natural musical talent. His best work is shown by his success with pupils who have to be taught. Among singers, those who will live as the greatest artists are those who were originally the possessors of very unsatisfactory voices, and were willing to work hard. The same may be said of musicians in other branches of the art, and the best teacher is he who can make the most of comparatively poor material. Whatever the choice of the student may be, he is sure to have periods of despondency, when everything seems to go wrong, and when he either feels (if he is modest) that he has mistaken his vocation, or (if he is otherwise) that he has selected the wrong teacher and is making no progress. Let him find out carefully where the fault lies before making a change. It is bad to act with haste—except in cases of fire.

PEDALMANIA.

[Note.—To be read at amateur musical clubs.]

BY ALFRED H. HAUSRATH.

Mechanical appliances become attached nuisances to musical instruments when too persistently used.

Pedalmania is an affection of the foot of some piano-players (some organ-players are not free from it, either). The foot, though in every other respect normal, and full of vigor, exhibits a strange weakness and inclination for that mechanical device termed by the uninitiated the "loud" pedal of the pianoforte. Strange as it may seem, this disease confines its attacks entirely to the right foot, or, in some rare cases, even to both.

The pedal is, in fact, as much of a curse to these poor, afflicted people as their playing is an annoyance to other people.

Far be from me any desire to discourage the use of the pedal. Heaven forbid! No doubt, if this attachment were banished from the modern piano half the players would abandon the instrument in disgust for who knows what? The sewing-machine, perhaps. Then, it has athletic virtues, also. There can be no doubt that a diligent manipulation of the pedal will develop certain muscles in the foot to an astonishing degree; so that after about two years' pedaling one should be able to stand on the tip of the toe of one foot (the "pedaler," of course), with the other poised aboveboard, for quite fifteen or twenty minutes, without falling over (a trick that one seldom sees performed, except in the poultry yard, and even then not on the tip of the toe).

No, don't do away with the pedal, ye piano-makers; it would ruin your business. But why give you this advice? You are more inclined to add than to subtract pedals, and in the piano of the future I can see a whole row of pedals arranged in profusion under the instrument. Go on adding, my friends. If you can only get enough of them, by-and-by they will serve as ornaments, to be looked upon with awe and avoided as too complicated to use.

To him who suffers from pedalmania the pedal is a sort of barnacle that attaches itself to his foot and then sticks fast, like a leech.

An old farmer, who had presented his daughter with a piano, noticed that she never played a note unless her foot was firmly pressed upon the pedal. He inquired if this operation were not necessary to make "the thing" (the piano) go; to sort of turn on the steam, as it were. He believed the whole secret of piano-playing lay in properly conducting this little mechanical device, and if one only knew the knack of working the thing one could play. He admitted that he himself had not caught the knack and never hoped to; but "daughter Mandy, if she tried real hard, might fall into the knack of it before she knew it, and one day become a 'fine player.'" He thought it was a funny thing how some people could "trot" their fingers over the keys, but still funnier how some could n't. He had heard one of "them city fellers" play on his piano one time "and the first thing that feller did was to go reconnoiterin' for the pedal with his right foot." He was a veteran in the service, he knew it, "because he could find the thing every time without lookin'. He was a bit airy, too, that 'ere feller, often bringing his foot 'way back under the stool, then suddenly bringing it forward again without lookin', just to show how smart he was. He would fetch the pedal,

though, every time, like a major. Wait 'til you kin do that, Mandy," he used to say, "then you *kin* play."

No doubt if the pedal were removed from the piano two-thirds of the juvenile players would abandon the instrument. What charm would there be left? There would be nothing to amuse them, nothing to play with. And then that host of people who have the reputed "fine ear" would be likely to abandon the field (and how could we spare them ?), for they love musical mince-meat, and what could they do if we took away their meat-chopper? I tremble to think what would be the fate of our beloved instrument; it would be simply paralyzed without pedals, like a ship without a rudder.

If I may be allowed, in my own humble little way, to suggest something,—an idea which, if I may be pardoned for the conceit, I consider really great,—arrange a pair of pedals so contrived that, by the turning of a switch, they will become disconnected with the mechanism of the piano, and at the same time will shift a spring over the pedal-rods to give them the ordinary resistance to the pressure of the foot. Let the pedalmaniac work his favorite "loud pedal" up and down to his heart's content, and, when the teacher believes he has become really absorbed in his work, suddenly reverse the switch and allow the pedal-rods to perform the work designed for them. The suddenness of this change will not fail to surprise the student, and he may reflect and come to the conclusion that he has been wasting much unnecessary energy, which may also lead to the sensible conclusion on his part that the pedal is not a perpetual-motion machine. Frequent repetitions of this act by the teacher will be more likely to make the student desist from, rather than persist in, pedal abuse. If this fail to effect a cure, I have another invention of my own to suggest: Fasten to the floor, just beside the pedals, one on each side, an iron slipper that can be regulated to fit any sized shoe. Into these the pupil is to place the feet, like into an old-fashioned skate, which is then to be buckled and locked by the teacher, who holds the key. By the way, this would be a great boon to mothers whose children "won't practice." The mother could lock the child in these stocks, place the key in her pocket, remove all picture-books and other wicked things that detract from the child's attention, and then, with the command, "*Now practice!*" could resume her duties or go shopping, while the prisoner, so shackled, could scarcely forget what he is at the piano for, and would go to work earnestly and accomplish something in the end, if he did not die of a broken heart in the meantime.

Now, it can be readily seen that the pedal is, in reality, a godsend. It will undoubtedly suggest many other such brilliant ideas in the future. Certainly, the one last given, if vigorously applied, would revolutionize the whole plan of piano practice.

GENIUS AMONG STUDENTS.

BY FRANK H. TUBBS.

THERE is keen delight in the heart of a music teacher when he discovers special aptitude in one of his pupils, and he is not to be blamed if he builds air-castles with that pupil as the central figure. Every teacher has had pupils occasionally from whom he hoped great things, but in most cases the expectations were not realized. Because of blasted hopes many teachers have reached the point where they will no longer anticipate. They teach all who come to them as well as they can, thankful if one, now and then, becomes a good musician. Can it be that former judgment was wrong and that those from whom so much was hoped had no specially great gifts? Is it possible that the latter course neglects some who are truly filled with genius? Can we not make much more from the material placed in our hands? Practical, every-day helps in music teaching are welcomed by thoughtful musicians. A writer may not know more than do those for whom he writes, but since he crystallizes his thought, while the majority do not, he can help his brothers. Therefore a word about genius to the readers of THE ETUDE.

Close study of musicians who have taken high place does not reveal many among them who had special genius. As that word is commonly used it means uncommon endowment. There are persons who have natural gifts in music. Such is true of a child who can go to the piano and play music which he has heard even when he knows nothing of key, scale, or technic. There are singers who can sing almost anything, and to the common people it passes as very musicianly work. In the backwoods of New England men were found in our early times who would play wonderfully on the violin (or fiddle, as they called it). All these performed "naturally." That was genius, without doubt. But did you ever know such persons to make good professional musicians? Never. They seem to be incapable of receiving instruction, and can not shape that faculty within them so as to use accepted musical forms. One such, who essayed to become a great singer, after repeated failures in trying to learn some music of Mendelssohn, said, "Play it like a waltz and I'll sing it for you!" To this day that genius can sing nothing but waltzes, but, be it said, does those well. This leads to the remark that before a teacher decides that a student has genius he should seek to learn if he has that soundness of gifts which will enable him to make something out of his special gift. If he has n't, do n't build hopes upon him.

Some one has defined genius as "talent for hard work." That is not altogether fair. There must be special talent, or all the hard work in the world will not make a musician. It is equally true that genius (or special talent) will amount to nothing without hard work. With a view to avoiding disappointments accept, please, this advice: When you discover a specially talented pupil, see if his *character* can be shaped. If so, make him work—hammer day and night—building up an "all-round" man and musician.

Some little study of Robert Schumann brought thought to mind on this subject of genius or talent. There was a boy who, from heredity, obtained apparently nothing of musical genius. From some source during boyhood he imbibed a love for music. Until he was eighteen

years old he had no serious musical instruction. He was taught the rudiments by teachers in his own town and grew up as most school-boys do. His characteristics were those to be found very frequently. Lovable nature, strong emotion, sensitiveness, love of nature, keen appreciation of the beautiful. He was not driven to be or do anything. His father was a bookseller and author, and he browsed among the books. His own nature found among poets kindred spirits, and he wrote poetry. Had he, in later years, bent his energies to poetry he would, without doubt, have been a Schiller or Jean Paul. But he heard some good musicians. That shaped his decision for music. We look upon Schumann as a genius, and it is almost treason to music to say he was not. Out of that remarkable nature and from the store of thought culled from study of books and music he evolved the musician. The nature of the man was to break away from accepted theories and to invent. Call that genius if you choose, but, had he been a military man, that same genius would have made him devise new guns and high explosives. Had he been a farmer he would have found better ways of growing celery and other produce. Now, from that nature evolved he the musician. How? By hard work. Thwarted in one direction, he turned to another. Having spoiled his hand for piano playing, he made himself the composer. There is example in every life by which all lives can be shaped. Schumann is quoted not because different from all others, but because known, and he is such a plain example. The evidence is clear that he made his position through his nature. When you find a nature in a pupil which has the characteristics of the artist, in such condition and surroundings that they can be nurtured and grown, then may you allow the heart to hope for great results. Such will come not because of great talent, but because of the upbuilding forces around such talent as may be present. A little musical talent, in a pure, refined, sensitive and willing nature, will show more result when all is summed up than will any case of so-called genius. In this may all teachers take hope. Every teacher has such pupils occasionally. Every teacher can have one or two pupils go out from his studio every year to goodly successes and most beautiful musical lives.

THE PECULIARITIES OF THE PIANO.

BY DR. ROBERT GOLDBECK.

If we survey the entire vast field of musical literature, we have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the compositions written for the piano—or those in which the piano plays the principal part—are at least equal in quantity, quality, and importance to all the rest of musical works, whether orchestral, operatic, or for the voice, with or without instrumental accompaniment. Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Clementi, Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Grieg, and an imposing array of other distinguished composers, all have largely contributed to this special piano literature. Chopin and Liszt—particularly Chopin—derive their fame and ascendency almost exclusively from their piano creations. Piano music is, therefore, a factor with which the musical world has to reckon. The twenty-seven sonatas and the nine symphonies of Beethoven hold equal rank. If the symphonies seem more impressive, it is because the *effect* of the orchestra, with its varied instruments, is greater than that of the piano, restricted to the same tone-color, which, under the fingers of a great artist alone, may, to some extent, evolve different tints and hues. Piano music, so easily accessible, readily commands the attention of the vast majority of musical people, and exerts a corresponding influence upon the manner of interpretation of compositions by the masters. It is my intention in this short essay to examine and analyze, to some extent, how far this influence of piano music and piano interpretation upon true musical art and its true nature is legitimate and correct or weak and faulty, with the object of pointing out how to avoid and hide, as much as possible, defects which arise, partly from the imperfection of the piano and partly from the limited power of the ten fingers, to which is assigned the task of reproducing complete tone-paintings, similar to those delineated so much more easily, completely, and perfectly by an orchestra, with its many accomplished players.

First, as to the imperfections of the piano: An instrument of percussion, its tone is short-lived, and incapable of a crescendo. From the moment the key is sounded its tone begins to fade away—an effect charming in itself, but one the player has no direct means of contrasting with an expressive, controllable increase of tone. Yet here we find the cause of a considerable part of our present piano technic. Repeated notes and chords, rapid passages of every imaginable kind, a passionate storming onward, the introduction of the pedal and its artistic use—all with the more or less unconscious thought and aim to seek compensation for the scant tone-length of the instrument and to simulate a crescendo; in fact, actually producing it by fast repetitions of many different kinds. Thus is seen how imperfection becomes a cause and stimulus of progress, improvement, and evolution, in music as well as in other things. These results, again, were accepted in other forms of music, such as the orchestral symphony or instrumental chamber music; while vocal music even, not excluding the opera, is emboldened to introduce a grander, more effective style. With acquisitions of such value and importance, none would feel disposed to find fault with the defective tone of the piano—the cause of so much good. Had the organ been the only keyed instrument, the process of musical progress would have been much slower; for it is well known how the organ itself owes its later development of style and effect to the piano, adopting its lighter and more flexible touch and form of composition, frivolous only under frivolous hands.

The limited tone-length of the piano necessitates the more emphatic marking of notes of longer value, especially tied notes. This is not called for in music for the voice, or any instrument capable of prolonging the tone, and may, therefore, be considered a peculiarity of the piano. It is an unavoidable imperfection of style, requiring careful modification.

As the piano tone is produced by pressing down the key, —its control being limited to the first touch,—it is evident that beauty of piano-playing depends entirely upon just this touch. The pianist must learn to touch and press the keys with sufficient emphasis to prolong the tone as much as possible, without making it harsh or hard. Hence, all the artistic devices of dropping the fingers, wrist, or arm easily, yet firmly, upon the keys, holding them down to their full depth, or merely pressing the keys (without drop), varying the weight of the pressure from a mere feather-like gravity to the most impressive demonstration of force ; or else caressing the keys with almost imperceptible moving of the finger tips upon their surface, in contrast to the crisp grasp of the direct attack.

Possibly the progress of music would have been the same had there been no piano, but assuredly a much longer time would have been required, nor would it have penetrated the masses so readily.

The shortness of the piano tone has also most forcibly brought into evidence the necessity of a perfect legato— the very foundation of all expressive musical interpretation.

The universality and self-sufficiency of the piano, in connection with its imperfect tone and the limited capacity of the fingers of the human hand, has produced a style, notably in the embellishments, which does not fully coincide with the requirements of true musical art, and has been productive, consequently, of controversy and dispute, thus creating opposite factions. For instance, in the matter of beats (mordents), grace notes, short and long appoggiaturas, and trills : The orchestral player, say the violinist, executes a beat or a grace note, simply and freely, without regard to the question whether the first note of such an embellishment shall come together with some particular bass note, given by another player. In fact, he could not do it and does not think of it, for it is neither necessary nor required. The pianist, however, if he belongs to the conservative faction, will be fearful of committing a sin if he does not scrupulously and with painful exactitude throw the first note of the mordent or beat upon the principal note played in the left hand. And as to the grace note, he will often be in doubt whether it is not perhaps a short appoggiatura. He will think himself particularly orthodox if in case of a whole series of grace notes he contrives to have the first of these begin with the fundamental note, ending the whole run on an afterstroke. Such a thing is possible on the piano, but it is not orchestral or logical, and, moreover, it is ugly, ineffective, and crooked. But in spite of the warfare Schumann waged, and many others are still waging against this nonsense, it is as rampant as ever.

Another point : the arpeggio ! This is essentially a piano (or harp) effect, resulting from the difficulty or sometimes impossibility of striking all the notes of a chord simultaneously when exceeding an octave. Such chords occur likewise in violin or 'cello music, and then the accent is invariably thrown on the upper note, as the lower notes have no other musical significance than to enrich the effect of the whole chord. Such broken arpeggio chords are similar to *right-hand* chords on the piano. Left hand chords, however, have a different character, because of the harmonic or *thorough-bass* significance of the lowest note requiring that it should be distinct, so as to be able to indicate the foundation and *voicing* of the lowest part of successive chords. It is from this necessity that sprang the habit of playing the lowest note of an arpeggioed chord with the melody note of the right hand, allowing the rest of the chord notes to follow. The effect of such a performance is absurd and unmusical, yet it is practiced by many insufficiently informed players. The proper way of playing such arpeggioed chords is to have the upper note come together with the melodic note of the right hand, the whole of it as much as possible in one throw, evenly executed. The player must contrive at the same time to play the lowest note distinctly. In this manner the bass will retain its harmonic significance, and the *time*, which should be perfect, will not be injured. Were 'cello and violin to play simultaneously arpeggioed chords of this kind, we would have a perfect analogy of left- and right-hand piano play. The 'cellist would never think of emphasizing the lowest note of his chord, but would play it, like the violinist, at one rapid throw, taking care, however, to sound all the notes with perfect distinctness. Thalberg, Liszt, Chopin, Henselt, and others introduced wide chords, often considerably exceeding even a tenth. The object was to attain a grander style, a larger, more orchestral effect. There is a wholesome tendency now to avoid excessively wide chords, as they are ugly when they become jumpy, failing entirely in their primary object, that of rendering the style of piano-playing grander or more orchestral.

A whole book might be written upon the peculiarities of execution and interpretation arising from the restrictions connected with the piano ; suffice it to say, at present, that a great number of the devices of expression and technic, familiar to piano players, are not strictly in accordance with pure musical art, and that the progressive and well-educated musician should avoid and counteract them as much as possible. It is a good thing, when studying the interpretation of some masterpiece, constantly to have in mind the naturally more perfect style of the orchestra, endeavoring to come nearer and nearer to it. In this manner piano interpretation might be purified as well as elevated and beautified.

HOW TO OVERCOME SO-CALLED DRUDGERY.

BY F. B. HAWKINS.

Not long ago I heard a piano teacher say to one of his pupils :

" Yes, it is too bad to be forced to do so much drudgery, but there is no help. I myself have got to do a great deal more of it before I die. When you come to sum up, life is nothing but endless drudgery, and I can't truly say that I shall be sorry when it is all over."

Now, I am not an extreme optimist in my views, but I claim that such a discouraging picture is entirely uncalled for and out of place. I know that those who teach piano-playing have many cares and anxieties, but I can see no reason why one who has the right conception of the musical art and is free from melancholia and dyspepsia should become so pessimistic as to say that life is nothing but endless drudgery.

Let us stop a moment and endeavor to ascertain just where we stand. In the first place, no one likes to work for the mere sake of working. There must be an object to gain, an incentive of some kind to reach or some motive to be accomplished before any one will voluntarily exert himself, either mentally or physically.

In the realm of music, as in all the other arts, there is no room for the word "drudgery." Music teachers and those who are enrolled as pupils of the divine art, should be so thoroughly interested in their work as to be indisposed to look upon their efforts as in any sense partaking of drudgery.

I wish particularly to impress upon teachers and pupils the fact that so-called drudgery is a misnomer, having nothing in common with artists and students who strive to keep in the highway of progress. Unfortunately, many people who make music not a study but a pastime, have an idea that if they could avoid doing what they call "unnecessary labor" they would have more time for indispensable work and be more likely to shine as teachers and musicians, and of more service to the world and to themselves.

I once asked a bright, promising pupil what he considered drudgery, to which he replied :

"Practicing the scales, going over my exercises, and counting time."

A similar question, propounded to a piano teacher, received this answer :

"Trying to teach pupils who have no aptitude is the only drudgery of which I have any knowledge."

I will grant that there is a monotony connected with practicing scales and exercises that is not always pleasant, but it is not, by any means, drudgery, since a pupil who really loves music looks beyond the routine work and forgets all discomforts, so engrossed is he in his study. A conscientious and energetic student delights in his daily practice, looking upon such work with as much pleasure as the professional athlete bestows upon his regular exercises. The true musician realizes that it is essential to possess as perfect a technic as possible, and whatever efforts are necessary he gives cheerfully, knowing no such words as fail and drudgery as he climbs up the ladder from day to day.

The question of drudgery or no drudgery is determined by the way we look at it, after all. Of course, if a teacher has no real love for music as an art and is only following it because of the financial gains that are to be made from it, then there is more or less drudgery attached to the profession. This same teacher, if he be inclined, can so change his attitude as to entirely overcome his ideas of drudgery, and not only will he himself be benefited, but his pupils will receive new enthusiasm and new strength. The moment he feels that true musical art is to be prized far above all monetary considerations, that moment he becomes endowed with a quickening life and an impulse that acknowledges no defeat or discouragement.

It is impossible for any one to experience that indefinable joy and satisfaction in music teaching, until he has come to a realization of what the study of music means, and this state never comes until one absolutely feels that there is no such thing as drudgery in any walk of life, with which one's heart is in harmony. To the successful teacher it is a source of pride and love to watch the progress that his pupils are making from month to month and from year to year ; he takes the keenest delight in watching the development of his pupils, and if you question him regarding their progress he will answer you guardedly, being careful not to overpraise or underrate their talents.

I firmly believe that teachers could soon overcome this bugbear of so-called drudgery, if they would but stop to think more of the importance of the seemingly insignificant trifles that come to them almost every day. Every little detail is worthy of careful and conscientious thought, whether it be connected with the starting of a new pupil or is directly concerned with one who is about to receive his diploma.

I want to say a word or two here in reference to pupils who look forward to musical careers. Some, undoubtedly, wish that their days of drudgery were passed, so that they may have an opportunity to show the world what they are capable of doing, and, like the one we have already quoted, they believe that they will not feel a true sense of freedom until they are beyond the grade that requires them to practice scales and exercises. Let me assure them that, no matter how great a name they may make in the musical world, it will never be beneath their dignity to daily practice the scales and exercises which were given to them by their teachers in the beginning of their studies. A great singer, whose name I can not now recall, said, in reply to the question as to how she kept her voice :

"I work as hard as I did when I began."

"But what do you sing?" was the next question.

"Scales, scales, scales," was the answer. "I find something new every time I sing them."

The same rule applies to those who study the piano and all other instruments. Ask any great pianist his opinion concerning practice, and note well his answer. It is only by constant work that a person is able to keep his grasp on music, and the instant he considers such work drudgery he loses interest and his thoughts drift farther and farther away from the subject.

Convince yourself that all so-called drudgery is essential to your unfoldment, and you will be at ease ; it matters very little whether you overcome it in this manner or in some other way. The principal thing for you to do is to grow into a larger and fuller realization of musical growth, and if you do this I am quite sure that the word "drudgery" will have no abiding place in your practical vocabulary, even though it might come up as a haunting shadow occasionally.

ON THE LEGATO IN PIANOFORTE-PLAYING.

BY ARTHUR WATSON.

ONE of the great difficulties in pianoforte-playing is to obtain a perfect legato. It must be remembered that the term legato, as used in music, has, or ought to have, a meaning only as it is applied to results appreciable to the ear. The way to obtain a legato effect is to listen for it, and having learned what it really is, to find out what movements will secure it. There are certain acoustical and physiological conditions the knowledge of which might be helpful in awakening a sense of the need for this appeal to the ear in the first place, rather than to the movements of the hands in playing. A scale played with one fixed set of muscular movements may produce a legato effect, a confused overlapping, or a staccato effect. It is necessary to learn many varieties of movements to produce a simple legato under all possible conditions. This statement should make it clear that the only groundwork for obtaining it under all conditions, where it is possible, lies in an appeal to the sense of legato. The reason for all the necessary variety of touch depends upon the following facts:

The lower strings of a piano are heavy, and, in consequence, slow of speech. They need more force to start them, but once started they may not be silenced abruptly with advantage. The felt of the dampers must not act too suddenly, otherwise the effect would be a repetition of the note. A low note of a piano, then, does not cease so promptly as one in the middle of the instrument. The high notes, on the contrary, speak rapidly, but die away so quickly as to render damping unnecessary. A rapid trill may be played there with effect. A similar trill in the low notes of the bass would produce a confused roll. This simple illustration will show that one of the determining conditions in legato-playing is the position in the scale of sounds at which the notes must be produced. No touch could make a rapid trill on the lower notes of the pianoforte anything but confused. Again, in the highest range two notes at an interval of two seconds could not be legato in effect. Two notes played with the same time-interval, in the lowest range, might be connected. In the upper range, then, the conditions favor legato in rapid passages; in the lower, legato in slow passages. These facts have to be considered by both composer and pianist. Another factor plays an important part in this question of legato effect, viz., the varying length of time which the sensation persists in the ear after the external stimulus has ceased to be operative. A series of experiments made by Mr. Alfred M. Mayer has shown some interesting results which confirm the necessity for variety in the manner of uttering a legato passage according as it is played at different positions on the keyboard. Mr. Mayer's experiment was one of great delicacy, in the working of which he secured the coöperation of musicians with sensitive ears.

It was found that the C, second line below the staff, would persist in the ear $\frac{1}{25}$ of a second after the external sound had ceased; the octave higher, $\frac{1}{45}$ of a second; the second octave or middle C, $\frac{1}{70}$ of a second; the third octave, $\frac{1}{130}$ of a second.

These results show, in a scientific way, physical phenomena which render necessary a variety of touch in pianoforte-playing if a legato effect is to be produced on the various planes of absolute pitch. Neither this nor that way is a universally correct manner of legato-playing. Instead of concentrating attention at first too much on a supposed way of attaining legato-playing, it might be better to direct attention to gaining the power of recognizing what is legato-playing in sound effect, after which the means of producing it would, especially if taken in conjunction with the side-light which science yields, become more manifest.—"*Music*" (*London*).

SINCERITY OF PURPOSE.

BY HENRY C. LAHEE.

THERE is nothing more laudable in the young than the desire to improve. This desire is the mainspring of success, but just as a watch will not work with mainspring only, or as a part of any mechanism is useless without the other parts, so is desire for improvement useless without a well-balanced mind and plenty of energy and tenacity of purpose. We have all in our young days learned, as a first principle, that a part is not and can not be equal to the whole, and yet if we observe carefully we shall find many people who, in their lives, seem to ignore that rudimentary axiom.

With the young music student it sometimes happens that ignorance of the length and difficulty of the artistic highway brings out ideas and incidents which seem absurd to those who have had experience. The idea that "a term of lessons" in some great city will fit them for a musical career seems to be a prevalent theory, and while in itself it is ridiculous, yet as a first step it should be considered with becoming gravity. The person indulging in this idea will either rise, during the "term," to a point from which a wider horizon is visible, and acquire a greater ambition, or else he will "fizzle out" and settle down to some occupation which makes less demand upon his courage and power of self-denial.

Some time ago a young man presented himself in the office of a well-known conservatory who wanted to know the price of a term of violin lessons. His questions were put with that shrewdness which denotes a rustic bringing-up. He evidently had some great scheme working in his mind which would, if successfully carried out, bring good returns. The term consisted of twenty lessons, each of an hour's duration. It was Monday afternoon. Having at last run out his string of questions, the young man sat and rnminated for half an hour or so, then, gathering himself together with an effort, he declared that he would take a term, but he must get through and go home Satnrday night. On being told that it would be impossible for him to take four lessons a day,—that they would be of no benefit to him, because there would be no time for practice,—he declared with pride that he

could pick it up as fast as the teacher could show him ; and as long as he was willing to pay for the lessons and take the risk, nobody else ought to find any fault. He went off disappointed, and probably returned to bucolic pursuits.

This poor fellow had doubtless been looking forward for a long time to "taking a term o' lessons in Borst'n," and had made the greatest sacrifice of time and money in his power. So far his idea was not one to be utterly condemned. He was fond of music—such as he had heard—but his age, his big, stiff fingers, and his ignorance were all against the possibility of success. Inasmuch as he had done his best, he was worthy of credit.

There is, however, another side to the matter. It was evident from the trend of his questions, from his suspicious shrewdness, and other indications, that he intended, after his "term in Borst'n," to advertise himself as a shining musical light in his community. He would support himself on the reputation of the school or teacher who was shortsighted enough to be made use of ; and this leads to another question, much discussed and no nearer a decision, in spite of all the argument *pro* and *con*.

Going Abroad to Study.

The matter of "going abroad to study" is one which, unfortunately, leads to much bitterness of heart among the musical profession in America. Teachers naturally like their pupils to remain with them, and almost any unprejudiced person will admit that teaching can be secured in America which will compare favorably with anything to be found abroad.

It would seem, therefore, rather a waste of time and money to seek abroad that which can be better found at home ; but there are strong influences at work on the American student which tend to draw him away from home. Shakspere's trite saying that "Home-keeping youth have ever homely wit" applies as well to music students as to any other class of individuals, and there is no doubt that foreign travel and experience tend to broaden the mind and cultivate it. But it does not follow that the student who goes abroad for a few months or a year, or even two years, can sing or play one particle better than the student who devotes an equal amount of time to study in his native land.

There are ways in which this overpowering feeling in favor of "foreign study" works harm. An entirely unreasoning demand exists for teachers who have "been abroad," for singers who have been to Paris, to Italy, or to London, for violinists who have been to Berlin, Brussels, or Vienna, simply because those places are regarded as the musical centers. So unreasonable is this feeling on the part of the public that very little attention is given to details. Thus, a singer who has studied four or five years in Boston or New York is apt to sink into insignificance beside one who has studied three months in Paris ; or, in other words, a singer who has studied three months in Paris will find professional opportunities which are denied to the singer who has studied four or five years in America, though whether he can take advantage of them satisfactorily is another thing. In fact, there are so many disappointments every year in those who come from abroad with flying colors that it seems remarkable that mere "going abroad" continues to carry prestige.

As the matter stands, however, every young music teacher feels obliged to make a trip to Europe, not primarily for the knowledge to be gained, but "for the advertising," and there are many to-day holding positions in American colleges, and adding to their names "of Berlin," "of Vienna," "from Paris," or "from London," whose visits to those centers have not exceeded a few weeks. To acknowledge the American teacher who taught them practically all they know is out of the question with such people, but they are known as pupils of Herr *this* or Signor *that*, from whom they have taken a few lessons in Europe, "to get some points."

This is all wrong, but the fault rests with an unenlightened public rather than with the struggling teacher, who, after all, has simply made a business investment, with the object of showing his goods to the best advantage. Nevertheless, it is sad to think that there are teachers and students who are willing to cater to the diseased imagination of an ignorant public. Let them study in Europe, by all means,—for years, if possible,—but let them not set up any claims on that account, unless there are ample grounds for it. Let them be modest, and their worth will show in their work, and perhaps in a few years the public will become suspicious of Americans who are ashamed to acknowlege the source of their education.

THE MODERN MUSIC TEACHER.

BY LEO OEHMLER.

The number of music teachers is increasing every year—not in proportion to the public demand for educators or to the development of the art. At no time in the history of music have there been so many who profess sufficient knowledge of the art to be the instructors of others. What is a true teacher, then ; and why have we so many posing before the public who lack the essential knowledge and ability to instruct others ?

The requisites of a good teacher comprehend :

1. A thorough knowledge of the theory of music, which includes harmony, counterpoint, form, etc.

2. A good, all-round education ; a command of language suitable to communicate his thoughts clearly and intelligently to the pupil.

3. A knowledge of human nature, coupled with a quick and ready sympathy for the pupil's physical or mental shortcomings.

4. A genuine love for his art, in order to inspire enthusiasm for work in the student ; for the average pupil is bound to admire the teacher most who, himself, craves for excellence and perfection.

While it is generally conceded that to teach others to play the piano, violin, or other instrument well, or to develop a voice, it is not necessary that one should be a finished performer or singer, yet I believe that it is necessary that the teacher should have sufficient technic

to play fluently every composition he undertakes to teach, and with correct phrasing and *genuine musical expression.* Every teacher should be a good sight-reader.

All pupils will imitate, some, of course, more than others. The faculty of imitation is one of the chief elements in the acquisition of any study in which the hands are the executors of the mind and will; and, while it is true that the teacher must sometimes check the imitative impulse in the student in whom it is largely developed, yet all learn (especially the first principles of a study) by the action of this faculty.

As a mirror reflects the image of ourselves, so the pupil is, to a degree, at first, always a reflection of the technic, style, etc., and particularly is this true with those who display the most cleverness of mind and hands.

But as the student matures in intellect and develops technic, he gradually emancipates himself from the spell of imitation and enters the realm of original conception. He strives *now* to color his interpretations with some of his *own* individuality and infuses his own soul into the composition. Having first absorbed by imitation the best qualities of his teacher, he has laid the foundation for his future individual artistic development.

5. Another necessary quality of the teacher is patience —great and enduring patience throughout his entire career as a musical instructor. Restfulness and repose have a beneficial influence on the pupil, just as excitability and impatience have an unhealthy tendency to irritate and provoke him to indifferent and slovenly playing. He who loses temper over every trifling mistake, who fumes and foams and even resorts to insulting remarks or to the slapping of the pupil's hands or ears, is an anachronism in modern music-teaching, and unworthy to be entrusted with the education of any one.

6. A knowledge of the history of music from its infancy to the present stage of development and a knowledge of the lives of the great composers and their works, together with a keen discernment of the chief characteristics of the composer's style, are also necessary in the make-up of every good teacher.

7. The dominating elements and distinguishing qualities of great performers and singers of the past and present should also be known to the thorough modern teacher, and it should be borne in mind that it is essentially necessary that a teacher should possess this knowledge of composers and performers for the following reasons, viz.:

When playing a composition by Mozart or Beethoven, if an interesting anecdote of the composer be told to the pupil, or if he be informed that the music reflects to a degree the personality of the composer, or if comparison be made between the piece in hand with the work of another composer, he will naturally regard the piece to be learned with greater interest.

Teachers (?) spring up almost daily, like mushrooms, ignorant of the theory of the great art which they assume to represent, deficient in technical equipment, uneducated in general, and totally unfit, both by nature and poor training, to be the educators of others.

It can not be too seriously impressed on parents who seek a teacher to select only the worthy, and none but the very best teacher for a beginner, for the first efforts must be absolutely right and under competent supervision.

My hope, and that of all earnest teachers, is, that in the near future the public may be better able to discriminate between worthy and unworthy teachers, and that the true musician and teacher will not be obliged to suffer the humiliation reflected on him by the so frequent, bold, and characterless public posing of the incompetent teacher.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN ART-LIFE.

BY ALEXANDER MCARTHUR.

To outsiders the life of an artist possesses attractions that are dazzling. As they see it, it seems ideal to make a livelihood by playing Chopin nocturnes, by painting harmonies in color, by carving poems in marble, or by giving life to the creations of Shakspere or Wagner. Then to be fêted and made much of, as Paderewski, Duse, or Carolus Duran is made much of; to say nothing of the agreeable question of remunerations to successful artists nowadays. All this is very convincing. They hear that Paderewski owns a castle; that Sardou lives like a prince, and Jean de Reszke leads the life of a nobleman on his Polish estates, and naturally are led to believe that the best of all possible lives is the life of a great artist. Of artistic life as it really is, however, not ten in a hundred have even the slightest idea, and to these ten what a different aspect is visible! They know, of all paths in life the path of art is the most thorny, difficult, and deceptive. That to be an artist is to suffer, to lead a life of self-sacrifice, of self-denial, and of never-ceasing strain. Those who have lived among artists can testify how heavy is the mental and physical strain art brings. It is a strain that hardly ever relaxes and which causes so much of the queerness, eccentricity, and downright craziness observable among artists of every class. But of all this the outside world unhappily lives in ignorance, otherwise we would not have so many young aspirants fall, and halt, and even die on the road to fame; and the last thing a parent or guardian would consent to, except under protest, would be the choice of art as a profession for their children or charges. A little talent for drawing, or a correct ear for music, how often has it sent young people to misery! How many, too proud to confess defeat, have starved, and waited, and grown desperate in their attics in Paris or Berlin, and spent years of useless labor in the pursuit of an idea that was impossible to them! Even to the successful artist the path is one of strain and trouble; but to the unsuccessful aspirant the path is surely one of torture.

> "Within him hell
> He brings, and round about him."

Art is a vocation in every sense of the word, a vocation as difficult as that of religion, and every whit as

self-sacrificing. There is as much self-renunciation in the life of an artist as there is in that of a monk or nun. An artist has his ways and moods. He is very often a trouble to himself and to all around him. He lives in the evanescent, in the past or future. Imagination holds sway over his life. He is a creature of the moment and of caprice. He can not be accepted seriously, neither can he be judged as others. He lives and suffers and, through his suffering, creates.

When Raphael Joseffy comes smiling to his evening's task, and nocturne, sonata, and fantasia are played with a skill and poetry that is marvelous, how few of his audience consider the hours and days, the months and years of labor, of discouragement, of painful soul absorption necessary to the fashioning of his art? Which of us, looking at the marvelous masterpieces of Puvis de Chavannes, of Alexander Harrison, or of Monet, can realize the reams of spoiled paper, the dark days in the Quartier Latin, and the steady, patient, tireless striving that have produced these? Twenty years ago, as a student, Ysaye, unknown, lived over a wine-shop at Paris, and Rubinstein, as a youth, starved in an attic in Vienna. Each of them, as all great artists must, made their way through suffering, and that not the vulgar, ordinary suffering of the body,—the pangs of hunger, for instance, or the weary consciousness of bills unpaid,—but the suffering of the spirit, of the feelings, of the heart, the torture of mind caused by the heavy burden of artistic effort without which all art is fruitless and all artists are failures.

To those who have been blessed with a vocation for art, no matter how difficult the path may be, no other life is possible. There is a satisfaction to be found and enjoyed in every phase of self-denial, for your true artist knows—the greater the suffering, the greater the progress. To be great the artist must forget himself in and for his art. It must be his mistress; he must be its slave. Only in this fashion can really great work be done.

Art is not like other professions. Any clever man can be a doctor or a lawyer, but no matter how great the sympathy or the love of work and study may be, art can not be taken up as one takes up medicine or law. There must be inborn gifts and talent—in other words, a vocation.

As a money-making medium art is hopeless. A fortune in art there is not for any but the exceptionally successful. It is a mere matter of pleasing the capricious thing, public taste, and always a chance, the result of luck, circumstances, or surroundings. It is no criterion whatever of merit, and it can neither be cajoled nor commanded.

An artist to be in any degree happy in his calling must more or less give up all that society holds absolute, especially the art-student. He must be ready to face scorn, to laugh at poverty, and bravely disregard social laws when they grow irksome. He must give up all his time and thought to one idea, to one mistress. To the ordinary individual there is in the mere fact of going supperless to bed not only discomfort, but shame; but to the average Latin-quarter student the glory of the cause outweighs the discomfort and the shame is *non est*. It is because they disregard all social laws that the Quartier Latin denizens, in spite of poverty, misery, and hardships, are, without doubt, the happiest set of young students in the world. They are free to go their own way as each listeth. To them wealth is so suggestive of the Philistine that they honestly despise and fear it. Not, too, perhaps, without reason. Among themselves, and looking through the annals of art, they quickly see that where there is wealth or even sufficiency, the subject is apt to grow half-hearted and indifferent. Art is no longer completely his mistress, and its hardships are looked on as hardships, rather than victories. The spirit in Goethe's lines—

> "Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
> Who ne'er, through lonely midnight hours,
> Weeping at his bedside sate,
> He knows ye not, ye heavenly Powers!"

is missed or scoffed at, and serious work is impossible, because serious self-sacrifice and effort there are none.

Effort and self-sacrifice—these are the corner-stones of art and the reasons why the art-life will always be difficult and, according to the rules of every-day life, full of hardships.

To the true artist there is in his calling a joy impossible to describe or enumerate, but this joy is subtle and remains unknown to those who have not genius, or at least talent. It is a joy the average student can not rely or count upon. It may grow on him after years of application and study, and if the seed be there, it can always be fostered, but, *poeta nascitur, non fit*, it must be inborn.

Of course, to the poet and to artists of all classes the art-life, no matter how difficult, is always the best and only one. But even at its best it is not the life of ease, luxury, and idleness the average individual supposes. Its trials and tribulations are many, and these can not be considered with the every-day trials of ordinary folk. They are trials of the spirit—trials that can only be realized by those who have experienced them. Taking even the successful artists, who can measure the depth of their sufferings? Ask Sardou, and you will find that the long list of his successes has not consoled him for the apparent failure of his "Thermidor," and brilliant as were Wagner's later triumphs, in poignancy of joy they did not equal the misery caused by his first failures. He was consoled by the former, perhaps, but the memory of the latter had scarred the musician's heart too deeply for effacement.

Suffering is a *sine qua non* of success. We have a great example in Paderewski. As a young man he was a teacher in Warsaw, and by no means a remarkable player. In fact, some of his colleagues, whom I met in St. Petersburg, could not believe that Paderewski, the idol of America, could be the young artist who had been their colleague. But Paderewski met his misfortune,—crushing, cruel misfortune,—the iron entered his soul, he gave himself up to his studies heart and soul in order to forget his misery, and, after drowning his grief for years in the drudgery of piano technic, he stepped forth into fame and fortune the irreproachable artist we know him to-day. As de Musset writes:

" L'homme est un apprenti, le doleur est son maitre,
(Man is an apprentice, sorrow is his master,)
Et nul ne se connait tant qu'il n'a pas souffert."
(And no one knows it so well as he who has suffered.)

Unfortunately, all who love art are capable of suffering for art's sake, but without talent the suffering is useless, needless, and a menace rather than a benefit to art. Of the millions of piano-players, painters, actors, and artists of all classes, there are not a thousand who gain by their suffering.

You can not stifle art in an artist; it is life itself. It can be warped or stunted, perhaps, but never killed. Glancing through the history of art we see no persecution has been able to kill it in those who are poets. The composer of "Carnival" and "Kreisleriana" could not be a lawyer, strive as he would. No amount of parental objections could stifle the love of color in Michael Angelo, and Keats was a poet in spice of his gallipots.

Happy is the artist whose destiny in life leads him through the roughest paths. "*Pour sentir l'homme a besoin des pleurs,*" * writes de Musset in his "Nuit d'Octobre," and if we study the lives of Beethoven, of Mozart, of Dante, Aristotle, Milton, or Chopin, we find its truth. The names of the great ones in art are also the names of those who have greatly suffered, and, although no one of himself seeks sorrow, yet destiny seems in its wisdom and kindness to mark out the artist for the cruelest attacks.

CREDIT TO WHOM CREDIT IS DUE.

BY HENRY C. LAHEE.

It may be generally conceded that every good music teacher and every conscientious student is desirous to assist in elevating the standard of musical accomplishment and musical taste in America, and yet there are certain conditions and customs in existence which seem likely to retard progress. Very much has been accomplished in the way of progress even in the past ten or fifteen years, and we are annually receiving many well-educated musicians from abroad, some of them foreigners, others Americans who have been studying abroad. It is plainly stated by many competent authorities that the teaching in America is better than the teaching abroad; but, be this as it may, it appears that American teachers labor under certain disadvantages which compel them in self-defense to work against the musical progress of the country. This may seem paradoxical, but let us see.

Whenever a young singer, or a young pianist, or violinist appears in public, the first question asked is, "Who is his teacher?" and the response given is sure to be the name of the last teacher under whom he studied or is now studying. It frequently happens that he has been but a short time a pupil of that teacher, and that by far the greater part of his knowledge has been gained in study with some other teacher, or perhaps several, whose names are not mentioned. He has "gone on" from one teacher to another, becoming more proficient constantly. It is quite likely that his last teacher is merely an adviser, or coach, and has had absolutely nothing to do with the technical development which has made possible the student's artistic success. In the eyes of the world the last teacher is "great," because he has succeeded in producing such a pupil. It may be said that a conscientious pupil will always acknowledge what he owes to his early teachers. That may be so,—sometimes it is so,—but generally he is not consulted. The teacher takes care that the credit of that pupil shall be given to him. Then, again, it frequently happens that in changing teachers the former teacher's work is discredited, and frequently with no other object than that of weaning the pupil. So the public only hears of the last teacher.

Nobody seems to be willing to give credit to the foundation teacher; so in self-defense he sends his pupils abroad rather than let them go to a finishing teacher in America who will rob him of the fruits of his labor and place him at a serious disadvantage. The finishing teacher, who gives style, is not the *rival* of the foundation teacher, any more than the painter is the rival of the stonemason. Without the work of the mason who builds a solid foundation, and of the carpenter who builds the structure, there would be very little use for the painter. Yet when the house is finished the work of the painter is that which is first noticed. Comparatively few people give a thought to the foundation and the frame if the decoration strikes the eye.

Most teachers of good ability dislike to be spoken of as preparing pupils for some other teacher who is looked upon by the community as rather a superior being, because so long as this idea exists he can not fail to suffer by comparison. He does not consider that he himself can teach the pupil all that it is necessary to know, for he is fully alive to the fact that a well-rounded musical education can not all be given by one person; but in his own interests he is obliged to send his pupils to some place where invidious comparisons can not be made.

Many an American student who has worked hard for five or six years in his native land goes to Europe to study, and in the course of a few months, or even weeks, is exhibited for the credit of his European instructor. This, strange to say, pleases the American teacher; while, if it happened in his own city, he would regard it as a calamity. The explanation given would be that Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or whatever place it may be, are art-centers. But we want to see New York, Boston, Philadelphia art-centers, in which a musician can gain a reputation, and this will never come to pass while the present relation of teachers to one another exists. The first thing to do in order to build up these cities, or any other American cities, as art-centers is to educate the public mind as to the true relative value of the foundation or technical teacher, and the finishing teacher, or coach.

In doing this, it is not at all necessary to detract from the reputation of the latter. He is not a rival, but a necessary adjunct to the former, to whom he is very much indebted, and to whom he should be, and occasionally is, willing to acknowledge his indebtedness.

* "In order to feel, one must have wept."

As matters stand to-day, there is comparatively little use for the finishing teacher in America, and he generally fails to make the fortune to which his prices would seem to lead ; for, in order to satisfy the American public, the musician must in any case study abroad before being acceptable, and he may just as well follow the advice of his foundation teacher and go at once. This seems to be one of several influences at work to prevent the development of art-centers in America ; and, while it is well for people not to lay too much stress upon the necessity of "going abroad," it is at least equally urgent that the foundation teacher at home should be accorded full credit for his work.

NERVOUSNESS BEFORE APPEARING IN PUBLIC.

BY J. FRANCIS COOKE, MUS.B.

In these bellicose times our veterans of the Civil and Spanish wars often speak of men who stood like iron while in the line of battle, but who were palsied with fear on the eve of a fight. Exactly the same thing occurs to many professional musicians, singers, and speakers. When once on the stage, the fear is gone ; but, Oh ! the apprehension that comes before the entrance. This occurs to every *true* artist, no matter how it may be concealed for the time being. Any one who is so self-confident or so diffident as to be absolutely regardless of an audience is not, in my opinion, a true artist. I feel that the following illustrations of nervousness among great artists will be encouraging to many young people who fear that they will never be able to cultivate sufficient self-reliance to appear in public. It has been my good fortune to have been present in the dressing rooms of many halls just before the entrance of the artists engaged to appear, and I hope that the behavior of some of those I have seen will be as interesting to all my readers as it has been to me.

I once asked Miss Maud Powell, the violiniste, just before an entrance, if there was anythiug I could do for her. Her reply was, "Nothing, unless you can do something for this dreadful nervousness." Yet, on the other side of the stage, the audience very probably sat admiring the wonderful composure of the player. Very few people realize what a martyrdom some public performances are to sensitive people. Public taste is so different in one part of the country from that of another that "touring" musicians rarely, if ever, know what sort of a reception awaits them.

Most every one is curious to know just what is occurring in the dressing-room before a performance. Many ridiculous assertions are heard from members of the audience. As an instance, all sorts of reports are circulated regarding the methods used by Paderewski to bring his hands into condition before playing. We are even told that he soaks them in warm water.

I once met Edward MacDowell in a dressing-room just before a recital. He was walking from one side of the room to the other, wringing his hands. This was not exactly due to nervousness, but was a very practical technical exercise under such conditions. He afterward told me that he had spent most of the previous twenty-four hours in a railroad car, and that such an exercise was indispensable. Mr. MacDowell also carries with him on concert tours an especially constructed piano-stool—a very substantial indorsement to the writings of those who insist upon a uniform height of position for pianists.

The different conduct of different people before a performance is often interesting to note. Xaver Scharwenka is quiet and thoughtful, while Max Heinrich is jovial and alert. Still, the performances of both are at times deep, brilliant, and uniformly artistic. Upon one occasion I chanced to be with a tenor of considerable note, whose name I will not divulge, for obvious reasons. I do not believe that I have ever been more amused. He had a dress suit case with him, and its contents were a revelation. The toilet table of Madame Recamier could not have been more completely equipped. Pomades, powders, lotions, eyebrow pencils, pills, hair oils, combs, brushes—everything. Still, I have heard this conceited fop sing the "Creation" and the "Redemption" in a style that simply compelled applause. It sometimes occurs that singers are unexpectedly troubled with a hoarseness that will mar an entire performance if not relieved. This tenor recommended a remedy for temporary throat troubles that I have since found to be popular with singers at such times. Of course, every one knows that means of this kind are to be avoided except in a case of emergency. It is a fifty per cent. mixture of syrup of tolu and glycerin ; taken in teaspoonful doses, when required, it is in no way dangerous. It is certainly safer and more seasonable than any of the tonic wines (coca, kola, etc.), and I find it much more generally used.

Do you ever think that while you are so comfortably seated in the audience a real tragedy is sometimes occurring in the dressing-room ? Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, at a New York engagement a few years ago, made a genuine heroine of herself. I have never known such an unfortunate condition of affairs at such a time. In the first place, she was so ill that any physician would have ordered her home, and furthermore a member of her family was very sick in the far West. The metamorphosis that occurred in her facial expression when she came from the stage to the dressing-room I shall never forget. The last number on the program was, of all things in piano literature, the Liszt-Schubert "Erl-König" ! She marched out upon the stage and, although on the verge of exhaustion, played the prodigious *bravura* passages with a speed and strength that would have been remarkable in a man in prime physical condition. All of our heroes are not in the army and navy, by any means !

At one concert I was summoned to the dressing-room by the attendant, only to find that the performer had packed his dress-suit case in the dark the night before, and had put in a shirt with a colored bosom. He was naturally irritable, and his neglect so infuriated him that we feared that the performance would have to be postponed. Of course, there was a hurried trip to the nearest haberdasher's. Fortunately for him, an indulgent

audience was content to wait twenty-five minntes after the advertised time for the oratorio to begin.

At the Marcy Avenue Baptist Church in Brooklyn, a few years ago, Ovide Musin, the Belgian violinist, was engaged to appear. He was very nervous upon this particular evening and, on entering the stage, mistook the proper door and found himself in the baptismal font, half full of water. I have laughed many times at the relation of the incident by a gentleman who was present, and assisted in procuring dry clothing after the exciting occurrence.

Mr. George Riddle, the famous reader, makes a practice of thinking over his interpretations before entering, and woe be unto the thoughtless intruder into the dressing-room. This is not an eccentricity, but is simply owing to the thoroughness of his methods.

Let an artist be at all popular, and he is liable to have his time in the dressing-room taken up with useless requests and often by downright nuisances. It is not unusual for some performers to be asked by absolute strangers for a flower worn during the performance.

All these annoyances contribute much to augment the natural nervousness of many performers.

Experience and time may remove the dread of entering the stage door, but we want no remedy to cure the anxiety to please and render one's performance artistic. To repeat a former statement, this very nervousness is the vital part of an artistic temperament.

There are times, however, when managers become so thoroughly discouraged with nervous performers that they threaten to dismiss the audience. It is often the case at pupils' recitals. What is to be done upon such an occasion? I heard a well-known teacher in New York tell a pupil that unless she played every note perfectly he would do all in his power to prevent her continuing with her music. The girl fainted and had to be taken to her home in a carriage, due solely to his impolitic intimidation. Threatening a person already nervous is the height of folly.

One of the best plans to relieve such an aggravated condition is to oblige the performer to lie down for ten or twenty minutes previous to the entrance and relax every muscle, after the method of Delsarte. Of course, this must be suggested and the performer must not feel that he is being compelled to rest against his will. Then, if possible, have some congenial person engage in a conversation with him upon subjects well removed from the coming entrance.

I have known this method to have been the salvation of many pupils' recitals where assurance and encouragement by the teacher would have been of little avail. It is well to remember, for nervousness once started in a dressing-room full of pupils often ends in a "stampede." Teachers know only too well what I mean by this.

CHANGES IN MUSICAL TASTE.

BY LOUIS C. ELSON.

MUSIC is the most changeable of all the arts and has absolutely no laws regarding its constrnction which may be regarded as immutable. This fact instead of being a confession of weakness is in reality a declaration of strength. Music is not a following ont of natural laws as painting and sculpture are, nor is it definite as poetry is; it may be regarded as an artificial application of a few natural laws. Nature, for example, gives to man the elements of a chord (in the harmonics or overtones), the pulsations of rhythm, and the regularity of vibration which pleases the ear and is called "tone," bnt not a single scale and not the simplest progression is indicated the natural "materia mnsica"; man applies the natural principles in any manner that pleases himself.

As a consequence, music becomes of all arts the closest to the human feeling; it changes as man changes; it is always on a level with his appreciation, always a true index of his emotional nature. It is not surprising, therefore, to find some music extravagantly praised, which, to our ears, would seem dissonant or ugly or puerile. All the old Greek and Roman writers pay tribute to the power of music and some of them grow enthusiastic over the art as practiced in ancient Athens; yet almost all authorities agree that this highly vaunted school of composition was nothing more than unison work, mere melody without any harmonic support or at most combined with a drone bass.

That one man's meat may be another man's poison in the matter of music may be shown by the experience of one of the Jesnit missionaries in China in the last century. Being a man of considerable musical attainments, he thought to ingratiate himself with his intended converts by winning their attention to his music. He therefore played and sang the finest European music to his Chinese friends whenever an opportunity was afforded. But the circle remained rather cold; a series of formal thanks gave evidence of Chinese politeness rather than of Oriental appreciation. At last he cornered one of his most intimate friends, a mandarin of high rank, and insisted upon knowing how he liked his music; the reply was peculiar: "Your European mnsic," said the official, "is very complex and ingenious, but it does not go to the heart like the simpler music of China." Those who have heard the Chinese caterwauling, accompanied by an instrumental din that is deafening, will be at a loss to understand this.

Yet if we take the broad definition of Fetis,—"Music is the art of moving the emotions by combinations of sound,"—the Chinese din and a Chopin noctnrne may both be classed as "mnsic."

The very appreciation of harmony is by no means universal. There are nations who imagine that accompaniment of chords or subsidiary parts obscures the beauty of the work.

It is very natural to find that music receives much of its power from an association of ideas. Let a melody be heard under happy circumstances, in days of childhood, and it may exert an especial charm upon a musician even when he has become advanced enough to recognize the fact that it is but a trashy composition. Perhaps this accounts for many a musician believing that music is deteriorating and sighing for the music of the good old

days. Aristophanes, 400 years B. C., sighs for the "good old times," and Shakspere voices the longing for old-fashioned music in "Twelfth Night," where the Duke says:

> . . . "Give me some music;—now good-morrow, friends; . . .
> Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
> That old and antique song we heard last night;
> Methought it did relieve my passion much;
> More than light airs and recollected terms,
> Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times."

But this same belief in the older forms of music sometimes leads the musician to do injustice to the present and to distrust the future. In 1722, for example, Rameau, the great French composer, believed that music had worn itself threadbare, that it could find no further means of expression, and that, therefore, it must soon die. "The art of music will soon be ended," he cried; yet the chief works of Bach and Handel, and all the compositions of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn,—in short, of all the composers we love to-day,—came after his pathetic outcry.

Yet the music of Rameau's time did pass away; it is just this change of character and style that causes music to be ever new and ever young. "Times change, and we change with them," says the old Latin proverb, but we can paraphrase the saying into "We change and music changes with us." There was a time when Haydn was accused of being overladen with harmony and was held to obscure his thoughts by complexity! What would the critics of that time have said to Richard Strauss or Berlioz? These changes in musical taste have not been confined to the construction of music alone, but musical instruments have gone in and out of fashion with the rolling centuries. In old Egypt it was the harp that ruled all the rest and gave to the old Scriptural writers (for Israel copied Egypt in its instruments) the idea of describing it as the instrument of heaven. In Greece it was the flute which led in music and, as a consequence, ancient Rome made the flute its religious instrument, just as the organ is the religious instrument of modern Christendom. In the time of good Queen Bess it was the lute which became the fashionable instrument, and the difficulty of tuning the instrument to changes of key led the composers of the old suites to keep to a single key throughout—a custom which even Bach followed in his instrumental suites.

And now the piano thrusts aside its predecessors and is *par excellence* the instrument of the nineteenth century. Who can predict what will happen in music in the twentieth? It is possible that electricity will be applied to the piano so that it may produce the swell of the voice or the vibrato of the violin; in composition it is probable that there will be a recession from the wild efforts to go beyond Wagner in difficulty and in freedom of form, and the old may once more become the new, the melodic richness of past composers be united to the vivid orchestral effects of the present.

Without, however, entering the realm of prophecy, the past teaches us that music was never intended for a fixed science; its chameleon changes only reflect the changes in the nerves and sensibilities of mankind, the changes in his social surroundings; a biologist might construct from the music of the world a fair outline of many of its physical conditions; history reflects itself in music, and the many evolutions and transformations of music only prove more strikingly its right to the title of "The Art Eternal."

PROBLEMS.

BY HENRY HOLLEN.

Treatment of Pupils.

A GOOD deal of complaint emanates from teachers, now and then, to the effect that their pupils are averse to the practice of scales, and that this rebellious disposition interferes with their proper progress. In many cases pupils discontinue study under a teacher to whom, although he is probably conscientious, they yet attach a thousand faults and shortcomings. They may resume study under an instructor whom they herald as "more interesting because he does not burden us with those horrid scales," or they may stop the study of music altogether, giving as a reason that it "failed to meet their expectations, and was fearfully dry." It often happens that parents, ignorant of the needs of a student and of the duties of a teacher, withdraw their children from the care of their instructors and place them under Professor So-and-so, who teaches his pupils to play "pretty little pieces" after they have been under his watchful eye for three weeks. How often have mothers complained of an instructor because their daughters have studied with him for three long months, and yet were unable to play a waltz or a march, but were kept hammering away at scales and exercises! Again, how often they praised another instructor because he taught "Mrs. Smith's daughter, just across the way, many pretty pieces within three weeks after she entered his studio!" Alas, we have all heard of these cases, and have met with them in our experience. Only a short time ago a struggling teacher recited to me a tale of woe which was a very good example of the many we hear at frequent intervals. He had just entered the profession, conscientious and well equipped with all that goes to make up a teacher, but lacking, like many instructors, the ability to use good judgment in the minor matters which he met with in his vocation. After a hard struggle he managed to secure a goodly share of pupils. His prospects were very encouraging until, one by one, in gradual succession, several of his most promising pupils, and some not so promising, left him. After some inquiry he ascertained the cause, and several mothers admitted that they had lost faith in his ability because "my boy" or "my girl was not taught to play a single piece." He was informed that "Professor Steinswitch had greater success, as he guaranteed to teach his pupils the 'Mocking-bird,' 'Home, Sweet Home,' and 'Papa's Waltz' after a very few lessons." He went home very discouraged, but his hard luck set him to thinking, and in two weeks' time I was gratified that he had made a few changes in his method of teaching.

Remember that your pupils are specimens of human nature, and they demand judicious treatment if the best results are to be gotten. Dispense scales with your best judgment. Scales are invaluable, but used in the wrong manner and without due discrimination they become sources of evil. It is not wise to overload the beginner with scales and exercises. Give him a tuneful little piece now and then. There are many compositions for primary students—pieces which, if given at intervals, would encourage him and lighten the labor of more serious study—scales and exercises. Not alone to children is the study of scales trying, but to older people as well, and many a great artist has found that it is not the most congenial task. The greatest drawback to learning to play the piano is the drudgery of practicing scales. Eugen D'Albert once discovered a way of preventing all the time thus devoted to finger-exercises from being a dead loss to the mind. One day, while watching a woman who was knitting and reading at the same time, the thought occurred to him, "Why should I not play and read at the same time?" He tried it, and found that it was easily done. This practice, of course, would be absurdly impracticable when applied to students, but the illustration should remind us at least that pupils, especially young pupils, should not be fed on études and scales alone, because such work, if it can not be called a drudgery, yet requires a strong concentration of energy in order to accomplish the end sought for.

The teacher who insists that his pupil shall study nothing but scales and exercises for the first three months, and who laughs at the idea of giving a little tuneful music now and then, need not be surprised if many of his pupils leave him before the three months' limit has expired. Such hard fortune would not only be natural, but it would open his eyes to the folly of his course.

Selection of Pieces.

Much bad judgment is exercised in the selection of material for students. Many teachers can doubtless trace their poor results to blunders made in selecting pieces. Instructors very often make the mistake of giving difficult pieces to pupils whose preparation does not warrant it. Many, especially young teachers, select pieces because they are brilliant and melodious, and the question of the grade of difficulty is not considered. Others are prompted by the feeling which urges them to include in their pupils' programs, ambitious compositions by the classic composers. "They forget that a simple melody well played is preferable at all times to an ambitious morceau, whose difficulties cause the performer to halt and stumble. An examination of the musical portfolio of our average young ladies by one uninitiated would lead him to suppose these performers of the highest caliber. Liszt, Rubinstein, Raff, and in fact every famous concert composer, will be found represented, while the owner thereof, most likely, will be unable to play even one bar of their music correctly." Difficult and florid arrangements of orchestral scores, weighty transcriptions, and ponderous variations are often given indiscriminately. The ability of the student is apparently not consulted, but the whim of the teacher or the parent is the ruling power.

There are teachers who would scorn to wander outside the boundary of the classics for pieces. "Holding aloft the names of Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, and Chopin,—the first one, however, the favorite,—they look with horror on all lesser lights, yet often wonder at the lack of interest shown by their pupils and their frequent changes to other masters." This apathy so often exhibited by pupils is not to be wondered at. They are surfeited with the classics, and finally lose all interest in their work. It is not to be presumed that every student can appreciate Bach. It would be most unwise to believe that young students can be nourished on the music of Mozart or Beethoven. Some never arrive at that point where they can digest the classics. Others become stereotyped when continually fed on this diet. It is a pity that some instructors think that outside the domain of great masters there is nothing available for teaching purposes. "Give us the very greatest," they cry, as they canter away on their classical hobbies. The teacher who, when his pupil is weary after a long struggle with a Beethoven sonata, presents him with a composition in a lighter caliber,—say a salon piece, for instance,—is wise indeed. Pieces of this character are many, and I need only stop to point out as examples Loeschhorn's "Dora Bella," "A Venice," and "La Belle Amazone"; Blumenthal's "La Source" and "La Caressante"; Kullak's "La Gazelle," "La Coquette," "Perles d'Ecume," and "Valse de Salon"; Gernsheim's "Romance," and Goldbeck's "Flashes from the West," "Harmonic Poems," and the "Mexican Dances." A well-known teacher says that "in teaching it is desirable to cultivate the lesser lights also, besides insisting on a steady diet of the classics," and every intelligent member of the profession will agree with him.

Encouraging Pupils.

Encouragement is a powerful moving agent. It is that which makes for progress; in fact, progress is almost certainly impossible without it. Everybody is influenced by it, and more especially children. A judicious teacher can accomplish great results by its use. Encourage your pupils by praising their good points. Those teachers who exhibit erratic tempers, and who can discern nothing but that which is faulty in their pupils' work, are legion. Show your pupils that you appreciate their good points. Sometimes it will become necessary to be severe in your dealings with them; but, under all circumstances, employ severity judiciously. Encourage your pupils by showing that you take an interest in their welfare. Show it by giving them a little extra time now and then, when it is necessary. Do not begrudge this little extra time; your pupils will discern your motive. Do not follow the example of the pedant who glances at his watch a half dozen times during the course of the lesson and breathes a sigh of relief when the hour comes to a close. When your pupil asks you a question, answer it fully and politely to the best of your ability, and do not

reply in such a manner that he might infer that you think he is imposing on your precious time. If he asks a question which in your opinion is absurd, do not advertise your opinion by laughing or otherwise ridiculing it. Some are easily offended. Refer them to helpful and interesting articles as they appear in the magazines. Offer to them the use of your library, and suggest a course of reading. All these seemingly trifling things will "concentrate themselves into a mighty power," and your attentions will not be unrewarded.

I have in mind a teacher—in fact, he was my instructor—to whom it was almost a force of habit to encourage his pupils. Not only did he lend them music and literature, but he played for them when the lesson hour was over, and in this and many other ways made it clear that he was interested in them.

The Art of Being Energetic.

"There are many hard and earnest workers who fail because they lack talent; but, on the other hand, there are many faithful students who, through energetic work and increasing diligence, outstrip those who have greater gifts." You may be the possessor of exceptional talent, and you may have had a good preparation for your vocation, but, notwithstanding this, success may not be yours. There are too many who rely on talent. You may be a gifted pianist, versed in theory, polished in harmony, counterpoint, and composition, but this fact alone will not fill your studio. Many of that caliber have failed. You must put forth effort. "The diligent hand maketh rich," is the proverb, and the individual about to launch his boat on professional waters could do no better than to apply it to himself. Teachers complain of small classes, and an unappreciative public, and in many cases these very men, though fully competent members of their profession so far as scholarly attainments go, are those who forget that in order to be successful in any line of work one must be active. A business-like music-teacher is not met with very often. In fact, it has become a trite saying that musicians are impracticable people. At any rate, it is certain that those of our profession who employ business-like methods when dealing with the world at large are the most successful. With all due regard for a man's attainments, it is safe to say that, to a certain extent at least, one's musicianship alone will not bring him to the front. A man without push and energy can not withstand the intense rivalry and competition of this age. He who is the best able to deal with men comes to the front rank. Do not make a throne of your attainments, and lean upon it for support; be active and energetic.

THE STRUGGLE FOR A PUBLIC CAREER.

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

Looking back to twenty-five or thirty years ago, I can not remember that in those days we had musical agencies such as now exist by the dozen, and yet so necessary are these establishments to the musical life of to-day that it seems to me there must have been something of the kind; for how did the aspirants for musical fame of that time get themselves before the public, and where did the choral and other musical societies that flourished then find their artists?

As a matter of fact, the business existed then, but on a small scale. Several large piano houses kept a list of artists who might be called upon to sing or to play for a consideration. Finally, as the clerk who attended to this department found his work growing, he blossomed out into a full-fledged musical agent with a set of offices and a corps of clerks. The immense growth in the number of singers and players turned out yearly by conservatories all over the country, and the rise of small and large musical societies, chiefly choral, in our towns and villages, has made the musical agent a necessity, so that to-day he has become a power with which the public performer, from the humblest to the greatest, has to reckon.

As the musical agent, if he is a man of intelligence, must know a good deal about the things that make for the success or the failure of the public performer, I ventured to ask Mr. Henry Wolfsohn—one of the most active and successful agents of to-day—for some opinions upon this score from his purely business point of view. I know that for several years Mr. Wolfsohn has been besieged almost daily by professional performers—veterans as well as beginners—who want an opportunity to delight and perhaps amaze the public. For some of these applicants he has found plenty of work; for the great majority he has been able to do nothing.

"A musical agent," said Mr. Wolfsohn, "is a business man first of all, but, of course, he has to be something of a musician as well. He watches very keenly the careers of the people whom he helps to place before the public, and if his judgment is bad as to what will please, his business will soon come to an end. Scores of little musical societies, or social organizations, or even private persons, wishing to give musical entertainments, constantly apply to him to furnish attractions, and, as a rule, they take what he offers in the way of a singer, a violinist, or a pianist. If the artist pleases, the agent receives part of the credit; if not, he gets all of the blame. Do you wonder that I am anxious to know all about the people I recommend?

"Of course, in the case of artists already before the public and possessing a certain reputation, we rely largely upon what the newspapers say. Our scrap-books show, for instance, that Miss A. was uniformly well received and spoken of in a concert tour through New York State, while Miss B. was barely tolerated. Thus people who apply to us for artists can see at a glance what is said of Miss A. or Miss B., both artists who may have been recommended to them. But in the case of singers and players utterly unknown or virtually so, the agent has to make up his own mind as to whether they are worth recommending. As a general rule, they are not; and if anything that you can say in print will deter nineteen out of twenty of the young people now hoping for a public career, you will be doing a favor to

the public, to these young people themselves, and, finally, to the musical agents.

"I suppose that I receive twenty calls a week from young men and women, chiefly the latter, who want me to help them to appear before the public. Usually they bring with them some newspaper scraps from their local village or town papers praising them up to the skies. The more extravagant the praise, the less I expect. Once a week I hold a sort of examination, when I listen to those who choose to come and sing or play. It is rather a dreary sort of concert. As a rule, it doesn't require two minutes to show complete incompetence—one minute is often more than enough. I suppose that in the latter case I ought to say that I can do nothing and that the case is hopeless, but I haven't the heart to do it, and I say that I will do what I can.

"Hundreds, literally hundreds, of these young people—some of them not so very young—pass through my rooms every year and drift on to other agents. How many do you think ever amount to anything and are heard of again? About one in a hundred. *Punch*'s advice to those about to marry ought to be blazoned in shining letters over the doors of the scores of teachers and conservatories who make a specialty of preparing people for the concert or the operatic stage.

"The mania to play or sing in public ends so often in misery and disappointment that to encourage a girl to hope for a public career is nothing short of criminal, unless her gifts are most remarkable. The weary waiting, the struggle against poverty, the hoping against hope, are pitiable. I have known families to be broken up and ruined, the father neglecting his business to come here and waste months and months in trying to get a daughter before the public, finally returning home broken in pocket and spirit. I have known a man to break up his home and live in a cheap boarding-house in order to send his daughter and wife to Europe so that the girl might become an artist. He would have done better to have thrown his money into the gutter.

"If a girl has genius and a great voice, no amount of discouragement will avail, so that I feel authorized to say, when called on by the anxious father or mother for advice, Don't. Some people imagine that the life of a concert singer in New York is one of perpetual bliss. If they could only know of the heart-burnings, the petty intrigues, the scandal, the disappointments, that await even a fairly successful singer!

"Nine-tenths of the singers and players who come here fresh from the schools and conservatories and boldly ask me to get them engagements have neither voice, technic, musical taste, nor personal magnetism—all essentials for a successful career upon the stage. They hear, for instance, that good concert sopranos earn large salaries, and have more engagements than they can fill; which is perfectly true, as in all professions there is room at the top. There is not in New York to-day one soprano concert singer of the very first rank—of the rank, say, of Clementine de Vere or Lillian Blauvelt. This place is empty for the present, and there are fully five hundred applicants for it. It takes more than a voice to make a great singer, more than technic, more than European study; you must have all these combined.

"Talking of European study, by the way, although we have excellent musical schools in this country, the fact remains that all the concert singers who have made fine positions have almost invariably studied for some years in Europe; but the time to go to Europe for study is when a singer has already obtained a certain position here. I know, as a business man, that, so far as the public is concerned, it does not matter a particle whether a singer has studied in Europe or not. The men who come to me to engage singers for the concerts of their societies never ask whether the singers studied in Europe, but whether they pleased the audience of this or that town. An audience applauds a singer because they like the singing, and know nothing, and care less, as to where or how the singer studied.

"Tell the young woman with musical aspirations to stay at home and remain content as the star of the village choir and occasional lyceum concert until the neighboring villages begin to demand her services. There is actually more money in singing at a village concert than in New York, if you are unknown. People seldom know what it costs to give a concert in this concert-ridden city and how few tickets the public will buy.

"I will give you one instance from actual experience: A pianist quite well known in Europe came here a few years ago and announced a concert. His expenses for rent of hall, advertising, and printing amounted to more than $300. What do you think the receipts were? Bear in mind that his name was well known to musical people, and that his concert was well advertised. The receipts were exactly $7.50."

UNCHARITABLENESS AMONG MUSICIANS.

BY WARD STEPHENS.

"I COULD N'T get out of Paris soon enough to please me. I have never been in a city where there is so much backbiting; where musicians say so many mean, nasty, and uncharitable things about fellow-musicians. In the course of a conversation with Miss B—— I would venture to say a few words of praise about Miss A——'s good work, whereupon Miss B—— would resent most indignantly my honest criticism and hurl so many disagreeable remarks at me about Miss A——'s throaty voice, bad intonation, horrible French, poor style, abominable method, unattractive personality, and her unpaid board bills that I wished I had kept my opinion regarding Miss A—— to myself. 'Why,' she would continue, 'Miss A—— has been studying with that horrible fraud, Mr. S——; he almost ruined my voice in six months and none of his pupils know how to sing.' I called upon all of the prominent voice teachers while in the French capital and, with but two exceptions, there was not one who didn't have an uncharitable remark to make about fellow-teachers. I left Paris disgusted

with the French, with my own countrymen, and with musicians in general."

The speaker was a gentleman well known to the musical world, and, as it had been my intention for some time to write a few words on this subject for publication, his remarks suggested my doing so at once.

Musicians in general have the name of being a jealous and uncharitable lot of people, and my personal experience has taught me that in general we are worthy such a fame. Voice teachers probably indulge more in petty jealousies than any other class of musicians. However, I am glad to say in behalf of the honest profession that many teachers of singing are very bad musicians. Still, as I must use the term in its common acceptation, this body of bread-earners properly come under the head of "musicians."

No one will deny that a tenor singer is a very touchy person to have anything to do with. His voice is the gift of God, and no human being ever possessed such a beautiful voice. There is blood in his eye the moment you ask him if he ever heard Mr. R——k in "Tristan," and in his jealous rage he tells you that Mr. R——k not only has a poor conception of the part, but that he is not the possessor of a tenor voice, anyway, and proudly adds, "Now, my voice is a pure tenor," and then compares it to the voice of some great tenor singer long dead. He never by any chance compares it to that of any one living.

As you are leaving the concert-hall after a brilliant performance of the Tschaikowsky Concerto by Mr. J——, a man with a fur-lined overcoat—or, I might better say, an overcoat with a little man—comes in your direction and a voice commands you to stop. It says, further, "Well, what did you think of Mr. J——'s performance?" You reply that it was the most satisfactory and enjoyable performance that you had ever heard. The little voice retorts: "Bah! There is no breadth to his playing; he also lacks sentiment, and I thought it was altogether a very bad performance. Now, I am going to play that work next Thursday afternoon. Allow me to offer you some tickets. Come and hear me; I think you will like my conception better than Mr. J——'s." This same individual has, of course, seen nothing good in Mr. J——'s playing. He could n't; he is too self-important, too narrow-minded, too uncharitable.

Probably he has accepted a "limited number of pupils," and here is where the real harm is done. Nine out of every ten of these uncharitable persons do not deserve the name of musicians, and are not bona fide musicians. You will probably say that none of them are musicians; but I can not agree with you there. I have often been surprised at the bitter and uncharitable remarks of musicians whose ability can not be questioned. They positively refuse to acknowledge anything good in the work of their enemies or those for whom they have a personal dislike. What a pity that these men are not more manly or, to say the least, honest!

One day last week I attended a recital in Carnegie Hall, given by Mr. Moritz Rosenthal. Directly behind me sat two young girls who annoyed me by their continual chatter. I overheard many of their remarks, and their conversation led me to infer that they saw nothing good in Mr. Rosenthal's piano-playing—in fact, I might say that they were determined not to look for anything good or helpful to a student. They had never heard Mr. Rosenthal play, but their teacher, Mr. D—— had, and they had been told all about the brutal work of this artist before they entered the hall. "My, how he thumps!" "What a very unmusical touch!" "How fast he plays! is n't it absurd!" "Well, Jessie, you know Mr. D—— told us to watch for those things; he is only a technician, and has no music in him at all." "Mr. D—— is right when he says that there is only one pianist in the world, and that is Paderewski." "He's a darling! oh, how I love him!" "Of course, we must tell Mr. Wolfsohn that we think he is fine, or we would never get any more complimentary tickets."

Oh, ye uncharitable teachers! Do you realize the harm you are doing? Do you appreciate your power, your influence, over the undeveloped musical mind? Do you, for a moment, stop to think that you are standing in the way of your own happiness and depriving your pupils of an equal, if not greater, amount? Can you not see the injurious effect of your uncharitableness, of your dishonesty? You are musically responsible for every pupil who comes to you for help. They have absolute and blind faith in you, especially when the pupil is very young. They expect you to be their guide, to teach them how to discriminate between that which is good and that which is bad in the musical world, to help them to an honest appreciation of art. What have you done? Stuffed them with prejudice, prejudice, and prejudice—the result of your own narrow-mindedness, selfishness, and uncharitableness. You, who have n't nerve enough to walk across a stage, let alone ability to play "Happy Farmer," were some one to seat you at the piano,—you, who never attend a concert unless given a complimentary ticket; you, who either swear by a fad or the artist who condescends to speak to you; you, who think your own studio with a class of admiring pupils the whole world, and see nothing but your own importance; you, who can not appreciate art, who can not be honest with yourself and with your pupils,—you, who can not be charitable, get out of the profession and shovel mud; it would be more becoming and, I've no doubt, more natural to handle.

The man who *can* do something worthy is generally charitable toward his fellow-men and fellow-students. He can appreciate the efforts of others, and, instead of looking for that which is bad in the work of an artist, he discerns that which is good. And this is his reward!

Now, it is seldom that one finds every good quality in any one artist, and it is an unpardonable blunder on the part of any teacher not to endeavor to find out just where this or that artist excels, and to instruct his pupils accordingly. It is pretty safe to say of all the pianists who come to this country heralded as great artists, and who appear with the New York Philharmonic Society or the Boston Symphony Orchestra, that there is something worthy in their playing or they would never be offered to the public under such auspices.

By way of illustration, let us take Mr. Rosenthal. His playing may not be altogether pleasing to you. He may annoy you by his tempo in the Rubinstein "Valse Caprice," or in the finale of the Symphonic Etudes by Schumann, but what can yon say of his playing of the last movement in the Chopin Sonata, or the finale of the Beethoven Sonata "Appassionata"? It is right here that we need Mr. Rosenthal especially. His prodigious technic makes it possible for him to produce effects in these two numbers where other artists have failed.

Now let me take another artist, Mr. de Pachmann. Have you heard him play, or rather attempt, the Beethoven Sonata or the Symphonic Etudes? If so, you will probably agree with me in saying that here he is out of his element. But have you heard him play Chopin or some of the Henselt Etudes? Mr. de Pachmann's Chopin playing is unexcelled, and students should never fail to hear him in a Chopin recital.

In Mr. Paderewski we have a hypnotic pianist. He lacks the power of a Rosenthal, and the delicacy of a de Pachmann; but need I say more than that he has proved himself a satisfactory artist?

Are you interested in Brahms? Hear Mr. Joseffy in a Brahms concert and you will leave the concert-hall a richer man by far for having heard him.

Would you spend an hour or two with a good, all-round healthy artist? Go to hear Mr. Emil Sauer when he plays in this country.

To pupils I would say never miss an opportunity to hear Joseffy, d'Albert, Sauer, Paderewski, Siloti, de Pachmann, Rosenthal, Carreño, Bloomfield-Zeissler, Aus der Ohe, J. Hoffmann, Sherwood, Godowsky, or, in fact, any great artist. Don't look for the bad, but try to appreciate the good. Do not forget that you are a student and are trying to lay a substantial foundation. Do not ruin your career by prejudice; try to be broad-minded in your views, and above all be charitable in your criticisms. Remember, also, that some day you may be before the public fighting for artistic honors and you will expect that same public to receive you kindly and appreciate your years of drudgery.

I have spoken of one class of musicians; but, thank God, there are many members of the profession who *are* charitable, unselfish, noble, and free from petty jealousies. How their kind words put new life into a man and encourage him to strive for the best in art. They are the true musicians; they are the teachers who are of some use to their pupils; they are honest with themselves, cautious in their criticisms lest they misguide a pupil, straightforward in their dealings with fellow-musicians, —they are *men* and *women*, and the profession is proud of them.

In looking over some letters the other day I came across one from Mr. William H. Sherwood, in which he says, "I think it is always better to speak well of people or not at all." This is just like Mr. Sherwood's charitable nature, and I think all who know him well will say that he has a good word for every conscientious musician.

In conclusion, I want to say a word about uncharitable criticism passed upon a musician's long hair. It is not, as many persons think, all for publicity. The great concert artists are a nervous, sensitive class of men. Every one knows that the quickness and complication of the brain and nerve movements in piano-playing—from the page to the eye, from the eye to the fingers—are the most wonderful the human organization is capable of. Samson's strength was in his hair—that is an allegory. Yet who knows but what the physiologist will be able some day to explain the truthfulness of what many of us already know empirically, that these long locks, by their weight, their heat, their electric or magnetic properties, or other hidden virtues, may effect a precious protection to these excruciatingly sensitive nerves? Why does my dog howl when I play? They say it is because it causes actual pain in his ears. Pianists do not wear their hair *en bandeaux*, hiding their ears, like Merode at the opera, it is true; but ought not their consensus in the practice speak for itself?

THE STATUS OF MUSIC-STUDY IN AMERICA.

BY WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD.

It is well known that teachers of music in Europe have an advantage over the best teachers in America, irrespective of merit, by reason of the prestige which attaches itself in the minds of our fellow-countrymen to all things European. It can, however, be learned, by those desirous of knowing the facts in the case, that upon this continent we are at the present time developing in the minds of our pupils a most practical and scientific training. This training not only embraces the power of analysis of music, but also the physiologic knowledge of the cultivation of independent muscles and steady nerves, as best adapted to the artistic delivery of music in piano-playing and otherwise.

If we are to get the credit that our musical talent and playing rightfully deserves, our people should think twice before taking the effusions of inexperienced schoolgirls who go abroad to study as proofs of the superiority of European methods and teachers over our own.

Nowhere in the world have the mechanical sciences or the intelligent adaptation of means to an end in all kinds of education been better developed than in the United States of America. There is just as much musical talent here in proportion to the population as anywhere else in the world, and in a great many respects there are better conditions for its cultivation. I will go so far as to say that in our large cities, like Chicago and Boston, there is quite as much opportunity to enjoy that so-called "musical atmosphere" as there is elsewhere.

Under such circumstances, it would be but an act of justice, fair play all around, for some of our wealthy philanthropists who are providing so magnificently for universities, art institutes, symphony orchestras, etc., to bestow some of their attention upon the desirability of providing a fund, under proper restrictions, for the education of deserving young students of music.

Many recent bequests and endowments to the educa-

tional institutions in Chicago place that city apparently in the very front rank, on account of the public spirit of enlightened philanthropy of her wealthy citizens. Through such generosity the university students and the students in the art musenm can get the best of instruction at a nominal price, besides, in many cases, being provided with the means of earning their own living meanwhile.

Constantly I am in receipt of letters from young people who wish to study music and to fit themselves to become teachers. In many instances they are not able to pay the expenses of the tuition of first-class music teachers, and to provide for the other necessary disbursements as well, but are invariably asking if I can get them something to do to earn a living, and to help defray the cost. From an acquaintance with very many such students I am prepared to affirm that in a majority of instances they are the very ones who ought to be assisted in obtaining a few years of quiet, undisturbed study in the art. These people show talent, intelligence, and character, and it is my belief that they have a right, a claim upon the community for a good musical education quite as much as the students in other branches, who are more favored by these recent magnificent bequests.

It is a conceded fact that it is the duty of the parents to provide for their children during the time they are growing up ; it seems to me that it is equally the duty for an enlightened community to provide for the education of its young. While, however, so mnch has been done to make Chicago a great center of education and art culture, there has been vastly little done in the department of music. I look upon the education of young people as an important investment, and, therefore, I very much wish that those who possess much wealth, not only in Chicago, but in other cities as well, who feel that they wish to bestow some of it for the benefit of their fellow-beings, would provide a fund for cases such as have been mentioned above, this fnnd to be used if the recipient is found deserving and capable, and to be paid back without interest, or else at a low rate of interest. It would undoubtedly be a great misfortune if such a bequest should be bestowed without due regard to merit, or tied up to some particular clique or institution. I believe, however, that the time is ripe for munificently disposed art patrons and philanthropists to take the initiative step in this matter.

It is a great misfortune to the entire country that there are so many incompetent music teachers, often incompetent from mere lack of funds and opportnnity to study and to equip themselves thoroughly for their life-work. If the system of which I have spoken were in vogue to a greater degree, there would be fewer instructors in music unqualified to fulfil the duties of their vocation. As matters now stand, students try to rush the work of years into months of study, and go out into the world as teachers before they have fully mastered the principles of their art.

The old fashion that prevails in Europe, the apprenticeship system of seven years' service, has its merits. There the student is obliged to spend many years in correct and thorough study and in sound and true preparation for a future career ; in America it is all feverish excitement and undue haste and a struggle for superiority in positions, instead of a conscientious desire fully to comprehend one's subject. In this respect European methods are vastly superior to our own ; in most other respects we can equal or even excel them.

It is certainly very commendable that students who are limited in regard to money for their living during their pursuit of art should be willing to work hard and deprive themselves of many necessary things in order to develop their talent. Many a career has been cut short or dwarfed of its possibilities by various obstacles, the chief and most important being that of an obligation to earn one's daily bread.

Large centers like Chicago and Boston, where the opportunities of studying are the greatest, are, unfortunately, the places where a student finds the most difficulty in making a living and paying expenses. Many of the young people who have thus to make their own way in the world are children who have been bereft of a parent's care at an early age. One left in this manner and thrown upon the world to earn his own living is not so fully equipped to enter upon the battle of life as one who has had that care during the years when the mind and other faculties can be improved and developed to the best advantage.

Many of the people of America have the magnetic power of attracting money in large quantities, building up for themselves colossal fortunes. We find our wealthy people forming trusts and making many large and excellent investments ; but what investment in material resources can exceed an investment in the development of brain and character?

It is a great misfortune to the community, as well as to the resident musician, that so much of the musical patronage of our people is diverted to sending music students abroad instead of making provision for them to pursue their study in their own country in a quiet, undisturbed way, not having to think of expense, for the same length of time that would be required of them at the art centers of Europe.

It is much to be deplored that the wealthy people of America patronize foreign visiting talent in such undue proportion to that of home talent. We have in our midst many excellent artists, both vocal and instrumental, who for many years have devoted their time and talent to the upbuilding of musical art in this country ; why should they be so overlooked while artists who have no national claim upon our sympathies and support receive large amounts of money (which rightfully belong to our own country) that they, the foreign artists, may take abroad and spend in another land that which the brain and muscle of this land has spent many years in amassing? It seems inconsistent and prejudiced.

Often is heard the statement, "We have no distinctive school of American music." This would not be the case if our millionaires would apportion some of their superabundant wealth to the founding of some institu-

tion where the talent of our native artists could be directed in the teaching of the young and as yet undeveloped musical mind in distinctive lines, forming a purely national college, not a one-sided, narrow-minded establishment, but a musical university upon a broad national basis. Endowments of this nature and the spending of American-made money in America would do much to bring about a better and higher state of musical standing and culture than at present holds in our community.

Music lovers should not allow some narrow favoritism toward this or that faction to encourage them in the habit of decrying the efforts of other artists than their favorites, or even of going to the length of maligning those in the same field as their particular partizans. It is a very easy thing to destroy the finest work of art which may have taken years to build up with a single rough, indiscriminate blow. The best efforts of our cultivated musicians require such an amount of self-sacrifice, patient and intellectual development of talent, that one should strive, for the cause of the art, to seek the good in them and bear lightly with their faults.

These remarks do not apply to mediocrity. The appearance of amateurish and undeveloped persons in the concert field is certainly not to be encouraged.

AM I MUSICAL?

BY W. J. BALTZELL.

One of those cold nights that we had in the early part of December I sat in my comfortable easy chair and listened to the howling of the wind outside. A warm room, pleasant surroundings, and no work that I cared to do caused me to let fancy have full sway, and one thought that came up in my mind led to a train of ideas that took something like coherent shape.

What is a musical nature? Have I one, beyond any room for doubt? What are the distinguishing characteristics of a musical nature? Does it depend upon degree of sensibility to musical impressions? Is it to any great extent a particular intellectual endowment? How far is intellect involved?

These are some of the questions that came in the train of my first thought. I wish I could get away from analysis sometimes, and simply revel in pure emotionalism, without wondering what it is that makes me feel, and why I feel a certain way and not another.

This is how it started. I had been to an opera performance with a friend who has never, by any one, been deemed musical. We listened to one act. During the wait between acts he hummed part of an air that the baritone had sung, and yet I could not have done so had I been asked. Now, if I am musical, why should the case not have been just the reverse? I can memorize a piece easily; I can jot down a melody played, sung, or whistled to me, and, at times, even catch the proper key; yet when I hear a melody played or sung it does not stay with me unless I consciously determine to possess it. And then I get not only melody but harmony as well. Now, which is the more truly, fundamentally musical nature, my friend's or mine? I must concentrate my mind to get what he seems unconsciously to absorb. Am I only intellectually musical?

Then another thing. Many persons will attend concerts and tell you how agreeably or disagreeably, how exquisitely or how torturingly, the music worked upon them. They can weave a whole chain of sensations, highly colored enough to make the most gorgeous of Oriental rugs, and this, they say, is what goes on in their minds when they listen to music. It rasps them, it ravishes them, it captivates, it titillates every nerve-fiber of their sensory system as no other excitant can. Is this to be musical? Then I fear I am not musical, and, what is more, I never can be.

I like music, and I enjoy—at least hitherto I always thought I did—listening to music as much as any one else; but I confess I have never been so emotionally disturbed as some of my friends in our private musical confessionals have owned to have been. If one dares believe what they say, there is no more potent agent of good or evil than this abstraction which we call music.

For my part, I am disposed to be incredulous when I hear such remarks. Every person is something of a poet, and the latter-day race of musical enthusiasts suggests to the cynically disposed doubter the question whether or not the early rhapsodists did not leave posterity or have undergone reincarnation.

It seems to me that a thorough musical training must take away that lively sensibility to the surface elements of music and compel the mind to take cognizance of the intellectual elements in a composition. The musician looks for man's work, not spirits' work; hence he must concentrate in order to take in certain things that a non-musical person takes up at once. The trained musician takes notice of many elements, such as the work of the composer, the artist, in all the details possible, while the untrained musical enthusiast is attracted by the most salient point, the melody that is being sung or played. The one is apt to think, while the other simply feels. But when it comes to expressing the degree of feeling, I very much fear that weak human nature yields to the temptation to exaggerate its sensibility to musical impressions and thus magnify itself.

I fear I take a too intellectual view of art, but I know that I have never been ready to faint owing to the overpowering sensations superinduced in my nervous system by musical performance. I will not say that I have not attended some performances when I would even have been willing to faint if I had not been able to get out some other way.

Well, my reverie ended. I had not determined whether or not I dared consider myself musical in the ground sense of the word or only a musician by force of training. I shall not miss the chance to appeal to all to be honest with themselves, and not try to say how much they feel, but be content to know that music can and does make them better men and women, and that it lightens the toil of the day and the burden of life.

EDUCATION AND ITS DEMANDS UPON THE MODERN TEACHER.

BY E. A. SMITH.

For many of the thoughts in the following article I am indebted to David P. Page, A.M., whose work upon "Teaching" recently came into my hands. While reading it, the idea occurred to me of taking notes, with the view of presenting to the readers of The Etude an application of some of the theories advanced, which have as much value to the teacher of music as to the teacher in the public schools.

In writing these notes I have applied the rule of addition and subtraction as pleased my fancy; and with no other apology for so much plagiarism than to be of some assistance to my fellow-teachers, I herewith present the summary of that work.

Qualifications Necessary for a Successful Teacher.

It is at once assumed that the teacher must have some natural ability, else there would be nothing substantial upon which to build. The next supposition is that this ability has been developed by study in one or in many directions. Then there awaits him the great field of experience, in which he may delve to his heart's content.

In the work of preparation, too great pains can not have been taken. "Knowledge is power"—knowledge is the lever that moves the world of thought. Believe in yourself, for confidence grows from out such a belief, and confidence is one of the qualifications of success. Knowledge prepares for doing, and doing is but the outgrowth of knowing. The excuse of "ignorance" will not suffice in these days, for it will not correct an error which, from the first, ought never to have been made.

Culture and scholarship should also be allies. They form the very basis of fitness for teaching. For them there are no substitutes, and any scheme of study that is pursued at their expense and neglect is faulty. Culture is above mere book learning, and scholarship opens a wide range of intellectual vision. Together they are of infinitely greater worth than any set of rules. The latter can be easily supplied; the former must, at any cost, be acquired. The teacher, then, should know more than the one study taught. He can not afford to be a man of one idea, for breadth and freedom can not be imparted when narrowness of horizon has so hemmed in his little world that a mole-hill of thought is to him Parnassus.

Object and Compensation of the Teacher.

The true object of the teacher should be not to seek pecuniary emolument alone, but a desire to be useful in the highest degree; to elevate and to imbue others with new ideas and aspirations for better things; to possess lofty ideals, and never to lower the accepted standard.

The work of teaching may have been taken up from necessity, in which case gain is apt to be a primary consideration. Guard well against the predominance of such motives. Let them occupy a space, but not the seat of honor.

So much has been said by others regarding a teacher's love for his work that the business side has been quite overlooked. A teacher should, at least, have qualified himself so that he can keep his accounts and can conduct his affairs in a businesslike manner. For there is no calling, however humble or esthetic, but that it involves the transaction of business. The profound ignorance of many teachers upon this truly important phase is astonishing. It is no longer a sufficient recommendation for a teacher to have been a failure in everything else, and, as a last resort, to fall back upon music solely as a means of livelihood.

Quality of the Teacher's Work.

It is of little consequence if the child be only able to name the notes, or to read the letters, but powers of observation, comparison, and perception must be cultivated, so that notes or words shall be the vehicle of ideas. Symbols have no thought or expression in themselves—they only represent these; and yet how many teachers direct the pupil's attention to the symbol itself as the main thing? Notes or words merely are but the coins of dull mental machines.

If principles were taught and pupils more fully understood the nature and use of technical terms and signs, in after years, fewer people would be forced to confess that "their music represented to them a cipher," because they did not understand it, and could get no intelligent meaning from it. It is not the looks of the chord, or phrase, or word, so much as the meaning and relationship contained therein.

Rules and principles are never to be confounded. One appeals to the mental forces; the other to the mechanical. Art is free as the winds of heaven. It is never bound by ironclad rules. Art creates rules and boundaries, but these never circumscribe art, which is boundless, exhausting every possible resource that skill and individuality can lend it.

Be not satisfied with cropping a little herbage about the border, but get at the idea itself—master it, and 'twill serve you well. Failing in that, you have gained but little, and lost in it a lifelong friend.

In the public schools it has been ascertained by competent authorities that eleven-twelfths of all the children in the reading classes do not understand the meaning of the words they read, nor master the sense of the lesson. If this condition holds true in reading, how much greater must be the tendency when associated with musical sounds that are brought to us perhaps by only occasional hearing.

Thought work in music is no less essential than thought work in language. And the classic which requires most thought usually receives the least. No wonder, then, that upon such a diet the intellect sometimes thrives so poorly.

It is of as much importance how we study as what we study. In the school-room the majority of scholars study for the sake of preparing for their recitations, and they seem to have no idea of any object beyond that

recitation. The same condition is manifest in the study of music, and no teacher does his best work or whole duty so long as he allows such a condition to exist and continue.

Influence and Example of the Teacher.

As the teacher has much to do with the molding of character, his own example should be a living law, in order that a moral elevation of character may inspire all his work, for how can a man interpret the deeply religious and spiritual element aright, and exemplify it in his teaching, unless he first perceive it for himself. How great the silent power and influence of one's work! Infinity only can measure it, for 'tis eternal. Better far that a man devoid of principle seek some other vocation than that of teacher. And yet so many enter the ranks of this profession without a thought of any of the great questions which must emanate and grow from out his teaching and influence! A teacher's work does not begin and end with the lesson itself; it begins and ends in example. I refer now especially to the effect upon character-building, which is the basis of a man's work; for can the hand execute what the character does not inspire?

The standard of teaching can never be too high, and it is constantly advancing. A teacher who has ceased to be an active student has lost the secret of his great power. He who does not progress is soon left behind. But, making the best use of the present, may not the next generation look upon their predecessors as being worthy and efficient representatives of their profession?

There are many native endowments indispensable to the successful teacher; such as an aptness akin to instinct, anticipating the need of the pupil, and supplying that need even before the pupil has become aware of it. If one possesses a keenness in the reading of human nature, that error may sooner be reached and corrected.

Manner of Teacher.

A teacher's manner has much to do with his success. He can neither afford to be too trivial nor too stern. There is a dignity above any law. Children are usually keen observers, and a superficial manner is so flimsy a guise that it is quickly seen through. Patience, kindness, and encouragement are watchwords that pave the way to almost any child's heart; and if a teacher does not possess them for himself, how can he hope to impart them to others?

There must also be in the manner of the teacher a certain confidence in his own ability, in order to gain the confidence of others; but this confidence must never degenerate into self-conceit, which is unbearable. Self-respect also grows out of confidence in one's self, without which the teacher's influence is half lost from the very first.

Decision and firmness are also qualities of inestimable value. If they are lacking in a person's nature, they should be cultivated, for without them a teacher is subjected to the caprice of every pupil, and, with no definite ideas of his own nor firmness necessary to carry them but, he is adrift upon the great sea of thought, blown about by every changing wind, so that purpose is frustrated and best results are never obtained.

The moral principle should be deeply engrafted in the mind of every teacher. He should be conscientious to a high degree, and do right, not alone because others may think it right, but because *it is right*. Pupils respect such principle and honor it, and never forget it. Unconsciously the spirit of it is imparted to the manner of the teacher, and its silent influence is far more potent than mere words.

Duty of the Teacher to Himself.

A teacher should improve *himself*. There is no excuse for one having taught a series of years, and at the close be found no more competent or cultured than when he began.

The consciousness of growth finds its immediate reward in acquired power of illustration; power to control one's self; ability to control others; confidence in future success; knowledge that one is, day by day, doing better work. Yet in his growth the teacher should take heed that it is not so entirely in one direction that a mere hobby is ridden. He should remember that a course of practice that has long had the sanction of the wise and good is likely to have a large measure of truth in it. A hobby is usually extreme. It may have some merit in it, but it may also possess much of error, and, while one is only studying and observing the good, others may perceive only the faults. So our varnished ideal, after all, may be no nearer the best than if it had never been discovered.

Reward of the Teacher.

The teacher's path is not always strewn with thorns. He has his own peculiar rewards. He perceives the constant growth of mind among his pupils; he has the consciousness of being engaged in a useful and honorable calling. He is not infrequently held in grateful remembrance by his friends and pupils, and his name enkindles the sentiment of gratitude and warmest emotion in the hearts of many of his pupils, even in after years. For who can estimate the value and influence of such a work upon the life of a child, and, therefore, its effect upon the very life of a nation?

Attitude toward Other Teachers.

Pupils often come to one for instruction directly from another teacher in the same locality. It may be that the change of teachers was made from personal considerations only, or as a matter of convenience, and not because of superior advantages offered in the course of instruction. Be that as it may, the teacher has no right to make disparaging remarks concerning his predecessor's work, nor to encourage the pupil to make complaints that may be gross misrepresentations. Such a course is selfish and unjust in the extreme, and it is often the cause of much contention among musicians. No two persons teach just alike. Machines only do things in the same, stereotyped manner. So the best results may be accomplished quite differently, and, after all, it is results that count the most. Pulling down another's

work is not a good way to build up one's own. It encourages a spirit of envy and malice that is bound to do its miserable work, causing music to become a source of perpetual discord, whereas it should be the harbinger of peace. But the cause is confessedly not with music itself, but in the prejudices of those who should be its friends and defenders.

Teachers should encourage each other. They may thereby add to their own storehouse of knowledge, strengthen their own weaknesses, and engraft much of another's ideas in such a manner as to be a positive help.

Adapting another's thought and method is quite a different thing from adopting it. The one is servile imitation, precluding thought and individuality, making only machines of men. The other makes the men who make the machines that move every branch of the world's great industry. So the teachers who have had better advantages than others—through force of circumstances it may be—should be the more willing to impart to others. Giving does not impoverish. It enriches, and, like bread cast upon the waters, it shall return, bearing tenfold in blessing. Yet many teachers are so exclusive with their education, that they would impoverish the world, were it not for the fact that knowledge can not be cornered in the market.

How fortunate, then, that knowlege can not be monopolized by men! It is as free as the sunlight, and it is as impossible to lock it up as to imprison the rays of a sunbeam.

Attitude toward Pupils and Parents.

Teachers many times make the common error of praising all that comes before their notice, but such is a mistaken encouragement, and results in an opposite effect from that intended.

Parents should know how the child is progressing, and they should be given a fair and honest answer to their inquiry. Parents, if accurately informed, may the better cooperate with the teacher in all his efforts for the improvement of the child.

The Lesson.

To take up so much work at one time that it can not be done systematically or fully understood, is, of course, inadvisable. In such case a species of superficial cramming is acquired that can only prove detrimental to good results. So a pupil who is pushed beyond his capacity for appreciation can not enjoy his work nor do it justice. Often a dislike is created for the best in music when this plan has been carried too far. The *best* needs preparation, and, like a great mountain, it is not easily approached, except by many rugged intervals of rough, ascending ground. To make the study of so great interest that it becomes a pleasure should be an object of the teacher, who must of necessity devise his own expedients, and if he possesses marked individuality his own will usually be found the most successful.

To reach the mind of a child, and to arouse an interest, stimulating in him a desire for knowledge, has its many-fold reward. It also awakens the mind of the teacher, and this is of no small importance, as teachers easily allow themselves to get into a rut, and to fall into routine work so mechanically that there is no interest or spirit in it for themselves, therefore can be but little for the pupil.

The mind of a child is not like a jug, into which the contents may be poured indiscriminately with unvarying capacity, and then mixed by a little shaking. Here is where parents err and often forget their accustomed wisdom by intrusting the teaching of a child to most incompetent hands. In other things besides education men exercise their common sense, but in education, where a child can have but one chance, as he can be a child but once, and where success is everything to him for all time, and where a single mistake may often prove ruinous—here the child is often under the influence of educators whose very presence is demoralizing and pernicious. As "the child is father to the man," under such conditions, is it to be wondered at that the moral tone in many communities is not what it should be? The teacher, then, should have just views of education. He should also have ideal views. Such an influence and attitude would stimulate and inspire the mind with a thirst for the highest knowledge. Powers would be awakened that would call forth the higher faculties into harmonious action. The mere possession of facts is not an education, else were an encyclopedia better than an educated man; but it is the best use one can make of the few or many facts he may possess that weighs in the balances and marks the destiny of the man.

Should Teaching Be Considered a Profession?

Many of the best minds of Europe, as well as in our own country, hold the opinion that teaching should be a profession, calling, as it does, the best energy, demanding the best talents and largest self-sacrifice among any of the professions. Either in money or honor it by no means receives the share which it so richly deserves. The standard of teachers, no doubt, should be raised, but what encouragement does the public offer toward the consummation of such a goal? The teachers can not do it all, nor should it be expected or required of them. I venture to say that in any forward movement the teachers will, as a body, be found in the van.

Apostrophe to Education.

O, Education Supreme, what follies are committed in thy name! What inconsistencies thou hast to meet! What battles fight! What victories win! What prejudices overcome! Church and State upon thee for assistance wait; the voice of law takes counsel of thee; thou adornest the brow of kings better than his crown; upon thee princes call, and to thee wise men make obeisance. Thou art mightier than the sword; thou shapest the pen in its onward course; poetry gives to language thy best estate, while music speaks when thoughts too deep for utterance wait upon the tongue. So must thou ever remain man's great ally and friend, O Education Supreme!

THE RELATION BETWEEN THE MUSIC TEACHER AND THE PUPIL.

BY WILL ARTHUR DIETRICK.

Will Arthur Dietrick.

Few relations in life are all they might be. Until the world reaches that stage of perfection where everything is what it ought to be, or, as the philosopher Lotze puts it, where the three realms of "The Must Be," "The Is," and "The Ought To Be" are reconciled, and "What must be is, and what is, ought to be," we shall often have occasion to distinguish between the actually existing relations of things and their possible, intended, or desirable relations.

Our present subject is susceptible of this treatment and may be viewed in two lights—first, the actual relations commonly existing between the music teacher and pupil, and, second, the ideal relations which ought to exist between them. The reason for such a treatment is found in the fact that oftentimes the first step toward the betterment of a condition is a clear understanding of its poverty in the light of its possible wealth. The miner, yesterday rocking his gold-cradle of river-sand contentedly enough, will instantly move to-day when he hears that over the pass yonder gold lies in nuggets instead of sand. Knowledge of the possibility of attainment is the root of action toward attaining. So it may be that in considering what the actually existing relations of the music teacher and pupil are in the light of what they should be, we may be helped to bring "The Is" and "The Ought To Be" in music nearer together. A relationship, like an electric circuit, requires two wires with currents flowing in opposite directions. So in considering both the real and the ideal relationships of music teacher and pupil we may look at them in a twofold way—the music teacher from the pupil's standpoint, and the music pupil from the teacher's standpoint.

The Common Attitude of the Pupil.

It is to be feared that the teacher is to the pupil simply an indifferent stepping-stone by which the brook of music may be crossed and the opposite grassy bank of social culture and accomplishment attained. The teacher is a mechanical contrivance for the induction of certain musical compositions familiarly dubbed "pieces," with which company may be entertained, popular approbation won, and a sort of delicious supremacy secured and maintained over envious companions. The teacher is simply a hired servant whose time and skill is bought to be used or wasted like so much butcher's or baker's or grocer's wares. Or the teacher is regarded as a machine to be rented by the hour like a boat or a buggy or a bicycle. Too frequently there is no recognition of the will and the mind and the patience involved on the teacher's part, no recognition of the teacher's personality. With so artificial an aim in studying, and so mechanical a view of the teacher, it is not surprising that the results of such study should be artificial instead of artistic and mechanical rather than personal. Instead of studying music, the pupil is studying fascination, the art of pleasing people, accomplishment in the social sense of the word. The kind of study done by some pupils reminds one of Coleridge's facetious classification of readers; we may say with equal applicability that there are the four classes of pupils as well as readers. First, the "hour-glass" pupils, into whom and from whom instruction runs, like the sand, without leaving a trace; second, the "sponge" pupils, who soak up a limited amount of instruction to yield it again on pressure in the same shape, though slightly muddied by the resident soil of the sponge; third, the "jelly-bag" pupils, who seem only to retain the stems and skins of the instruction and allow the juice to escape; and fourth, the "diamond hunters," vigilant to search out and quick to appropriate the gems of truth.

From the preceding considerations it is evident that the pupil is blameworthy for the artificial character of the results of study. But here, as elsewhere, it often happens that two or more persons may each be entirely to blame for an occurrence. Not long since a Western judge condemned and sentenced three men, each for being totally responsible for a certain accident. A west-bound freight-train on a mountainous section of the road was blocked by a huge boulder which had rolled on the track. Before it could be removed and the train allowed to proceed, a fast passenger-train overtook and ran into it. Several lives were lost. Investigation proved that the accident was due to the carelessness of the track-walker on that section, who had failed to make his trip on time ahead of the train. It was also shown that the operator at the last station was to blame for passing the second train before the first reported at the next station. Finally, the conductor of the freight-train was responsible because he failed to post a flagman on the rear track. Each one of these men was wholly to blame for the casualty, and the fact that they were associated did not relieve one from the slightest responsibility. Therefore, in like manner it is true that, though the pupil is to blame for the artificial character of the results of study, the teacher may also be responsible.

If it is true that a low estimate of the teacher on the part of the pupil is one cause of fault, how much more

it is true that an underestimate of the teacher's function on the part of the teacher is fatal to the best results. If the teacher is not filled with a sense of the importance of his position as a teacher of music ; if, as with Paul, he does not say, " I magnify mine office," he can no more expect large results from his teaching than the small boy with the bent pin and cotton thread can expect black bass—he is n't prepared. It is the enthusiast who is successful. All the great successes in art and improvements in its methods are due to the efforts of enthusiasts. Enthusiasm raised Haydn from the position of bootblack and chore-boy in Porpora's studio to his rank as artist, composer, and teacher. Many teachers lack this enthusiasm because of an underestimate of their calling, but some, although aware of the importance and opportunity of their vocation, fail to live up to the standard they recognize.

The Common Attitude of the Teacher.

The pupils often figure in the teacher's mind as a progressive row of figures with dollar-marks before them, which are to be converted into cash by a process called "lessons," at the expense of the least possible labor. The pupil is an Aladdin's lamp, which must be rubbed in order that the genii may bring the desired viands or grant the wish for luxury or wealth. Is such a cold-cash or bread-and-butter view of the pupil likely to produce a musician? I apprehend not. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," says the Scripture, and it is true of the teacher as well as the preacher, but the teacher's labor should be the same labor of love that is expected of the preacher. The financially successful teachers of to-day are those who teach art with that love for art which awakens a similar love, and kindles a similar flame in the pupil's heart. In our atmosphere fire catches, ice does not. Results come from something more than a cash interest. Some one has divided occupations into three classes—trades, professions, and calling. Assuredly music belongs to the highest class. The mistake so many teachers make is to regard their work as a job instead of a calling.

Definition of Music and its Bearing on Teaching.

A chief difficulty in the study of music is a misconception of what music is. In his beautiful essay on "Friendship" Hugh Black says: "We consider the sound to be the music, whereas it is only the expression of the music and vanishes away—above the sounds is the music that can never die." Without the true conception of the inward character of music no study and no teaching will avail to produce music. We may gain considerable knowledge about music, but a knowledge of music itself will be lacking, and between these two sorts of knowledge there is a wide distinction, as Mr. Mathews has rightly observed. The expressive term by which music is defined as "Tone Poetry" suggests the real nature of it. Just as poetry is not the words or the rime or the rhythm, but is the thought thus expressed, so music is not the time or the tone, but the thought embodied by them. The teacher who would teach music and not mere sound, and knowledge of music rather than knowledge about it, must hold to this higher and true conception of its nature.

Characteristics of the Ideal Pupil.

For a pupil to begin study with such a knowledge of the nature of music or a consciousness of his own possibilities is, of course, *a priori* unnatural. But there is one quality which must characterize the pupil's attitude if he would attain to music—namely, faith. St. Augustine defines faith as "belief upon authority." Paul's legal mind seized on this phase of the idea when he said, "Faith is the evidence of things not seen." Since inevitably the pupil starts out with but little knowledge, it is requisite that he put himself into a receptive attitude if he would grow in knowledge. He will be constantly on the watch for truth. In no way can truth be had so quickly and purely as when it comes from the teacher. Truth may be found elsewhere in many places, but, like gold-quartz, it must be crushed and extracted and refined before it is usable ; but the instructions of the teacher are the nuggets of pure gold that need only to be minted and they are coin. The quality which will enable the pupil to appropriate the truth is that faith already defined. It may be true that "All roads lead to Rome," but there are ways long and short, and if the pupil possesses faith which will lead him to take the path which others have trod before him and found wisest, he will shorten the way and economize labor and more quickly reach his goal. Let him be patient of technical work and exercises and études. Let him be attentive to instruction and work with the perseverance born of his faith, and he may be confident of the result. "According to thy faith be it unto thee."

Characteristics of the Ideal Teacher.

Louis Ehlert truthfully says: "Probably no art is taught by so immense a number of uncalled ones as the art of tone. . . . There can be no pure gospel without pure disciples," and pure discipleship in art or religion can be attained only through love. Love is the teacher's summary virtue. It embraces the whole decalogue of the law of teaching, comprises all the teacher's qualifications. Love is the root of the essential enthusiasm of which we have spoken, an enthusiasm able to make Haydns out of bootblacks and Mendelssohns from courtiers. Love surmounts obstacles and removes barriers. It purifies, strengthens, and instructs. We can forgive the mistakes of a teacher who is filled with the love of his art, for that love will remedy the deficiencies. Love covereth a multitude of sins. But such love is more than mere liking ; it is a master-passion filling the soul of the teacher and bubbling out into his action and environment. It will calm troubled waters like oil. It will spread like forest-fire from his heart into his pupils' and will inspire their work. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

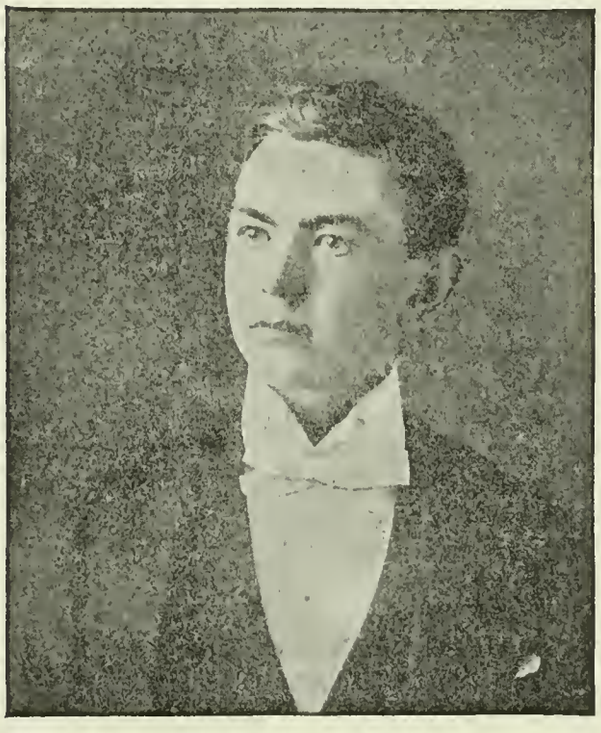
Teaching ! What does it mean ? What is it to teach ? Is teaching the instruction, oral or written, which, when given to the pupil, fulfils duty and terminates obligation ? It is that, and more. "Actions speak louder than

words," or volumes. The life teaches a lesson either parallel or counter to the instruction of lips and pen. We are apt to undervalue this unconscious teaching. We fancy that the hour we spend with our pupils is important for the definite instruction we give, and we forget that the very gesture or tone of voice, the mental atmosphere in which we are, teaches an irresistible object-lesson.

The greatest teacher who ever lived knew the power of a life in harmony with His teaching. He did n't begin to teach until He was thirty years old, and then He had a class of only twelve disciples who studied with him for but three short years, and, lo ! the world is full of His teaching. The great fact of Jesus' teaching was not what He said, but the life He lived. As teachers of our art, we are stewards of the treasuries of a realm. We may dispense the treasure to those able to receive and use it, but we are responsible for the use we make of our stewardship ; responsible to our pupils, to ourselves, and to God. "Here, moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful."

THE NEED OF A WIDER MUSICAL CULTURE.

BY GRANT HEBRON GLEASON.



Grant Hebron Gleason.

Notwithstanding the superabundance of musical entertainments in the cities, by some of which almost all residents may be amused, if not instructed, it is a deplorable fact that the majority of persons remote from musical centers know little concerning the musical affairs of this young but progressive country of ours. Notwithstanding the many clubs in the cities for the serious study and pursuit of music ; notwithstanding the number of celebrated native and foreign artists who give recitals and lecture upon every conceivable phase of music ; notwithstanding that we have as good performance of opera and of orchestral works as may be found elsewhere in the world ; in spite of the fact that the United States has proven a veritable Klondike to hosts of foreign musicians of both superior and mediocre ability, pianists, singers, conductors, violinists, 'cellists, —their name is legion,—the vast majority of our people have none of these opportunities near at hand.

If perchance some local organization, at great financial risk, engages some lecturer or musician of superior attainments for a musical evening or for a series of recitals, how many, think you, of even the "leading lights and progressive people" of the town can be induced to purchase tickets or to encourage such an enterprise by their presence? Not to speak of out-of-town people, who are either totally indifferent or who will meet your advances with, "Of course, those things may do for you musicians, but they would be too high flown for us. Really I could n't understand such music as What 'd-you-say-his-name-is 'll play." The truth is that although you know them to be capable of enjoying good music, and although you know them to be susceptible to fine influences, you are powerless to drag them out of their dark corners into the light of day.

These are the people who have never once heard a first-rate performance of music. Their conception is derived wholly from their slight knowledge of church music—hymns, with their tiresome tonic and dominant harmonies, and the drill-music of the winter "singin'-skewl," with its usual quota of serious but misdirected talent.

Somewhere back in the dim vistas of their beclouded memories still exist sensations of delight—after-vibrations—at having heard some nomad performers on musical glasses or on bells, or it may be recollections of some mirth-provoking ditties. Some will even tell you how an elegant musician once performed in their town upon a piano or melodeon (more likely the latter) "a mighty fine piece that he explained as he went along, so we knew exactly what the music meant. He said, 'Now here 's where they all got into a sleigh to take a ride'—and you could almost hear the bells, and the prancin' and neighin' of the horses ; and then, 'Here 's where they start,' and 'here 's where they upset the sleigh,'" etc. Some remember once having heard "The Maiden's Prayer" or "Battle of Waterloo," and will inquire, with the utmost innocence and the best of intentions, if you will not play them. Alas ! you have to confess that these pieces are not in your repertory.

Then these offended dames immediately decide that you have been too highly recommended, and straightway remove their children from your tutorship to that of another teacher across the way, who plays those "beautiful pieces" mentioned, along with more of that ilk, besides various popular two-steps and medleys, and who sings "Fatal Wedding" and "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," and all the "beautiful coon songs." Chief of all, "He charges only twenty-five cents a lesson, and does n't keep his scholars near so long as Mr. Blank." Heaven forbid that he should ! Indeed, it takes him

not long to lay bare his stock of teaching material, and then his pupils are "finished," for a short time to be exhibited to admiring friends, when, presto! they have to begin at A, B, C, with another teacher.

If you take time out of your busy life, curtail your needful, regular practice, and with infinite labor and the utmost patience prepare a program of not too classic music; in this uncultured town the opening bars are usually the signal for general conversation. Are you invited to play at a patron's home of an evening, you are compelled to digest minute descriptions of Mrs. S——'s bonnet, along with scenes of romantic chivalry and gay pageantry, or of military order, called up by a Chopin polonaise. Or, perhaps, you hear a lengthy controversy on the proper method of making butter along with the mournful adagio of a Beethoven sonata, or the exquisite *cantilene* of a Mendelssohn Song Without Words.

You might refuse to play, but each time you think, "Perhaps this once I may awaken their souls and force their enjoyment through sheer sensuous beauty of tone." Not so; buzzing as before, the climax is reached when one of the loudest "buzzers" asks you to play "something fast." You graciously comply with a dainty tarantella; this failing to satisfy, either, you wisely "give up the fight," or improvise some horrible decoction in dance-hall style, over which, for weeks, you blush to think, and tremble lest it become known to your brethren that you served up such unprofessional messes, our dear "Old Fogy" says "hot and evil-tasting messes." In such towns are many martyrs, compelled by circumstances to spend the most fruitful part of their lives; men and women to whom a performance once a year, of some rare artist, of some oratorio or great choral work, would serve as a constant inspiration during the whole year.

Unfortunately, such is the greed of gold implanted in the human breast, that artists do not pose as philanthropists. A contemporary once said of Mozart that such a man was born into the world but once in a hundred years. So men like Peabody are rare, and especially so in the world of music.

Presumably the object of musical entertainments is to stimulate and to educate the public taste, but of what avail is it to educate only that small portion of our population which has access to such advantages, and to exclude those who by nature and surroundings need high influences the most?

Assuredly all note with pride the provision made in our public-school system for music study along with the study of the plastic and industrial arts; these go hand in hand. Training the child-mind to see beauty in faultless design, to grasp details, to see harmony of color on a painter's canvas, is training the child-mind to recognize form, to feel harmony and tone-color in music. Whoever is prone to linger by a well-sculptured marble, is loth to pass a massive column, or observes well a perfect bit of landscape, is so much nearer to the majesty and grandeur of a Father who has provided naught but the sublime for his children, if they will allow their eyes to see, their ears to hear, and their souls to feel.

To appreciate the masters we must, like them, commune much with nature, quaff life's richest blessings, but as well must we drain to the dregs life's cup of woe. Thus, whatsoever we win from the dross of our lives, be it knowledge gained from books or from observation or ability to appreciate true beauty of whatever form, all should tend to broaden the intellect, to increase our love for our fellow-man, to converge to the point of the spiritual, hence to God. Therefore does it behoove us to fit well for their tasks those who are destined to have charge of the affairs of the next generation. It is our duty to lay a sure foundation during the formative period of child-growth for broad education and noble attainments, lest by our more sordid American habits we stunt or at least retard the intellectual, which is the best progress of the world.

A home of poverty need not be a home of degradation, to exemplify which we have innumerable instances in history. Neither is a house of wealth necessarily one of refinement, as we see every day. Although the modern child must of necessity absorb much polish in our schools and colleges, the polish is at best temporary when the child is subject to untutored minds at home. Many generations of the highest possible art and general culture are required to produce a musical nation or distinctively national music.

Publishers inform us that there is a constantly increasing demand from all quarters and from all classes for more and for better music. Good editions of the master-works find ready sale, and much familiarity with these products of genius and appreciation of them is shown even among persons of meager opportunities. The merest tyro in art usually realizes that proper interpretation of music is acquired only by exhaustive study of theory and harmony.

The day of Richardson is dying out. Good teachers teach more technic (usually orally) as a chief means to intelligent interpretation. Improved systems of kindergarten training in music make the early study a constant source of delight to teacher and pupil instead of drudgery as heretofore. Whereas only capable instructors are now engaged in our schools and colleges, so, too, the ranks of the music profession are being filled with men and women of broad general education, as well as special education.

Although light salon music of the Ascher type comprise the programs of some small seminaries, usually there is to be found one or more capable musicians in the locality of the seminary to offset the bad influence.

So long as there is demand for vaudeville, trashy music will find a market, but the evolution of music is the sure and steady outgrowth of modern civilization, and the time is not far distant when few people will have the temerity to request of any musician aught but the best in music, any more than they would ask an elocutionist to render aught but the best in literature, or an orator to give aught but the mightiest product of his brain. Unite, then, ye professionals and amateurs, in one loyal bond of good fellowship. Away with those petty strifes and jealousies which mar your best efforts to upbuild and strengthen the cause of true art culture.

Away with those affectations which many people think peculiar to the whole race of musicians. Be business men and women. If you have but one talent, use that talent well, and your reward shall be great as that of him to whom was said, "Well done."

VOICE AND VANITY.

BY CHARLES A. FISHER.

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VANITY is a potent factor in every walk of life. We are brought face to face with it to a greater or less extent in our relations with our fellow-creatures, and even with ourselves. The teacher, particularly the teacher of an artistic accomplishment (painting, elocution, music), finds himself called upon to cope with it, and none, perhaps, to such an extent as the music teacher. And yet, among all the noble army of music-teaching martyrs, it is safe to say that no one finds this weakness presented to him so frequently and to such an extent as the teacher of singing.

A young person, having attained a certain degree of proficiency in playing some instrument, may be affected by the malady, but the severity of the attack is apt to be very much tempered by the protracted effort he has been compelled to apply in order to become even a passable performer.

A young gentleman (or lady) who, after a limited course of instruction in harmony, has budded forth as the promising composer of a song or a waltz or a march, while prone to catch the infection, is almost sure to have the delicious dreams of fame and fortune rudely disturbed by the cruel and inconsiderate voice of criticism, as well as by the failure of the public to purchase a copy of his composition.

But let nature, in her lavish carelessness, bestow on some weak mortal the gift of a mellifluous throat, and the insidious evil in its severest forms is almost sure to follow. In case of a tenor voice, the manifestations are likely to be of the most violent character. Family, friends, business,—all the civic virtues,—are either totally obliterated or more or less obscured in the mind of the unfortunate victim. We see handsome and accomplished young women forsaking happy homes for the uncertainties of a public singer's career. Worthy young men, who have made good beginnings as reliable grocery and drygoods salesmen, as druggists or railway-clerks, suddenly develop an insane yearning to embark in a profession in which they are almost certain to wind up as inferior opera-singers. Even excellent carpenters, bakers, and locksmiths, laboring under the pernicious spell, have been known to go astray, to the common detriment of mankind, in these days of practical progress and material expansion.

Surely there is no vanity like unto this voice-vanity!

It is so easy to create a good deal of local stir with a bit of good, natural voice. Our relatives become so proud of us; our friends are so ready to applaud us, and all with so little real effort on our part; simply a few fine tones! Ah, the intoxication of it!

But our relatives are apt to modify their admiration with wise counsel, and our friends may get tired of applauding the same phenomenon too often. There might thus still be some hope for the patient if it were not for the teacher—the voice-culture specialist.

Now, there are many excellent voice teachers who are as likely to be injured by any imputation of this sort as a duck is liable to be hurt by water. But, alas! we all know there are far too many who, like a certain class of disreputable physicians, live by encouraging disease. The physician's calling is a noble calling,—in theory, perhaps, the noblest of all professions,—but when thus unworthily prostituted, it is a curse. The teacher's calling is a serious calling, and his responsibilities are often serious.

Let us state a case by way of example.

A young lady, beautiful of face, handsome of form, and possessed of a good voice, applies to a teacher for singing-lessons. The teacher knows that she is a refined young woman of excellent family, and that her father holds a prominent position with an assured income of perhaps $10,000 a year. She is the only daughter, and before arrangements are completed with the teacher informs him that she will only take lessons with the ultimate object of "going on the stage." No stage, no lessons!

She is evidently stage-struck (operatic stage-struck), and the teacher knows that her qualifications will probably never carry her beyond the pale of light opera. If he can not persuade this young lady to learn something about music for her own pleasure and culture, is it not better for him, and for her, to lose this one pupil, than to foster her emotional and misguided longing for the glamour of the footlights and the intoxicating incense of popular applause?

It may be objected that light opera has its justification, and that somebody must sing in operatic productions of this class. But, if we must have light opera, certainly there is a sufficient supply of eligibles for

that branch of the service. Are there not plenty of Cinderellas with good voices and the bugbear of the cruel stepmother — glad to escape from chores and drudgery; young women who have all to gain and nothing to lose? Ah, yes; but they have n't the money!

And yet it would pay a teacher ten times over to give an occasional pupil of that sort the necessary instruction and rely on the future for reimbursement. Such pupils rarely fail to repay the teacher at the first opportunity.

There are singing teachers, no doubt, who, considering this entire argument as altogether too utopian, would fain ask, "If I am not to induce singers to go on the stage, what is to become of my business?" To these there can be but one answer: that they might be engaged in a better business.

The circle of pupils from among the well-to do middle class that looks seriously on the study of music as a means of culture is rapidly increasing in this country. Of course, there are, and always will be, a great many people who consider music simply as a flashy accomplishment with which to "show off," but many a teacher will recall with a thrill of pride and pleasure the instances in which he has gradually convinced a pupil of the strength of the old Greek maxim, that it is far more desirable to *be* than to *appear* the best.

In most European countries they have long since learned to look upon an education as incomplete without a good knowledge of music, and boys and girls are taught very early in life to consider it one of their most important studies. This view of the subject is not without many and powerful adherents in the larger communities of the United States, in a number of which we already find the family string-quartet, for example, in a promising state of development.

The teacher of singing, too, has entered this field for his share in aiding the beneficent influence—a field in which to "voice culture" pure and simple, is added the dignity and the power of a broader culture. How much better for the community, how much more inspiring and gratifying to the teacher, is this than, by truckling to personal vanity and stage-struck folly, to assist in launching ill-advised youth on a pathway studded with moral pitfalls and bristling with bitter delusions?

What becomes of the old operatic chorus singers—aye, and of the great majority of those who, for a brief season, flaunted their voices and their tights in the dazzling solo rôles of popular operetta? Do you know, kind-hearted reader, what becomes of them? Ask the old storm-beaten professionals to tell you the truth about the miserable creatures that haunt the stage-entrances of the great theaters and opera-houses. Surely music was not intended to add to the miseries of existence!

To every teacher comes the day when his powers fail and younger men step forward to take his place.

These are the days of reflection and retrospection for the old teacher who has been laid on the shelf — the days when "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," and the various comforts that are popularly supposed to gather round old age should be his. What a retrospect for one who has spent his life in indiscriminately encouraging young people to "go on the stage"! What a retrospect, as he sits in the evening twilight of his declining days, counting the wrecks that strew the bleak and dismal shore of operatic failure—the wrecks for which he himself is directly accountable!

PREVALENT FAULTS OF AMERICAN TEACHERS.

BY HARVEY WICKHAM.

HARVEY WICKHAM.

THE observer can not fail to note certain differences between the music teacher of this and other lands. That the American is distinguished by certain marks of superiority, there is no gainsaying. He is less apt to be sentimental and emotional than the Italian, less flippant and immoral than the French, less unkempt and rude than the German. Yet he has faults (I speak of the more inexperienced) as characteristic and as much his own as his virtues. Let us, who are American teachers, probe some of them.

HIS TIMIDITY.

First and most characteristic of all is his timidity, his proneness to abdicate his position, to allow the fee to purchase his birthright, to become a servant instead of a master. Most pupils are (and often with reason) ashamed of their attainments. The readiest excuse is the declaration that music occupies but a small place in their lives. It is a mere by-play, and must not be taken as an index of their general ability. They wish to play only a little for amusement. I have heard people talk thus who harbored secret ambitions of the most extravagant kind. It is but the feint of the unsophisticated, the shrinking of maiden, mental modesty, or a desperate effort to cloak ignorance with indifference. Young ladies will sometimes diagnose their own artistic cases with such

minuteness, giving such detailed information in regard to their needs, that the auditor is at a loss to determine whether they are receiving or giving a lesson. What does the average native teacher do in such cases? He takes the applicant at the word, and gives what is asked for, not what is needed.

It is right and proper for a ribbon-clerk to produce whatever goods it is the customer's whim to buy, but the pedagogue can ill afford to play the merchant, or to keep any instruction in stock save the best. Even merchants of the better class sustain some character. Few would have the temerity to demand paste jewels at Tiffany's. Besides, it is not paste which men seek. In their hearts they desire the superlative. If a child longs for aught else, it is because it is a child (whatever its years) that misunderstands itself. Why is such an one careless and intellectually sloven? Because he knows not that he is so, or knows not how to become otherwise. Show him his state and the way out of it; tell him his disease and the medicine, and he will not wince at its bitterness.

Mr. Virgil (who furnishes a useful example in this connection, despite his nationality) has been phenomenally successful. Why? Because he tells the naked truth to all comers; this is the telling feature of his system. He says to the mistaught, "You have been wrongly instructed." To the weak-fingered, "Your fingers are weak." As a consequence, we see scores of advanced players poring over his "Foundational Exercises," supplying deficiencies they have connived at since youth, and which preceptor after preceptor has passed over with a shrug. How does Leschetitzky accomplish his miracles? By having an army of preparatory teachers, who make the new-comer fit to receive what the master afterward sees fit to apply. The less famous must prepare themselves. Why try to give finishing lessons to those who have yet to begin?

I once overheard a prominent virtuoso saying to a novice who had given a poor recitation, "Any one who attempts that sonata should have gone through a severe course of technics." Yet he had given her the sonata. Why? He did not teach technic. If the unprepared were foolish enough to come to him, so much the worse for the unprepared. Other renowned performers go half-way and recommend certain studies, but, as they consume the entire lesson-period in interpretative work, the student learns to prepare what he will have to perform and finds scant time for anything else.

If you would be a successful teacher, do not neglect the pupil by allowing him to skip necessary steps in his artistic career. Neither lower yourself by pandering to his immature predilections. You are in your studio to lead, not to follow; to give advice, not to receive it; to command, not to obey. Your patrons are your inferiors in all points covered by your professional relations, or it is madness to attempt the rôle of pedagogue. Foreigners understand the situation better than we, though they often spoil the effect of genuine independence by the assumption of arrogance. At home it is the pupil, abroad it is the teacher who threatens to depart whenever friction occurs.

His Lack of National Pride.

But the American who *does* copy transatlantic models, and refuses to be patronized by his patrons, is apt to go too far—to lose his proper national pride, and imitate them in everything. Neglect of the laundry, the barber-shop, etiquette, or even the ten commandments, while it may give one the foreign mark, will not lead to riches or to renown. The foreign mark is no longer current coin. The day of Svengali is passing. Show me the most prosperous musician of your city, and I will show you the one who looks most like a courteous, up-to-date business man. Crustiness, when affected for the purpose of impressing strangers, is as ill-bred as inexpedient. The boorish or rapt demeanor of some savants is barely tolerable, even in them, and in one who apes them it is intolerable altogether. If unpleasant things have to be said, the greater the necessity for a pleasant way of saying them. Consideration for the feelings is not incompatible with thorough instruction. Tell the unfortunate as much of their condition as it is necessary for them to know—not an iota more. If one needs to acquire a free motion of the digits, and, at the same time, has an execrable habit of playing octaves, fingers abominably, lacks all sense of rhythm, and is deficient in the power of concentration, tell him that he needs to acquire a free motion of the digits, and have done. Why discourage him with the sight of bridges ahead?

If you smile, and say, "All right," or if you frown, and cry, "All wrong!" you do but resemble other teachers which the unsuccessful pupil has had, and who, one and all, have demonstrated their ability to make a failure of him. But if you show him how to acquire a legato touch, for instance, and quietly insist upon his acquiring it, he will see in you the helper he has all his life been in need of. In such a case, ingratitude will not be your reward.

When one thinks of the onerousness of the task of learning to play an instrument, and the amount of embarrassment incident to the pupil's position, the necessity for affability stands out. But the teacher can not altogether mitigate the onerousness of the task itself, and his profession has its disciplinary side. To give advice—even good advice—is not teaching. Even the most ambitious must be harrowed on, and the weekly lesson needs to be not only a bureau of information, but an inspiration and a goad. Until the learner has been compelled to taste the fruits of method, he is little likely to feed himself, and it is far easier to demonstrate your superiority to the satisfaction of the gifted than to beat down the stubborn walls which mediocrity erects between itself and progress. But with all a battle of some kind must be fought. The most docile mind will not follow one who has yet to prove his ability to lead. Occasionally, the teacher meets with a Waterloo in the shape of an ignoramus whose ingenuity to avoid instruction exceeds any one's ingenuity to impart. There is but one course open to the teacher. He must erase the name of the ignoramus from his books without loss of time. We all know how much custom a faithful pupil will bring. Do we often realize how much a faithless one will keep away?

His Tediousness.

There is one other fault so common with instructors everywhere that, in order to include it, I should, perhaps, have given a more comprehensive title to this essay. I refer to the tedious lack of variety which disfigures much otherwise excellent instruction. No good can come from the endless repetition of certain admonitions. The student knows, with one hearing, that you object to certain practices. If he does not proceed to mend, laziness, stubbornness, or incomprehension is indicated, and more light, pressure, or enthusiasm demanded. It is useless to harp on in an unheeded strain. If your first presentation of a subject failed to fructify, try another. "Still harping on my daughter?" cried the testy ancient to the over-importunate suitor. "Still chewing the same old rag?" is what our pupils often breathe to themselves, though politeness forbids the articulation of the syllables.

Another result of monotony is this: Those who began well, after a time threaten to lose interest and slacken in their endeavor. What wonder, when they know that their master always looks at them through the fog of his first impressions? He has set a certain goal for each. It may have happened that one has passed it unregarded, and is then no longer criticised, as he should be, upon a plane slightly above himself. He thus becomes disaffected. Symptoms of such disaffection should be continually looked for and promptly dealt with.

Some one has said that every pupil is a new problem. In truth, every lesson is a new problem. Our estimation of the learner's possibilities should be revised weekly. Think with what zest you would go to a man who never allowed his opinions to form ruts in his mind; who stood always ready to give you a fresh trial. No matter if you made a bad impression last time, to-day he may see you in a new light. Are you not a new being every day, sometimes standing in need of this, sometimes of that? I realize from experience how depressing it is to know beforehand what the master will say at the coming lesson; and I know from experience how difficult it is to regard the pupil as an ever-novel and engrossing subject, but the things most difficult are usually the best worth learning to do. If the preceptor is incapable, however, of regarding his class with eyes unbiased by familiarity, he would better seek another occupation. Teach he can not, for by some subtle alchemy of the soul he will communicate his indifference, not his knowledge.

HOW TO LEAD YOUNG PIANO PUPILS TO THE STUDY OF THEORY.

BY EMMA STANTON DYMOND, MUS. BAC.

First of all, theoretic study must be considered as being of the greatest importance to piano study. It need not take up the same amount of time, but should have a share of attention almost from the very first. Often it is the teacher, and not the pupil, who objects to this, since, in many cases, the former has not learned the value of the study of harmony or theory, or does not see how to apply his knowledge in his piano teaching; indeed, often does not feel sufficient interest in it to try to do so.

But granted that it is worth while to teach theory along with piano instruction, we have then other objections to meet. The pupil does not see why she (generally *she*) should spend her time over something which is not going to help her technic. She wants to play, and if harmony does nothing for her hands, she will have none of it, and waves it aside with, perhaps, the remark that the scientific side of music does not appeal to her. It might spoil the emotional side, she fears; and if Mr. —— is going to insist upon her taking harmony, she is going to find another teacher. Of course, she knows what she wants better than he.

How to retain such pupils, and, at the same time, to teach them something of theory is the question. I know some teachers who manage to "work in" a little theory along with the piano teaching without raising any suspicion in the minds of their pupils, and, later, persuade them to study seriously. Could not this always be done in obstinate cases? If a pupil is musical and has sufficient intelligence, urge her to work regularly at the less attractive study of harmony. In some conservatories and schools of music this study is compulsory.

Then come the questions: how to interest pupils in this work, and how to retain their interest. I have often found the dawning of interest at that point where the analysis of music begins. This should be as soon as the pupil is familiar with the common chord or triad. Let her name the final chord in the pieces she is playing, and show her how each ends with a tonic triad. Then she must be told what a cadence is, thus carrying her interest beyond her actual knowledge. She will soon learn to know the inversions of the triad and the useful chord of the dominant seventh. Then comes the addition of two or three parts to a figured bass. She must be made to feel a certain amount of importance at adding her own melodies to a bass. Let her take one exercise only: make it a subject of conversation. Don't tell her to work it out at home and bring it to you at her next lesson. Don't look it over in silence, marking a few fifths and octaves in red pencil, and then hand it back with the remark, "This is not bad for a first attempt; you may take four more of those basses for your next lesson." No; she must feel that she has reached a new epoch in her study. The melodies, voice-parts, although suggested by the figured bass, are to be hers, and, if the first thing is to get the exercise correct, certainly the very next thing is to make it musical. Let her play the treble part over alone, then in conjunction with the other parts. She must sing it, too, even though her voice be weak. If she protests that she can not sing a note, make her hum it, or do so yourself. Let her bring her imagination to bear upon it by telling her of the wonderful power of "hearing with the eyes." "No one can write good harmony who does not *hear in his mind* what he sees written on the paper," says Sir John Stainer. She must try to imagine the sound of her exer-

cise, but do not let her suppose that is enough. She must play it over several times to verify her idea of it, and alter it where it can be improved. It must be "pretty." She must feel proud of it, and let her see that you are proud of it, too.

You should encourage her to analyze some easy music. Much must be passed over in silence, but she can pick out her new acquaintances in the way of dominant sevenths, etc., notice cadences, and also write some cadences of her own—always the first step toward composition. Many pupils stop their lessons when they arrive at inversions of the dominant seventh. The resolution of the dissonant note seems to kill their own resolution, and as for suspensions—tears have been shed over these. Go over compositions in which the simpler suspensions are freely used.

At this point she should be led to do without figures and to construct small exercises of her own, introducing suspensions at the cadences first of all, and then at other convenient points in the exercise. Introduce new chords with care, and not in too quick succession. Let the pupil harmonize melodies—her own, if she can write them—and work at modulation, which, though last in mention, is not least in importance. Modulation in music may always be pointed out long before any attempts at it are made in writing. It is of widest interest and value to the player, and is a study in itself. May I finish this with a few words of advice to the teacher desirous of success?

1. Never teach with text-book in hand. Have the subject of the lesson so well in mind that it is unnecessary.

2. Use the blackboard and piano in class-teaching, but make a point of seeing some of the work done by each pupil.

3. Always use the piano in your lesson, and make your pupils do so. Later, have them do easy modulation *at the piano*, discarding the use of paper and pencil.

4. Do not assign more work than you can possibly look at in the alloted time for lesson.

5. Always be interested yourself in what you are doing if you want to interest your pupils.

THE STUDY OF BACH'S PRELUDES AND FUGUES.

BY BERNARD BOEKELMAN.

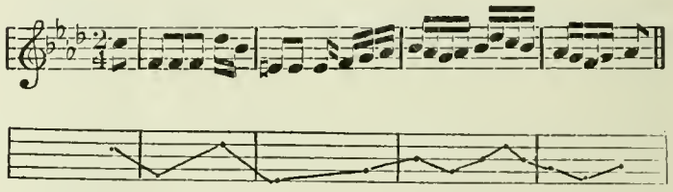
ALMOST two centuries have passed away since Joh. Seb. Bach wrote his monumental work, "The Well-tempered Clavichord" (1722). He wrote it for his advanced pupils, and in it he combined a soulful expression of feeling with helpful material for developing technical skill in composition.

Many of the preludes in "The Well-tempered Clavichord" disclose a mood of feeling not at all related to the fugues to which they are prefaced. Schumann, who admired Bach and founded his own style upon him, showed himself a critic in the highest sense when he demonstrated, on musical grounds, what many of Bach's biographers have proved, that the preludes were composed at various times in the life of their author, and were often brought into their present relation to the fugues which they preface merely on account of their similar tonality.

Fugues are the finest models for students anxious to acquaint themselves with higher art forms, and at the same time aiming at a perfection of the rhythmic, harmonic, and melodic elements of music. About one half the forty-eight preludes are in the form of the étude; the other half show a structure more polyphonic, and are very useful as a preparation for fugal work. A separate study of the preludes, as distinct from the fugues, seems therefore not only desirable, but obligatory, if both forms are to be thoroughly understood.

How Bach should be studied is a question to which many different solutions have been propounded. Apart from the usual conventional methods of preparing standard musical works, their composition (analysis), their expression (of motion), the singing of the interlacing of their melodies, must be carefully studied out. Fugues are not compositions for beginners; nevertheless, Riemann's polyphonic studies will be very useful to students just at their initiation to polyphony.

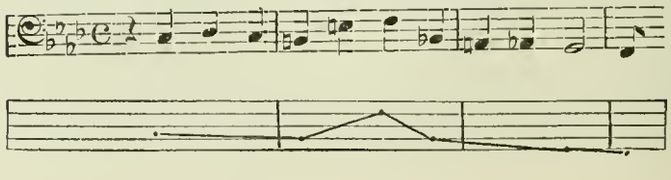
The theme of a Bach fugue contains on the surface both rhythmic and melodic elements. The harmonic elements, though equally present, are concealed. Let us investigate the former first. For instance, Fugue 12, part II.

Fugue 12. Book II, 3 parts.

The dynamic rise and fall is indicated by the little dots. These furnish us with a key to the proper delivery of the melody, because they expose the skeleton of it. Upon this framework of tonal elements the other notes are clothed.

The melodic character being firmly established, the rhythmic element should be examined. This particular theme is in two-quarter time, and apparently presents a dance rhythm. Conform the accent to the rise and fall of the melody, and the proper tempo will adjust itself. The step which Bach probably saw in his mind's eye presented on the up-beat a preparation for a decisive motion, which took place on the first note of the measure and may have been concluded on the third eighth. The composition should, accordingly, be rendered in a jovial manner.

Fugue 12, Book I, has the following theme:

Fugue 12. Book I, 4 parts.



The time (common), in a uniform quarter-rhythm, and the chromatic passing and changing tones denote a sorrowful thought. This fugue possesses a counter-subject, which should be analyzed in the same way. This will bring out the contrasting elements. Bach often uses counter subjects strikingly in contrast, in melody and rhythm, to the themes which they accompany. He sometimes plays one off against the other, and works up a grand climax (often in the stretto).

When the student can hum every voice all through from memory, he is ready to identify the various rhetoric elements of the fugue : the subject and counter-subject (if any), the episodes, and from what materials they have been constructed ; the strettos, canons, pedal-points, sequences, imitations, should be located. The cadences (which are equivalent to the period in literary work) must be found, because they control the meaning of the musical sentences which they close. Lastly, what may be called the "rhetoric figures" of musical speech require attention—viz., thematic alteration, and by what means; augmentation, diminution, or inversion; chromatic alteration if the fugue be not strict, and to this may properly be added the embellishments. All this taken together is neither a simple nor an obvious task.

So far we have dealt with preliminaries only. Now we are ready to decide what Bach was feeling and thinking about when he wrote the composition in hand. Was he sitting, sorrowful, in his arm-chair, watching a group of dancers when the musical germ formed itself in his mind, so that the motion of the measure trodden wove itself into the melancholy mood he presently depicted ? Was he wandering in the open air, blessing God for the freshness of sunny nature, when, coming unexpectedly near his wife's poultry-yard, the calling of the brooding hens, the crowing of chanticleer, the twittering of the chicks impressed itself on his subconscious mind and presently came out in a prelude of cheerful emotion? Certain it is that gaiety, cheerfulness, triumph, joy, hilarity, mirth, exhilaration, grief, affliction, despair, bitterness, worry, depression, dolefulness, are exhibited as creative germs in the themes and counter-themes. When they have been detected by the student, they should be seized firmly and adhered to consistently through the entire fugue. The mind should be saturated with the emotion once it has disclosed itself. Embody this emotion in each of its phases,—in imitation, augmentation, in diminution, inversion, acceleration (stretto) ; interrupt its flow with more or less important events (episodes), only to resume its flow with gathered force, and the interpretation will be intelligent and soulful.

All these fugues, with their prefaces (preludes), are fine pieces of chamber music. They will become household music if played as Bach himself played them.

After all is said, Bach still presents the almost insuperable difficulty of being in a style which survives almost because it is his own. Polyphony is not the spontaneous method of musical expression of any living people, the Russians, perhaps, excepted.

Any help, scientific and, at the same time, time-saving, is well worth consideration. Add to this the profound control over the imagination which the eye has assumed, and the use of the analysis by the aid of colors becomes apparent. To see the construction of a Bach fugue at a glance is to have the door opened into a garden which has been hopelessly locked to the majority of pianists. All that appertains to temperament and delivery is then "before them, where to choose."

The harmonic structure of a fugue is arrived at by the motion of its voices. It is an element of expression all the more potent because concealed, and more essential to modern players than it was two centuries ago, because modern music has raised harmony to the first place in the order of recognition by the ear. I have analyzed the harmonic forms of the fugues in my Bach edition in colors. The harmony can thereby be studied and digested independently of the polyphony.

To those who think that fugues are "easy," because they contain no passage playing, *à la* Liszt and Czerny, I would recall an episode that will have a familiar aspect to most Bach lovers : A young fellow, with more or less ability and some technic, once presented himself at a celebrated German conservatory. "Do you ever study fugues?" asked the professor, a well-known Bach lover. "I can learn one in a day !" returned the youth, disdainfully. The professor smiled. The smile rankled in the memory of that callow genius. As he advanced in his profession he thought of it with increasing chagrin. Ultimately he became a well-known organist, and then he went humbly to the professor and retracted.

BACH'S INFLUENCE ON THE MUSICAL WORLD.

BY HENRY T. FINCK.

WHEN Rubinstein published his "Conversations on Music," which begin by placing Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, and Glinka above all other composers, doubtless many a reader opened eyes and mouth wide in astonishment at finding Glinka in such a place. The cynically minded, knowing the vanity of artists, divined that "Glinka" was only an alias for the "Rubinstein" which the author wanted, but did not dare, to write. The proper name for the place was, of course, Wagner, whom Rubinstein hated with a morbid jealousy. Had he written Wagner he would have named the five men of genius who have exerted the widest influence on the musical world, each in his own sphere.

To realize the influence of Beethoven, listen to one of the symphonies written before him and compare it with those written after him, and you will marvel at the difference. Schubert had a few predecessors in the *Lied*, but their efforts are infantile compared with his, and he may he declared the creator of the lyric song, in spite of Beethoven, whose *Lieder* are the weakest of all his works. Schumann and Franz and the other modern song-writers all have their roots in the soil prepared by

Schubert. That Chopin has leavened all the piano music written since his day—even that of Brahms—need not be said ; nor is any one so foolish to-day as to deny that Wagner has changed the opera for all time to come, in Italy and France, as well as in Germany.

As for Bach, the first of the Great Five, what has he done for the development of music? It would be easier to answer the question, "What has he not done for music?" One day Robert Franz called the attention of a friend to a certain passage in Bach's "Musikalisches Opfer," which is identical with the motive of Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture. "Everybody likes that splendid passage," he remarked, laughing, "and Mendelssohn is praised for it; but there it stands in old Bach. In truth, he anticipated everything."

But we must not chide Mendelssohn for purloining a few ideas from his idol ; Bach would have been the first to pardon him, if some one could have foretold him how Mendelssohn would, in the nineteenth century, wage war against popular indifference to his works and professional ignorance regarding their contents and significance. Mendelssohn not only resuscitated the great "St. Matthew's Passion," but that work influenced him so much as to induce him to write his own "St. Paul" and "Elijah." I have often thought that a certain harmonic grandeur and variety in some of Mendelssohn's best works owed their existence to his early acquaintance with Bach. He was really the first who seemed to fully appreciate the greatness of Johann Sebastian.

It is true that Mozart declared that Bach was the only composer who could teach him anything, and that Beethoven referred to the oceanic depths of his music ; but neither of these masters, unluckily, knew his works sufficiently well to be specially influenced by them. As for musicians in general, we may apply to them what Robert Franz said of Bach's pupils : "None of them understood him in his essence ; they marveled at his virtuosity, his knowledge as a teacher, but of his supreme genius they had no conception." It was not until the epoch of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt that Bach began to be understood as the deepest of musical thinkers and to exert his powerful influence on the whole musical world. Since that time he has been the composers' composer, worshiped by all, underrated by Berlioz alone.

In all departments of music has Bach's influence been felt. He never seemed to care much for operatic music, and when he made those foot-tours to Hamburg it was to hear an organist and not the operas sung there. And yet there is an abundance of superbly dramatic music in his "Passions" and his cantatas ; accents of woe or joy such as are to be found in few operas except those of Wagner, who was all his life a devout student of Bach. In "Die Meistersinger," particularly, we have unmistakable evidence of Bach's influence in the superb opening choral, the pedal point as the congregation leaves the church, and throughout in that masterful polyphony which would have thrilled Bach with joy and made him acknowledge Wagner as one of his tribe.

The Lied is another branch of music to which Bach did not contribute anything of importance directly ; yet indirectly his influence became a perceptible factor in Schumann, and a most powerful one in Robert Franz. Franz's ideas are entirely his own, but his language is often so much like Bach's that it would be difficult in some cases to tell the two apart were not the melodic curve different. A German critic has wittily remarked, regarding one of Franz's Lieder, that it seemed as if Bach had sat down and written a Franz song by way of expressing his appreciation of Franz's masterful "additional accompaniments" to his scores—those accompaniments which have made them available for modern performance in the spirit of the original.

Thus we see that the most modern opera-composer and the most modern song-writer were particularly influenced by Bach, though he never wrote an opera or a Lied in the modern sense of the word.

Another extremely modern composer who came under his spell was Liszt, both in the harmonies of his pianoforte works and, more especially, in his compositions for the organ. There are not many of these, and they are little known ; but their day will come, and then the world will wonder at the impression left by Bach on that great Hungarian. As for other writers for the organ, from Mendelssohn to Saint-Saëns, it is needless to add that one and all of them have been saturated with the spirit of Bach, who, in this sphere above all others, has never been equaled.

As a writer for the orchestra, Bach's position has been obscured by the foolish habit of calling Haydn "the father of orchestration." Haydn did, indeed, have unusual facilities at Esterhazy's castle for experimenting in regard to the various instrumental combinations; but Bach, without having such opportunities, divined colorings which have moved me more deeply than anything Haydn ever wrote. He had an instinct for suiting peculiar combinations to certain emotions. Of course, he did not have any kaleidoscopic modern orchestra at his command; yet it is certain that had he lived in this century he would have scored after the manner of Wagner or Liszt. It is a remarkable fact that, as Abert, Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl, and others have proved, Bach's works can be most legitimately orchestrated *à la* Wagner with superb effect. This could not be done with the works of Haydn, Mozart, or even Beethoven ; wherefore in this respect, as in his harmonies, Bach, though older, is more modern than that classic trio.

Bach wrote more for the voice than for instruments, but, as good solo singers and choruses are much scarcer than good players, he is best known to the musical world to-day through his instrumental compositions, especially those for the organ and the piano. What might be called the prophetic character of his music—that is, its modernity—is revealed especially by the nature of his pianoforte pieces—that is, what we call his pianoforte pieces ; for every musician, of course, knows that there were no pianos in Bach's day, and that the harpsichords and clavichords he wrote for were almost as simple, compared to a modern grand piano, as a melodeon is compared with a church organ. In playing Haydn and Mozart, we constantly feel that they did not write for the instrument of our day, with its full, rich tone ; but

in playing Bach no one would suspect such a thing; and there lies the miracle. The thin-toned, small voiced clavichords of his day no more sufficed to reveal the full beauty of his preludes and fugues than his wretched chorus of thirty school-boys did to bring out the grandeur of his church cantatas. He wrote for choruses and pianos such as we have to-day.

His contributions to the technic of pianoforte playing were of incalculable importance to the development of music. It is almost comic to think of his predecessors using only the three middle fingers, and unable to modulate to any but a few neighboring keys. By adopting the equal temperament, which distributes the necessary inaccuracy of tuning equally over the whole keyboard, he made it possible to use all the keys and modulate *ad libitum*, using the thumb as well as the fingers, and thus opening a whole world of possibilities in composing and playing. "The Well-tempered Clavichord," with its forty-eight preludes and fugues in all the major and minor keys, embodies this new departure. What that work has done for the development of pianoforte music may be inferred from the fact that Hans von Bülow does not exaggerate when he says that "if all the master-works of music were lost except the 'Well-tempered Clavichord,' it would be possible to reconstruct our whole art from that." Rubinstein said the same thing in almost the same words; it was probably a maxim of their teacher, Liszt, and it would certainly have been indorsed by Chopin, whose harmonies have their root in Bach, and by Schumann, who advised his pupils to make Bach their "daily bread."

These same preludes and fugues were Wagner's favorite music in the last years of his life. "Add to these," exclaims Rubinstein, "the chromatic fantasia and fugue, the variations, partitas, inventions, the English suites, the concertos, the chaconne, the piano and violin sonatas, not to speak of his organ compositions,—can any one fathom his greatness?" And could anything, I add, prove more eloquently the incomparable influence Bach has exerted on the development of music than the glowing tributes paid to him by his pupils and admirers—Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Rubinstein, Franz, Saint-Saëns, and all the other leaders of the romantic and modern schools? Even Perosi, Italy's latest wonder, has tried to unite the styles of Palestrina and Wagner with that of Bach.

THE ART OF INTERESTING PUPILS.

BY E. G. HIGGINS.

To a music pupil, of younger or older growth, one essential thing is interest, and one thing teachers strive for is the ability to interest as well as to advance their pupils.

To a child who knows nothing of music the new field opening before him is fresh and interesting; it is a new world, and one which may hold endless delight or endless torture for him. Be careful not to tell him too much at first; keep something for next time, something for yet another time, and let him be eager for what is to come. Take one page, and have him tell you all he knows of the hitherto mysterious signs and symbols.

Next week give the child some music-paper and let him make these same interesting signs upon the new, clean page; make his own music, with clefs, notes, and measures. How anxiously he watches to see how it is done, and eagerly takes the pencil from your hand to make for himself the white-headed notes, the black-headed ones, the old men notes with their crutches, to put in a rest when they grow weary. Draw upon your imagination to make these things live and grow under the child's eye.

Later on, put the scales on paper; then take them out for a walk on the keyboard, slowly and carefully, as a child takes his first steps alone. With a clean, clear tone we walk up the octave, taking care to put one key down at a time; for as one foot, in walking, is up while the other is down, so no two keys may be down at the same time. First lift one finger and then the next, and in the very beginning watch for clear work, the first finger coming up as the second goes down. When ready for the next scale, note points of similarity, and the child feels, "Why, they aren't so hard and stupid, after all. I wonder what comes next."

You have your little book of exercises, and find that a simple one with a pretty name is much more attractive than one without, and lends its beauty to the piece. If you use a book with no names, as Loeschhorn, Op. 84, the present writer would suggest that you name the pieces together. Play them through, and together decide which name best suits each. Name only a few, and when these are learned you will have another delightful fifteen minutes playing and naming more. The child is eager for another such treat, and works away with a right good will to come to that interesting point again.

A child's first piece is to him one of the most important points of his music study. Sheet-music has such a peculiar fascination for him; so hold out the promise of a piece as a special reward for good work. After exercises and scales are in good shape, hands and fingers under good control, bring the piece. But don't spoil his pleasure in it by keeping him on the one piece until his ears are tired of the sound of it. Give him *variety* always—one strong point in sustaining his interest. If not learned to please you perfectly, put it aside and review it later on. The first attempt has been to the best of his present ability; the second time, note how much easier it comes. Call in the mother to hear it, and tell her how pleased you are with the boy's work. By all means, if you can, tell a story suggested by the title of the piece.

By and by, maybe, you notice that he does not come quite so eagerly to the lesson-hour, much as he has hitherto enjoyed it; and his lessons show lack of practice. Now make a friend of the mother, for you will need her cooperation. With her aid and sympathy try various plans with the pupil. Have him keep faithful account of each day's practice, but don't forget to ask

for it next lesson. Give him the number of times an exercise should be practiced, and have an active bean trade carried on to mark the times. If he fails in doing it the required number, plan to take extra time at the next lesson, and have it learned then and there. The child may be shamed to his work. With some pupils this succeeds, while a sharp word or threat does equally well with others. Yet others are more affected by a feeling of regret and sorrow on your part at their neglect and disregard of your wishes. Sometimes use a report card, and mark under headings of "practice," "punctuality," "position," "fingering," "scales," and "exercises" the percentage due for the week's work.

If you can find some point of encouragement, give it. Put a reproof this way: "If only you had noticed the time better, it would have been so much more satisfactory, for notes and fingering were correct." When you can honestly say, "No little girl has had her lesson so well learned this week," to your faithful little one, by all means say it. But don't praise too much. Be rather sparing of it, and it will mean something when you give it.

As the pupil grows older, increase the interest in music by telling him of the personality of the composers, anecdotes that show how they worked, and how they loved their art. Gain attention to the work by interesting anecdotes.

A regular quarterly recital adds interest. Parents are pleased to see the progress of their children, and the boys and girls eagerly scan the printed program for *their* names. Do not make extra work on the pupil's part for this. Begin to think about it and plan for it two months or more beforehand. Have pieces well learned and *committed* and *laid aside* in ample time. Then take them up and review them for the occasion. The child will not worry, "for it is only an old piece," and you will feel easier knowing his familiarity with it. Perhaps it would be well to offer a prize for the most musical performance; nothing costly, but a simple reward for faithful work. Your pupils will be ambitious and anxious, but not, I hope, envious. Pupils' recitals should always be free, but well advertised, and parents and friends will fill the hall.

When the number of older pupils will warrant it, by all means have a musical club. Plan the study and offer suggestions, but let the pupils do the work. Plan your course of study of music and musicians, making every effort to keep it simple and interesting. Bring pictures of the masters and modern players, anecdotes of their lives, and aim to have a few events in the lives of each and their most noted work thoroughly learned. After the program have musical games, musical authors, or great composers. At each meeting have music by the composer of the day, and strive to make the pupils familiar with the best music. Have a few moments of helpful discussion on such topics as "How to Practice," "How to Memorize," "Music I Like." The result will be an interested class, pupils familiar with the masters and their music, and a growing taste for the best in music and interest in methods of teaching and study.

Encourage your older pupils to take musical magazines; take the best yourself, and lend them freely. Give sample copies of THE ETUDE, and encourage them to cut clippings on musical subjects, and watch the papers for any important musical event.

Above all, hear good music whenever you can, and encourage your pupils to do so. If you are not in the cities, and so unable to hear Hofmann, Rosenthal, and Sauer, keep posted on musical events, and speak of them to your pupils. Be interested yourself, act so in all your work, and your pupils will catch the spirit and respond quickly to all your efforts in that direction.

THE ROAD TO PARNASSUS.

BY HENRY C. LAHEE.

WHEN a traveler undertakes to climb a mountain he sees before him nothing but the steep path bristling with difficulties. He overcomes one obstacle only to find himself confronted with another. At times it appears as if there was no way, either forward or back; but he pushes on, he follows his guide, or, if he has no guide, he has faith, because others have traveled the same path before and he knows that it can be done. Presently he comes to some rock or pinnacle on which he can rest and look around,—a temptation too great to be withstood. He is now able to obtain a view of the valley, and the sight cheers him. He knows that he has made progress, but turning again to his task he sees nothing but the great mass up which he must climb. This time, however, he has more courage, the courage necessary to brace him up for still greater efforts, and at last he reaches the summit.

He is now able to obtain a view of all the surrounding country. North, south, east and west the panorama is open to him. He looks down into the valleys and beholds the roads winding along the level land, leading to no point of vantage. These are the roads along which the unambitious plod with limited horizon and no sense of exhilaration. He sees the rivers descending to the great sea in which they are lost. He sees the road up which he has climbed with so much difficulty, but now it looks easy, its jagged rocks are invisible, the difficulties which seemed insurmountable are lost in the grandeur of the task accomplished.

It is thus with musical life. The person with little knowledge ambles along the level road. He sees the mountain, but can not realize the view to be obtained from the summit. He feels that it is unnecessary to climb and thinks he knows all that is worth knowing.

By and by he hears from one who has climbed—perhaps only a little way—the joys to be obtained by plodding upward instead of horizontally, and he becomes imbued with ambition. He decides to climb, but still, tolerably contented with himself, he is not willing to do all that his guide and teacher advises, and he flounders about piteously. Perhaps he decides to keep on the level road. Perhaps, after a struggle with himself, he takes the advice offered him, and throws himself into

the work. When once this victory over self is gained, the reward is not long in coming. A little hard work, and he is able to look around upon the valley and realize his gain. And now he is convinced. He must seek a guide who has been higher. The year of work which was to place him on a sufficiently exalted pinnacle simply reveals to him the fact that to reach that point several more years of work are necessary. The point which he has reached is only a little way up the mountain, but it has shown him that which fills him with determination to keep on, and he realizes in what a lowly situation he has been traveling.

There can be but few teachers who have not passed through some part of this experience, and there can be but few who have not experienced the difficulty of imbuing their pupils with the ambition which is essential for making the first ascent. Laziness, outside pleasures and duties, lack of interest, self-sufficiency and diffidence are the difficulties with which teachers have to deal in getting their pupils to work.

The hardest task for the teacher is to coax these pupils on and upward out of the level road of ignorance to some point at which a retrospect can be taken and the intelligent enjoyment of music can be indulged in. From that point the pupil begins to work with the teacher instead of against him. In fact, pupil and teacher are climbing together, though on a different level, and all are pushing on toward that pinnacle which so few reach.

The work of the conscientious teacher is always hard. There are always obstacles which discourage both teacher and pupil, and the teacher, through his experience, must give the pupil confidence and encouragement. It is not always wise to find fault,—it is far better to point the way toward improvement. The pupil, if imbued with ordinary intelligence, will realize the faults.

The greatest credit is due to those humble teachers, themselves steadily climbing, seldom receiving their due, who implant the first seeds of enthusiasm and ambition in their pupils, even though their methods and technic may not be the most perfect.

The wrecks by the wayside, the failures of other people should not discourage one, but rather cause him to rejoice that so many have risen out of the valley of ignorance, even though but a short distance.

A MUSICIAN'S READING.

BY ALEXANDER MCARTHUR.

QUITE a large number of music students may be met with every day, even in the most exclusive art centers, who, knowing little outside the technic of their art, yet aspire to the title of musician. They have no idea of the dates of the birth and death of Beethoven, for instance, and would be puzzled if questioned as to the period in which Handel or Mozart flourished. They know that Bellini wrote "La Somnambula" and that Wagner composed "Lohengrin,"—most of them do, at least,—but of the esthetics of the art, its periods of development or the histories of the great musicians as composers, and much less as men, they know nothing.

Their entire time is given to technical study; hours are spent at finger-exercises and scales, until brain and muscles are dulled with weariness, but not an hour is devoted to the cultivation of their musical intellect or a thought given to the root and strength of all art—its esthetic side.

To play Chopin or Beethoven, Schumann or Mendelssohn, Brahms or Tschaikowsky, as they should be played, you must know these composers not only as composers,—that is, through their compositions,—but also as men. It is folly to expect that drudging at instrumental technic will make an artist. Take a pianist, for instance: How can he understand the inner intent of the early Chopin compositions unless he knows something of the story of the bewitching Constantia, whom Chopin calls "my ideal"? or of the later compositions, unless he has a glimpse of Paris as it was in the thirties, when Heine, Berlioz, Liszt, and Balzac flourished, and the fascinating and tempestuous genius, George Sand, whose faithlessness or perfidy overshadowed and shortened the last years of the Polish tone-poet, was in all her glory.

Consider even the Mendelssohn Lieder. Who will understand them fully unless he knows something of the ideal life led at Leipziger Strasse, No. 3, or peruses the charming letters that passed between the members of the talented family who dwelt there?

Be it Beethoven or Schumann, Chopin or Brahms, a knowledge of the man is also a knowledge of the musician.

Even more is necessary: a knowledge of the time and customs, of the age they they lived in, of their nationality and the influences brought to bear on their thoughts.

Take Tschaikowsky, for instance. Where, outside of Russia, does one hear his music played as it should be played? Although it is not so difficult, taking it all in all, as that of Richard Strauss or Brahms, quite other ideas, lights, and intentions must be brought to bear in its interpretation. Musicians who had the good fortune to hear the Russian composer conduct his concerts when in this country, and who will compare his renderings with those of such men as Paur, Gericke, or Thomas, all of them first-class and conscientious musicians, will realize my meaning. Nor will Russian music be understood rightly or rendered properly by foreigners until the thoughts and ideas, the history, and, above all, the intentions of the vast Slavonic empire are known and realized.

Not all the technic in the world will enable an artist to produce that broad cantabile, with its infinite sadness, subdued passion, and intensity, peculiar to Russian music unless he first feels it, and he will never feel it until he knows Russian thought. It is not given to all to reside in Russia, the easiest manner of doing this; but there are Russian books open to all (by Tolstoï, Dostoievsky, Kriloff, Tourgenieff, Gogol, Lermontoff, and, above all, Poushkine—Poushkine the inimitable, whose works, even as literature, should be known to us),

which will help materially to an understanding of the inner depth and intention of Russian music, whether it be that of Tschaikowsky or Glazounov.

So much depends on the spirit in which a composition is approached, so little on the letter! Yet students, ignoring the former completely, go on banging away at their pianofortes or scraping their fiddles until the neighbors rise up in mutiny and their own muscles give out.

It is the custom of all good Christians to spend half an hour, more or less, with their Bibles daily, and it should be the habit of good students of music to give at least a like amount of time to the study of the esthetics of their art. One half hour daily, given systematically, can accomplish much in a year. Of course, it is the minimum, and where there is three hours' practice, at least one should be given to musical science—counterpoint, harmony, and instrumentation; and one to musical literature—that is, history, biography, and explanatory books in general.

There is a form of reading that is easy and instructive—that is, the studying of the history and the periods of the pieces played at the concerts of the symphony orchestras. In all large towns these programs are published and can be had ahead of the season, and it is remarkable how much more interesting a piece will sound if you know just when and how and where it was composed. Composers of our day know this so well that some of them cover up very mediocre ideas by writing "Impressions d'Espagne," or "d'Italie," or "d'Ecosse" to their works, and so direct the thoughts into the wished-for groove.

Unfortunately, up to the present the greatest and best biographies of the great composers are somewhat expensive, such as Jahn's "Life of Mozart," Spitta's "Life of Bach," or Niecks' "Chopin," and I am always waiting for some long-sighted publisher to stumble on the plan of issuing these to students on weekly or monthly payments, so that all, even those in the most humble circumstances, might possess them. We all know, too, how the majority of even the wealthiest parents or guardians groan over the sums spent on books. Some teachers I have known have established lending libraries for their classes, to obviate all this and put knowledge in the way of all—an excellent thing, too.

Any one who buys books and loves reading knows that each volume added to the shelf is always a delight to the eye, and it is surprising how quickly works accumulate, and how rich and cozy they make a room.

But even to those who have nothing to spend in this way there are the libraries—and every city has its library; therefore there is nowadays no excuse for the ignorance too prevalent among students.

More than one American publishing house are now making a feature of musical literature, so that the only real difficulty for the buyer lies in selection. This, undoubtedly, is a nice question; but a good dictionary—for instance, Riemann's—or a good teacher can always help. The foundation of all musical libraries,—outside of the scientific works absolutely necessary, of course, to all who aspire to the title of musician,—no matter how small, should be a good dictionary, and of dictionaries the best is Grove's or Riemann's. The latter is smallest but most up to date—both books should be bought if the pocket allows it. The rest is not so easy, but a safe way of buying books is to find out the position of the author and his or her probable sources of information, and especially their fitness. The works of musicians, however, must always be taken with a grain of salt. Liszt, as a personal friend of Chopin, ought to have written the best biography of the Polish composer, but he did n't. Niecks' work far outshines that of Liszt, although the work of the latter is a gem in its way and will always be read by musicians with more interest.

If Rubinstein had only written an opinion on Wagner it would have been unique in its way, but it could never have been a practical guide to students. Musicians are apt to be prejudiced, and although Rubinstein found no good in Wagner, still the question of Wagner's greatness remains unassailable. Wagner himself had his prejudices, which were imitated by his followers; but prejudices, although interesting, should never be taken seriously.

Italian opera has been bitterly assailed by Wagnerites; but there is much good in Italian opera, even although its form is sometimes foolish. Of course, opinions are free to all; and may they all flourish merrily! We can not have too many. But it is foolish to let ourselves be too easily persuaded, and the only antidote to this is extensive reading of good books.

When muscles and brain are weary with technical study there is nothing so exhilarating or encouraging as a dip into some good biography, or a few hours spent with Liszt or Rubinstein or Wagner, or any other of the great musicians whose works we possess. If we were invited to some reception where these great men were the lions, how eagerly we would rush there, and how eagerly anticipate the pleasure in store; but it is open to us so often to steal off in some shady nook of our gardens or some quiet corner in our homes and to pass as many hours as we wish in their company, partaking of their thoughts and instruction alone with them and their ideas.

Merely as recreation, musical reading is to be recommended; but to those who desire to reach any distinction in their art it is not only a recreation, it is a necessity.

THE SPECIALIST IN MUSIC.

BY MARY LOUISE TOWNSEND.

In the last three or four centuries the trend of human thought and activity has been, in the main, distinctly scientific. From the invention of the printing-press down to the latest creation of Tesla or Edison, the roll of human achievement numbers with increasing frequency the names of men that have devoted themselves to the study of facts in nature, their classification, and the development of their governing laws. Each new decad has seen either the opening of fields hitherto un-

explored or an advance into realms already investigated until there have arisen so many divisions and subdivisions of the different branches of science that a mastery of any one of these requires a life-time of endeavor, and as a result we have the division of labor and the modern specialist.

Hand in hand almost with the rise of science has come the development of music, so that, if the last few hundred years have been preeminently scientific, they have been also preeminently musical, and it may be said that music is *the* art of the modern scientific age. In like manner, too, as each new discovery in science has widened the field of effort and enlarged the demands on those engaged in scientific pursuits, so each new step in the development of music has increased the realm of musical activity and placed a greater tax upon those who have devoted themselves to musical study.

But although there is also, in the development of music, a tendency toward the division of labor and the evolution of the musical specialist, this tendency has not always been so marked as in science, nor have all times nor all conditions been favorable to its growth. The musical pioneer in any place has always to attempt the full message of his art, even though he be fitted to present only one phase of musical truth. And now arises the question, Is it possible for the modern musician, any more than it is possible for the modern scientist, to fit himself properly in more than one branch of his subject?

We hear frequent and, alas! well-grounded complaints against ignorance and narrow-mindedness in the musical profession, frequent pleas for a broader musicianship, a wider and more comprehensive education for those engaged in various forms of musical activity—an attitude which is desirable within certain limits; but is there not another extreme to be avoided as well as the extreme of narrowness? Do we not all know men who have made failures of their lives through too much knowledge of too many things, and not enough knowledge of some one thing?

"Men are qualified for their work by knowledge, but they are also *negatively* qualified for it by ignorance," says Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Not a blind, bigoted ignorance which results in cripples like the religious fanatics of India, who lose all power but one, but an ignorance simply of the details in other fields than its own—a broad-minded ignorance, to speak paradoxically, which sympathizes with other modes of human expression, but resolutely devotes itself to its own phase of truth alone. Is it not possible, nay, is it not imperative, that the musician of the present should attain this happy middle ground between narrowness on the one hand and lack of concentration on the other, if he would be most useful to the world? Think for a moment of the technical demands on a modern pianist as against the days of Scarlatti, or on a modern violinist in contrast to Bassani. Compare a hymn of Palestrina with the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn, or the faint, embryonic opera of "Monteverde" with the mighty "Nibelungen Ring" of Wagner.

How can a pianist in these days expect to shine also as a violinist, or a singer, or a harmonist, or an authority on musical history? And how can a teacher of piano-playing expect to equip himself properly as a teacher of any other of those things with all the requirements that the modern world demands? No one will, of course, deny that the pianist or the teacher should have a comprehensive acquaintance with all or at least most of the other musical branches. To understand what others are doing in closely allied forms of activity, and to know what has been accomplished in his own line, can not but help a man in his work. Furthermore, a general knowledge of and intelligent sympathy with every expression of truth, whether in art or science or history, can serve only to make him a better exponent of his own preferred specialty. Just as the specialist is laboring for the whole world, so he must needs realize what the world, through the various lines of human effort, has wrought for him.

But to strike the delicate balance between general knowledge and special attainment—that is the vital question of the hour; and how is this to be accomplished? How shall one gain the knowledge in a specialty that embraces all specialties?

The frequently quoted saying that the proper education of a child should begin a hundred years before he is born might well be thought of in this connection; but without carrying back quite so far the necessary influences, we may say that the training for a specialist in general and for a musical specialist in particular should begin with his mother. Read the lives of composers and artists, and note how rare are the instances in which the mother's influence has not been paramount in the development of her child's genius; then consider how much more necessary a factor it must be in the education of the less favored children of earth.

If the first requisite, then, in the proper training of a specialist is the right kind of a mother, the second is, of necessity, the right kind of teacher or teachers. That the teacher of almost any branch of learning in these days should be a specialist is getting to be more and more an established fact. In higher educational institutions this principle has long been in force, but even in public schools it is coming to be pretty generally recognized also, while in conservatories of music the division of labor has progressed in some instances to the point of separate teachers for technic alone.

Is it not probable, however, that another century, with its undoubted advance in learning, will see still further specialization in all directions, and that the day will come when every educator will be a thoroughly trained and carefully equipped specialist? How invaluable to a student to have each new phase of truth presented to him by minds specially trained to set forth that particular subject! How can he fail to gain the greatest amount of good in the shortest possible time, both for his general education and for his chosen work?

He will fail, nevertheless, if he lacks the third, and perhaps the most important, element in the training of a specialist—the power of independent effort. After all that a mother can do, after all that his teacher can do, the student must in the end and always be his own best

instructor. And this, again, we learn from the lives of great musicians. How many of them, leaving behind early teachings and traditions, worked against unending discouragement to follow the clear, inner vision of things unperceived by other men. Something, surely, of this same courage of independent thought, only in less degree, perhaps, is necessary to any earnest student of music, however small and circumscribed his sphere of labor. Without it he will be at best only an imitator, but with it, even though he may lack the counsels of a wise and loving mother and the instruction of competent and judicious teachers, he can still make himself a power in the world, because his work will at least be honest and sincere and true.

THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

A Study of Matrimony and Music.

BY LOUIS ARTHUR RUSSELL.

The propriety of matrimony among musicians seems scarcely a debatable question, yet "Shall a musician marry?" is being discussed just now, especially since the appearance of an interesting, if not very philosophic, essay on "Music and Matrimony," by Mr. Cuthbert Hadden, in the "Cornhill Magazine." That musicians should be picked from among the professional classes as peculiarly unfit for matrimony, or of questionable fitness, is without explanation; but such is the case, and some misdirected philosophers are pleased to condemn the composer of music, the player of piano, and the like to celibacy, on the charge that the music life and the temperament which enjoys it are unfitted for domestic happiness.

Fortunately this opinion is not universal, and therefore musicians do enter happily into the state of matrimony; but enough has been said and written, sufficient of silly philosophy has been put forth, misrepresenting the musician and the music life, to warrant a discussion by the profession.

The marriage problem is not alone for the musician's solving; the question of propriety of marriage is not a question which refers itself in any way to music, or in any particular way to musicians as a class. A glance through any musical circle, or at the leading musicians of the world, will show that the chances of happy marriage are about the same as with any other class, or as with the world at large.

There is nothing in the nature of music which can in any way destroy one's affectionate disposition; there is nothing in music or its close contemplation which leads us away from the gentler emotions; nor does music incline us to seclusion, though it is indeed a solace when we are without companionship of men or women. On the contrary, music constantly portrays a harmony of companionship; it is a communion of voices, and to the real musician, who lives inside the temple, these voices are of the spirit, telling of the inner life of man in relation to other men.

The contemplation of music rather inclines the mind to companionship than otherwise, and the ideal companionship is, doubtless, the ideal marriage of a man and a woman.

The study and practice of music, furthermore, tends to develop the emotional nature. Love is, first and last, an emotion, and there is no class of men more susceptible than the musician, with whom emotions are apt to grow to be passions. If, then, musicians are emotional and susceptible, and if love be the proper basis for matrimonial alliance, it appears easy to declare a musician a fit subject for marriage; at least, in so far as the heart is concerned in the matter.

Here, however, enters another item: To be a good husband or a good wife, one must be a practical money-maker or a good housekeeper, etc.; in other words, love is but a starting-point. The material side of matrimony is of real importance, and we say, with the old Spanish maxim, "*Marry, marry, but what about housekeeping?*"

That the practice of the piano is peculiarly conducive to good business habits or to good housekeeping can not be claimed, but that such a habit of study, properly ordered, destroys a man's business sense or a woman's love of order, or her cooking abilities, is not easily proved.

Music is by no means entirely an abstraction; its devotees are not all with long hair, drooping lashes, and ever-far-away brains. These conditions are sometimes affected by "artists," but usually 'tis by men, and just for the sake of arousing the hectic frenzy of hysteric women, that the "business" of the artist may prosper. It requires more brains, and brains of a finer quality, to write a symphony than it does to promote a good business transaction; it takes more brains to play a concerto or to conduct a chorus and an orchestra through an oratorio than are required by a ward politician who "pulls" himself into a good paying position; yet we never question the propriety of matrimony on the part of a merchant or of a politician.

If, then, the musician possess an affectionate nature, a nature especially fitted for companionship and for the higher emotional life, and, with this *sine qua non* of ideal married life, he or she also has a fine quality and a sufficiency of brains, why shall one not marry, and be happy and prosperous?

After all, then, musicians are but men and women, weak or strong, good or bad, provident or shiftless, as the case may be, just as is the rest of mankind.

Lord Bacon long ago wrote an essay, "Of Marriage and Single Life," in which he said: "*He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.*"

The Baconian theory holds that great men, and perhaps great women geniuses should never marry: the above quotation expresses the idea. That many great men have married, and happily, too, is a matter of history. Among the musicians—the great composers especially—the matrimonial record is encouraging.

Bach was twice married, and his home life was as happy as that of his fellow-townsmen. He was the

father of twenty children, and his lifework in his art was stupendous.

Mendelssohn was most happily married, and there is no reason to believe that his service in art was in any way interfered with.

Mozart's wife was a real assistance to him in his work, and von Weber found in his wife every joy that an affectionate husband could wish.

Schumann and his wife, Clara, lived an ideal life; both were real artists—he an inspired poet of romanticism, she a genius of the pianoforte. Their life together was a model of marital joy, until his sad malady intervened.

Wagner married twice, and the last marriage, though of somewhat doubtful ethical propriety, was in no way an embarrassment to him as a creative genius; and, in its way, the home life, at Bayreuth especially, was ideal, the wife, herself an artist in temperament, being a true companion to the composer. It is true, Hector Berlioz and Haydn were unhappily married, but neither of these mesalliances was due to the music side of the composers' natures.

Handel, Beethoven, and Schubert did not marry; yet each desired to do so. In Handel's case a stern parent stood in the way, refusing his daughter's hand to a musician; Beethoven certainly loved, but was not a winning suitor; Schubert, too, loved, but he also was "but a musician," and could not aspire to the hand of a princess. Perhaps had these three masters been successful in their suits, music would have been the richer to-day, especially in the case of that sweetest of all singers, Franz Schubert, who, with a wife to care for him, might have lived many years and have blessed humanity with much more of his divine melody.

To-day many, if not the most, of the greatest of our musicians are married, and the average of happiness and prosperity appears to be their portion, so that it would appear that, in the realm of music at least, history refutes the learned Bacon.

But, after all, there is another side to the tale; there are at least theoretic reasons for the Baconian theory, though its logic be so often refuted by facts. Matrimony is a restraint, a limitation of freedom, a source of care and responsibility. Many spirits chafe under restraint and find unhappiness in any condition other than absolute freedom. The ideal marriage implies complete devotion on the part of both husband and wife.

Art also demands of its votaries a complete devotion; it is as jealous as a husband or wife; it demands nothing less than the life of the artist. It is the same with science, the same with any profession of letters; it is the same with business. Success of any importance is reached only by an absorbing devotion to one's vocation.

How, then, can the two be reconciled and dwell together? How can matrimony and ambition be in harmony? How can both be successful in the same life? The whole question hinges upon the metaphysical problem of elasticity and comprehensiveness of the human heart and mind.

Schubert himself expressed the idea of dual devotion when, upon being playfully chided by his inamorata, the Princess Esterhazy, for having never dedicated any of his numerous compositions to her, he said, "Why should I inscribe any *one* of them to you, when *all* are dedicated to you?"

To appreciate fully the possibility of a devoted lover, husband, or wife being also a true artist, one must know that constancy of love for one's own blood, for one's husband or wife, for one's friends and companions, need not imply constant propinquity or constant protestation. Far apart as a man's public life may be from his home life, he may yet be an ideal lover and husband.

The professional life is not conducive to domesticity; the man or woman whose vocation is of a public nature will certainly neglect details of home life; and the baking of pies "such as grandma made," or the "minding the baby, as grandpa did," are not likely to occupy much of the time, nor to prove interesting to the deeply absorbed professional man or woman of to-day, even though the great master, Bach, probably did look after things a bit at home during his active career. Of this we are sure, that he kept many of his host of little ones out of mischief with music lessons.

Not all of the possible joys of married life are of the sort which go to make up the happy home of prosaic farmers or of non-intellectual, though substantial and worthy, artisans and merchants.

That the homes of professional people differ from other homes does not imply that the sources of happiness are all in default. Many professional women—artists, poets, public singers, actresses, etc.—have been loving and successful mothers. Many men and women lapse from great public activity or absorbing devotion to their vocation into hours of the most quiet domestic habit, showing every grace of parental solicitation, every charm of loving husband and provident householder, in unique artistic homes. Many single-sided souls fail to comprehend this dual spirit; they can not see deep enough into the spirit of things to know how devoted a true artist may be in his vocation, and yet how entirely he lives and works for those whom he loves.

That an artist or other professional worker may have no taste or knack for odd jobs at home, that he may not be "handy" about the house or with the children, is no reason that he be condemned as unfit for matrimony; these are but incidents; happy homes depend upon other things.

The one feature of public life which is quite sure to unfit one for happy matrimonial existence is the "roving habit." The traveling man, be he a "commercial" or a "professional" traveler, is unlikely to make an ideal husband; the business does not do it; the art does not do it; but the loss of home restraint and the promiscuous associations destroy the "home sense," and that once gone leaves a man or woman undone for the duties of married life.

We may easily determine a class of men and women who, perhaps, should not marry; this class should not be named by their profession, for in fact that has but little to do with it; but they may be known by their temperaments and their habits, the class of pleasures they seek or require.

All conditions of life which take men or women away from home and keep them away are likely to lead the heart into other pleasures than those the home affords; yet there are many men and women who find their homes the more dear because of long or frequent absence. This constancy of temperament is not altogether usual; the strongest attachments to home are due to its being the chief source of happiness open to man or desired by him. Weaning counter-attractions are many. The broker or lawyer prefers his club to his home; the wife, in the whirl of social life, prefers the ball or reception to her own library or drawing-room; on all such as these family cares hang heavily; the cares of matrimony are declined, cast off, or at best carried perfunctorily. And this temperament belongs to no class. It is found among the rich and the poor, the intellectual and refined, as well as the uncultured; professional men and women, tradesmen, mechanics, laborers; every class of men holds its constant and its inconstant spirits, responsible and irresponsible, ambitious and indolent, good and bad.

Artists often affect Bohemianism, and the artist life, perhaps, offers special Bohemian opportunities or inducements; but shiftlessness, which goes in the world for Bohemianism, is everywhere about us, and means simply a wilful disregard of proprieties, better called "license"; no settled or permanent habitat; a reckless "instability," and, at last, complete irresponsibility in all matters of morals, which is, of course, "dishonor." This is not merely Bohemianism at its worst; it is out of the pale of real civilization, a disgraceful condition.

But there is a reputable Bohemianism which entices men and women, husbands with their wives, and many bachelors, maids, and men. This life is broad and interesting, and rightly ordered, perhaps, may some day—even in America—be known as the true solution of the home problem for certain temperaments unfitted for "housekeeping." To live in restaurants, sleep in apartments, and work in studios, will gratify but a few of the world's men and women, for the repose of home is instinctively desired by human nature, particularly by cultured men and women. Yet to many restless creatures excitement, changes of all kinds, seem a necessity to happiness, and many musicians doubtless are of this nervous temperament; consequently, many of our profession prefer a more or less mild sort of Bohemian life, with all possible brilliancy of surroundings. This condition of life is especially alluring to the traveling artist, and often finds in such its least commendable extremes.

The engrossing nature of the music life is apt to make the musician narrow, and while many notable exceptions are in the public eye, men and women of the broadest culture, yet accomplished in music especially, the greater part of the rank and file of the profession, apply themselves too closely to music alone and neglect other important lines of culture; this inclines the musician to avoidance of society, and he or she is easily named a recluse, a misanthrope, etc., and fond parents urge their sons and daughters to beware of such in the search for wife or husband.

But this advice is by no means especially wise, for the musician is usually tractable, and, though so absorbed in his practice of music, is of flesh and blood, with an abundance of spirit, good and true. When compatibly wedded, the professional musician is as likely to prove constant in affection and as faithful to duty as the average human being of more prosy vocation.

Compatibility of temperament is a prime consideration in the choice of a companion in wedlock, and it is in this item that most marriages find their success or failure. Young students of music, or half-fledged professionals, should be restrained from marriage, for infatuation, which is so often mistaken for lasting affection, is no proper basis for marriage. Young musicians whose minds are closely addressed to the constant practice of their art are in no frame of mind to decide upon a wife or husband, even though their emotional natures, fired by all manner of romantic ideas, feel assured of having met an affinity. The sober judgment of after-years proves the folly of "love's philosophy."

The artist life demands for its proper nourishment a great deal of sympathy; not necessarily a constant praising or patting upon the back, with encouraging phrases of platitude, but a real comprehension, a sympathy of spirit, an appreciative realization of what the life of devotion to art signifies.

This requirement on the part of a high-minded artist with lofty purpose, correct ideals, and faith in the mission of one's vocation, makes the selection of a companion for life a particularly delicate one, in which more than a passing fancy for a pretty face or a manly form or an attractive personality is required. For marriage is a serious matter, not to be hastily concluded, and the love of youth often fades quite away, in the face of stern realities of incompatibility or unfitness for the material requirements of the marriage obligation.

As the musician is trained to a great delicacy of perception, especially of the inner life and meaning of things, so a happy married life will depend upon harmonious surroundings, harmonious blending of temperaments, mutual understanding of the delicate elements of human nature, mutual love of the beautiful in art and nature; as the artistic nature is fastidious, there should be no great difference in the mental quality of husband and wife; though, perhaps, it is an open question whether or not musicians should intermarry as a safest chance of compatibility. This theory of requirements for a musician's choice in marriage is, perhaps, finely drawn, and may appear to make a musician's selection of a wife or husband especially delicate and perhaps difficult, but it is by no means a prohibitive thing, and is very easily made practicable in a world so full of finely developed artistic spirits.

No less imperative is the demand for compatibility in marriage in all the walks of life, but so delicate is the sensibility of the artist that a finer discrimination may be said to be necessary in the selection.

Marriage is the closing of a bargain. Courtship is the showing of samples of the wares offered in trade. Since all is fair in love as in war, it is too much to expect that young men and women will never display bogus samples. The matrimonial market is, unfortunately, less

scrupulous than any other legitimate line of trade; hence the goods delivered on the wedding day are frequently not up to the grade of the samples shown.

No ideal marriage can follow a courtship of false pretenses, and the greatest folly of a life time is such an alliance. Love there must be in ideal or even passably happy marriages, but honesty and much of common sense must be in the making of the contract, else the worst of life's miseries is sure to follow.

Haydn married to please his benefactor; no one else was satisfied. Berlioz married to please himself alone; hence even he was not made happy. Marriage is a contract in which both parties must share everything alike; everything given up, and everything received by both; this is summed up in the one thought of unselfishness.

Beauty is no compensation for spirit; money makes no amends for lack of affectionate consideration; a solicitous heart will sooner or later lose its ardor if met without appreciation; there must be somewhere near an honest trade; both man and wife must give all.

Good piano-playing, fine singing, the composing of delightful music, will never serve in place of manly conduct toward a wife or loving care for a husband. The musical husband or wife has nothing to offer in marriage which can take the place of heart and good common sense, with forbearance and consideration.

These laws of happy marriage apply to all alike, and who can say that the musician shall fail in the requirements, before all other men and women? The musician-poet, Tom Moore, knew the possibilities of musicians' love when he penned those charming verses, "My Heart and Lute," the first stanza of which runs—

"I give thee all,—I can no more,
Tho' poor the offering be;.
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee."

To those who would consign the musician to celibacy Shakspere gives answer in a beautiful sonnet:

"Let me not to the marriage
Of true minds
Admit impediments!"

OUR MUSICAL ATMOSPHERE.

BY GEORGE LEHMANN.

ALL the world over the musician is a more or less happy-go-lucky fellow who concerns himself but little with what the morrow may bring forth. His temperament—using the term in its commonly accepted sense—is an enviable one; for, in the season of his contentment, he glows with a happiness not within easy reach of men engaged in other pursuits. He is a curious conglomeration of conflicting qualities—a composite of much that is good and noble, and much that is calculated to excite the contempt of his fellow-beings. He lives in a world all his own, seemingly unconscious of its limits and of that outer world in which he is so little understood and, often, so harshly judged.

The American musician strongly resembles his continental brethren; but, breathing a different atmosphere and powerfully influenced by disheartening conditions, his struggle to emulate the life and achievements of his brethren across the sea is accompanied by innumerable difficulties and untold anxieties. To-day his real life is but an impotent struggle against overwhelming conditions. With some bitterness, if not despair, he faces a wilderness of complications and can find no avenue, however narrow, that promises emancipation.

But it must be confessed that, in his despair, the American musician has lost sight of some of the true causes that obstruct the road to high advancement. Unfortunately, his gaze is too often outward, seldom inward. He does not seem to appreciate the great need of first revolutionizing his moral and mental being before attempting to battle with such an herculean and stubborn force as the non-musical world. He imagines, I fear, that musical gifts and musical abilities hold natural sway over everything less beautiful and more material in this life, and that such supremacy alone should exempt him from the struggles of other men, requiting him with the roses and garlands conjured by his fancy.

SOCIAL STATUS OF THE AMERICAN MUSICIAN.

The musician's social status in the United States is deplorable. He is little more than the foot-ball of the social world; and, though he has contributed largely to his own social degradation, he bitterly resents conditions which are surely the outcome of his own unconscious encouragement.

Why view the question from a less heroic but more comforting standpoint? The American musician is, and will continue to be—so long as he contributes to social disparagement of himself—a being vastly inferior to those men and women for whom soap or beef has procured social distinction and the right to place him on a lower human plane.

Will the fuller realization of his social status have a salutary effect upon the musician's sensitive organization? Will it arouse in him the determination to deserve and command that which the social world denies him? Or will he continue to be stunned by the blow to his pride and sullenly submit to conditions which, illogically, he deems inevitable?

CHARLATANISM.

The public at large, having the true interests of music so little at heart, is depressingly ignorant of music's worth as an educational factor. Those parents who, with a sigh of resignation, conclude to give their children a "musical education," are, themselves, too little interested in this form of culture to have any knowledge of what constitutes true musical learning. As a natural consequence they are incapable of discriminating between honest, conscientious effort and the varnished and plausible utterances of the charlatan. The result is that music-teaching has become a vast field for successful imposition, in which, alas! the man of knowledge has an unequal struggle with the impostor who has only to hang

out his shingle, demand a high fee for his services, and cunningly discover the highroad to social popularity.

It must be acknowledged that the American teacher is greatly in need of certain measures of reform which shall enable him to practice his profession with a reasonable degree of security and protection. Here, more than in European countries, has the need arisen for a colossal, general effort to legitimize the practice of music and to make it extremely difficult for charlatanism to flourish. Just as it is almost impossible for an unqualified physician to administer to the needs of a community, so should a law exist prohibiting untrained men and women from perpetrating musical crimes.

The American Musician's Surroundings.

Often the thought arises, What is the average musician's life in these broad United States? Does he breathe a musical atmosphere? Are his aspirations encouraged from day to day? Are his honest efforts rewarded with reasonable appreciation?

The teacher toils the livelong day during seven months in the year for an income which must suffice for twelve months' needs. Weary with his day's work, what has he to look forward to? Where is the atmosphere which should provide for him musical pleasures and assist in his musical culture? What are the ingredients of our musical life—those vital ingredients which, in the musical life of Germany, for instance, are summed up in the term "musical atmosphere"?

The American musician has many needs, some of which he recognizes vaguely, others he makes but little effort to discover. Chief among these needs, perhaps, is the need of a truly musical atmosphere. Without belittling our past achievements or underestimating our future possibilities, it may unhesitatingly be affirmed that, despite all that has been said and written on the subject—despite much apparent evidence of its existence in our larger cities, we still stand in great need of that "something" called a musical atmosphere.

Opera and Concerts.

We have our orchestras, opera, concerts without number, composers, instrumentalists, and vocalists, whose abilities promise much for our ultimate development, myriads of teachers, and countless students; yet we are far from possessing what may rightfully be termed a musical atmosphere.

Opera comes and goes each season, causing a ripple of excitement among the class for whom it is ostensibly intended, but benefiting only an insignificant number of the many for whom it is one of numerous musical needs. The average student and music-lover, as well as the average teacher, can ill afford to attend performances the prices of admission to which are nothing less than prohibitive.

Opera in the United States is clearly not a musical institution. It is a diversion for the wealthy—a compensation, in the height of the season, for many social obligations. It has therefore failed, as yet, to make its impress upon our people. Nor has it begun to play a part in the musical development of any community which, presumably, it has aimed to elevate.

Concerts, generally speaking, are sad and empty affairs—empty, too often, in the literal sense of numerical attendance. It was difficult enough, in former years, to arouse public interest in the work of local musicians, but nowadays a musician's efforts to publicly contribute to the musical good of a community meet with derision on one side and cold indifference on the other; so that the greater number of concerts given to-day are purely a business necessity with the concert-giver—a form of advertisement which, like all advertisements, is paid for in very dear coin. They are expected to attract attention, not for their own sake, but for the purpose of enabling the concert-giver to emerge from his or her obscurity.

To live the musical life of the metropolis is as much the yearning of our musical neighbor in Buffalo as that of the more distant San Franciscan. Both imagine themselves cruelly exiled from all that, musically, makes for civilization. We hear them constantly repining. They imagine themselves debarred from true musical happiness because their musical life seems tame in comparison with the ceaseless activity of a New York musical season. Will they believe that their lamentations are not wholly justified by fact? To them, distance lends something more than enchantment. To their bewildered vision our musical life is so transformed that already we seem to possess what in reality may yet be denied us.

The musical life of any city generally hinges on its symphony orchestra and its symphony concerts. Neither of these has been denied New York during its comparatively brief musical history. In the days of their inception were sown the surest seeds of musical culture; yet how can we account for our exceedingly feeble and uncertain growth?

The truth of the matter is, that our musical organizations are accomplishing less to-day than they achieved in the days of their earliest discouragements. Beyond giving a certain degree of satisfaction to their devoted and old-time subscribers, it is very doubtful indeed whether they make any appreciable impression on the general community. In all justice it must be added that this is not necessarily or entirely the fault of the organizations themselves. But that they are working in the wrong direction to achieve what we are led to believe is their high and original aim (the elevation of musical art in New York), can be clearly demonstrated to the least thoughtful and experienced person.

Year after year these organizations have offered us only meager evidence that they are endeavoring to achieve something of uncommon excellence. Year after year they pursue their unprofitable course with the self-satisfaction of the most confirmed egotist.

Our important musical societies are so organized that healthy progress is almost an impossibility. Wholly controlled and guided in all their undertakings by the small body of men who called them into life many years ago, these societies take no note of the progress of Time, and are heedless of a newer generation's cry for

newer methods and a more generous scope. They disdain to utilize the visible good, but eagerly reach out for the invisible and untested. The artists that are engaged to vary the character of their programs are, almost invariably, Europeans. American, and particularly local, artists are rarely given an opportunity to demonstrate their abilities. They are discouraged into obscurity, and deprived of the possibility of personal advancement. All desirable opportunities are denied them to contribute to the development of local or national art; and, in order to live, our artists must content themselves with a teacher's existence.

Whatever argument might be brought to bear on the advisability of selecting European artists for such entertainments, we are confronted with the question: Are the underlying interests and principles of such organizations best served by the rejection of the good that surrounds them and is so easily procurable? And again: Presuming that the advancement of musical art is really the lofty aim of these organizations, how are their hopes to be realized, their purposes consummated, if, in yielding to pecuniary considerations, they disregard the very process by which, and by which only, it is possible for them to reach their goal?

This question of discouraging our artists in the concert field is paralleled in almost every branch and direction of the musical profession. The facts are so well known that it is quite useless and unnecessary to repeat them. Let any musician view the subject logically, step by step, and he will have no difficulty in comprehending why we do not live in a truly musical atmosphere. It is not necessary to go back to our pre-musical days, when symphony orchestras were the wild dream of the musical enthusiast. The history of our musical evolution during the past twenty-five years furnishes us with abundant evidence of our splendid possibilities, and, at the same time, makes perfectly clear the question of our feeble growth.

The American musician himself may be. and doubtless is, responsible to some degree for the unsatisfactory conditions of his life. But he is hemmed in on all sides by difficulties that seem insurmountable; and often he lacks the courage to make a supreme effort in his own behalf and that of his art—courage which, at the very least, would ultimately result in some unforeseen good. It matters little whether his musical horizon is the broader one of our Eastern cities or the narrower one of the Western town. The time has come when he must make a supreme effort to enrich himself and his art.

ON HARMONY TEACHING.

BY HOMER A. NORRIS.

It is true that during the past fifteen years an extraordinary interest has developed in this country in the study of harmony, but the statement that we take this study more seriously here than they do in Europe is not warranted by evidence. America has been progressing, but so, too, has Europe, and, judged by her art-exports, it is safe to say that the latter quite holds up her end. Whence come our composers and their interpreters, the singers, players, and conductors? Parochialism is opposed to progress, and it does us no harm to admit that in matters artistic we yet are but a pale reflex of the more experienced and better-disciplined thinkers across the sea. Only by estimating things at their true value and learning their exact sense of proportion can we best help matters here.

It yet remains a fact that the great interest now taken in this country in the study of harmony is extraordinary. Through his teaching, and perhaps still more through his pioneer book, "The Elements of Harmony," Stephen A. Emery created an interest in this study which now seems to have arrived at the fulness of his prophecy. "Everybody" nowadays studies harmony—that is, everybody who is anything of a student in the art of music. We have done a great deal in a little while; Americans always do a great deal in a little while, and often one thing at a time at the expense of others of equal value. It is right, and certainly well-pleasing, to know all about the formation of chords, the academic resolution of dissonances, and to be able to "analyze"—the goal of the average harmony-student!—but the study of harmony may lead one, and by very reason of its significance, its comprehensiveness, and its wealth of attractions, into pedagogic silliness. It gives the student a mass of material, but does not show him how to handle it.

Academic music may be said to be divided into two branches—the harmonic and the contrapuntal. The former regards music chordwise, perpendicularly; the latter lays stress upon melody, and regards music horizontally. In the harmonic school music moves in solid chord-blocks; in the contrapuntal there must be an approximate degree of interest in each voice. When the two are fitly joined together, so that, although each voice has its individual melodic contour, these voices when sounded together may be reduced to chords (if you will), there results the consummate master, like Bach. This same principle, applied to more modern harmonies, is strikingly illustrated by Wagner in the overture to "Die Meistersinger."

It is as inexplicable as it is true, that to-day, in America, there exists just about the same indifference to the study of counterpoint that existed twenty years ago for the study of harmony. It is not surprising that the average student, who has a vague notion that counterpoint is hopelessly uninteresting, should wish to avoid it; but for an intelligent teacher, who should know that it may be made most attractive, and that in essence harmony and counterpoint are not two studies, but only two branches of one greater study, such an attitude is inexplicable. If signs which seem unmistakable in their import are not misleading, twenty years hence harmony and counterpoint will not be separated as they are to-day, and the latter will have been recognized a charming study.

I have suggested that too great value may be given to the study of harmony alone, and that I believe we have gone to that extreme in America. Proof of this

may be found upon examination of the songs written by the younger generation of American composers who have not studied in Europe, where harmony and counterpoint go hand-in-hand. The most serious fault with nearly all of these writers is that they are *too* harmonic. The chords move in solid blocks in the accompaniment, while the melody (the essential part of a song) moves in any one of the several ways in which a melody may move, with a given harmonic mass underneath.

Harmony should precede counterpoint for a brief period, and at this time, just before the season opens, the teacher is examining past results to see if they correspond to the amount of labor expended. He is asking himself if he has the best obtainable text-book. A student demands more than he did a decad ago. Then, about all he expected was a mathematic marking out on paper of certain problems.

To-day he is promised, after a certain amount of study, "to hear with his eyes, and to see with his ears." If the teacher is wise, he will not choose that text-book which promises to simplify everything. There are several harmony text-books by American authors, and almost all of them are valuable. Any one that I have seen is better than any of the wretchedly translated German text-books, and better than any written by Englishmen.

It is fair to test any system by its results, and thus far the English have given us nothing in the way of absolute music. They have given us good church music and dreary "cantatas," and "oratorios" which in substance are nothing but extended, undramatic church anthems ; and they certainly have given us the dreadful modern ballad,—that exasperating compilation of phrases conventionalized from the pages of the masters,—but little or nothing else.

In America we have done somewhat better. It is true that the majority of the Americans who write with authority have sought their inspiration, or at least gained their technic, from European sources, but their best work has been done after they have been at home long enough to have become Americanized, so to speak. And so it has come to pass that the text-books which have been written by Americans are better adapted to the needs of the student pursuing his course in this country than any translation of foreign books.

These American books contain little or nothing that is new, save that the last one before the public ought to include, among its "exceptional progressions" (?) the latest unusual phraseology of the latest musician who speaks with admitted authority. It remains with the teacher to choose that one which meets his particular need. It will be well to choose one which makes a specialty of harmonizing melodies—thus formulating the contrapuntal idea—and which remains longest on consonant harmony.

Nothing will arouse and hold the interest of the student so much as to encourage him to do bits of individual composition. When basses are first harmonized, ask the student to "compose" basses ; do the same with melodies. Nothing will so soon show what may and what may not be done as this—that is to say, nothing save counterpoint. Continue this work as new elements are introduced, always keeping in mind the "rules." But besides this encourage the more individual and natural speech of pure fantasy.

Ask the student to depict a scene, express an emotional state—a tone-poem of any sort. Last season I urged a young woman, who was just beginning the study of the dominant seventh chord, to bring me something in the way of "program music." The next week she came with the Church Scene in "Faust." In about thirty-two measures she had crowded Faust and Marguerite, Mephistopheles, the angels and the demons, heaven and hell. The result was rude, unlettered, almost barbaric ; but individual, rugged, sincere, natural, and healthful. The next week there was a sea-piece. There was the storming sea, the crying sailors, the harping mermaids, then the crash on the rocks. At last accounts she was condensing one of Crawford's novels into twenty-four measures ! This is an effort in the right direction, and if carried on with the other work it will lead to the right kind of results.

We are told that Franck, the father of the more modern French school, sought, above all else in his teaching, to help his students to express the personal note. If a passage seemed to him ugly at first hearing, instead of discarding it at once, he tried it over again and again in order to get the composer's point of view. If there was to be progress there was to be a later articulation, and he did n't force his pupils to run their thoughts through old formulæ.

A young man who has just returned from a course under Humperdinck tells me this is preeminently his method. He always lets a passage stand as the student wrote it, unless it contains some glaring fault which he is sure the student's riper judgment would discard. He gave me an instance : Humperdinck, when first looking at an unusual resolution of an altered chord, said, quickly, "That won't go ! " Afterward, trying it over several times at the piano, he said, "No ! I like it ; leave it as it is ; it is yours."

To all this there is strenuous opposition by those who are enshrouded in what I should call the Rheinberger tradition. These men claim that in trying to express the personal note the student usually gains no sense of proportion, loses all respect for tradition, and mistakes ambiguity and chromatic confusion for the instinctive speech of genius. "Go back," they say—"Go back and build on Mozart and Beethoven."

Such advice is senseless, viewed either from the page of history or in the light of reason. Every great composer has built on his last greatest predecessor, but he has also reached into the future, invented a new articulation, and done that at which all his smaller contemporaries have snarled and harried him. Certainly, one must become familiar with Bach and Mozart and Beethoven, but later men must be included, too. Include Brahms and Tschaikowsky and Richard Strauss (every one nowadays knows his Wagner), and don't listen to the middle-aged moss-bank, who tells you that Strauss "forgets that he is a musician."

In pursuing the course in teaching suggested by the

above, extreme care should be taken in one particular. All academic study should be as severe as possible. Let not the slightest error pass uncorrected. In this follow all the traditions. Insist that the pupil adhere to all the rules that the best text-books on harmony and counterpoint formulate. In this way will the "hand," as the French say, become "formed." By encouraging individual expression, no matter how cacophonous, how chaotic, how formless, how "modern," and by insisting upon the strictest letter of obedience in academic work may we hope finally for results not only individual, but chaste and lucid in expression, and bearing the unmistakable impress of the trained musician.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

BY THOMAS TAPPER.

I.

MODERN education is significant in essentials. It emphasizes the few fundamental conditions underlying education in its broadest sense. It is in the perception of these fundamentals; in the clearer view we are having of them that modern education finds its distinctiveness. It is less that education is new than that it is being brought into relation with the one condition for which it exists;—life itself. Hence, we are beginning to see that school and life are not two separate and distinct states; the one to be finished ere the other is seriously begun; but that the one is the ordering of the other; the setting straight of what are to be the habits of mind and body. The end is simple. It is to teach a man to live the useless life as little as is possible to humanity; it is to teach him to know, from early years, how to choose the activities most worth doing; that he may gain the power most worth having. This is simply in accord with a law that may not be broken even by the most favored in God's sight, if there be any such—and the law is this: rare days throughout life are possible only when we gain great habits in early life. The development of these habits assures us rare life.

So it is, in education, that we are looking more directly at life as the central principle than at accumulated information. We are beginning to believe in the very elementary fact that to become a cyclopedia is of little use. Printer's ink is abroad in the land and paper retains it for a long time. As Lubbock has inferred, or quoted (for Lubbock is the most ambitious quoter extant), value lies not in knowing the names of kings and queens. History is their influence—in brief their life-principle. And this carried out for all it suggests means modern education; about which nothing is so unique as its tendency to be admirably sensible.

Expressed briefly, education is striving more and more to stand for activity rather than for information; more for being than for having been; more for learning than for having learned; more for the life of conquest through activity than for the life of being conquered by inactivity. Furthermore, it is recognized as essential that the cultivation of power in a broad curriculum is necessary to the thorough initiation into the world of one specialty. And thus the entrance upon exclusive residence in one's specialty is being deferred as long as possible.

II.

This is somewhat of the point of view of the modern teacher. He regards education no longer as something to be acquired in the units of knowledge, but as something to be acquired in the units of power. The teacher begins with the child not on the basis of attempting to transfer knowledge bodily from his mind to that of the child, but on the basis of cultivating power. The teacher recognizes now that nothing goes in, but that all comes out. He reaches the child not by forced entrance but by drawing the child out into life on as many planes as possible. The cultivation of activity in the child is so momentous that it shows itself immediately in the broader heritage.

In the beginning, children may do many things coincidently: music and science, language and numbers; and the activity called for by each is simply conceived if the mind is not stultified by information concerning them which is not, at present, useful. Recognizing that the child must be active, the teacher strives so to overcome the conditions in which he finds the child as to permit him to go to work significantly. He refrains from deluging the child with inessentials. There is no burning desire to transfer lumps of information from the older mind to the younger; one is now dealing in first principles. They are the essential element in view, and to follow whither they lead enables the teacher so to train the pupil as to enable him *to deduce information from what he does.* Hence, his definitions and his processes will accord, always, with his familiarity with the underlying activity. With increasing experience the child gains not only more and more information but his definitions change with his view. The error then of making a boy of ten repeat a definition which comes from a brain of forty is observed to be fairly useless. The brain of forty must lower its light and look at the matter from the point of view of ten; it must help ten to see—not see for it; it must direct the senses of ten—not sense for it. This at once shows itself to be a process infinitely more sensible than for forty to lift ten bodily by the hair of the head to its own level.

This view has weeded the art of teaching of more useless processes than it has inspired new ones. And the relation it has caused to be established between teacher and pupil has resulted in this: not only is the reciprocal gain evident to the teacher but he depends on it more and more. The help the teacher is to the pupil is not more significant than the inspiration the pupil is to the teacher. The reason is that the teacher is working at the altar of the living God.

If you apply this view of education to any special subject—music for example—we say that the music education lies in this: to make the child do—and from his doing to deduce the information about the process. A boy who plays ball possesses infinitely more knowledge

of the subject than an observer of the game—for the reason that he may speak from experience.

The teacher, trained in old ways comes into modern education and finds that no new knowledge is required but new ways. More is not to be gathered, but order is to be established. All the old possession is good, but simpler ways of doing are to be learned, directer ways of thought are to be fashioned.

III.

It is not necessary to follow the teacher nor to trace the process with the child onward from the first years. For we can see at once what the aim is all along the way: to prepare the child to be, ever and ever more completely, his own master; by ways, definite and far-reaching, to lead out of his familiar actions what Bacon would call, knowledges.

The great result of this is the condition already expressed here—activity. The young man or woman who has come to early mature years of the training of which we have spoken arrives there in working order. The habit of action is established; the demand within which is felt for action making for useful and noble ends is satisfied in some form of creation. The inactive toleration of a dog is impossible; and life is strenuous.

Out of a nation of people there always come significant ones. In every age some men perceive clearly the possibilities of the life of which we have spoken, and have insisted even to the point of death on becoming themselves. Such men insist on the right (not on the privilege) of being unattached; of being free from the slavery of the neighborhood. They have not sought a profession because their place in society assures them a living through that particular channel. They create a demand by dealing directly in what living people must have. They have been strenuous for themselves; strenuous to make places not to take them. The moment this quality enters a man he is, to the extent of his possession of it, an inspiration. It is easy to see why: he is not drawing the breath of life through the horse-pipe of a conventional opinion.

The music teacher pursues the process of education into what we call real life (as if everything is not real life), and the subject takes it place loftily and proclaims itself. Otherwise, how little it seems! How little good there seems to be in training awkward fingers of unwilling children to do a beautiful action unbeautifully! Music is not of the retirement from life but of participation in it. The music teacher will learn that all the rare essence of the strenuous life is possible everywhere and with every one. Henceforth for effort the teacher is made richer; giving, more comes than is given. Not only is the teacher the guide to the child but the child is guide to the teacher; dictates ways and means; is the best text on pedagogy and psychology obtainable; is the whole problem of education stated not in terms of dead words but in terms of life.

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TYPES OF TEACHERS;

OR,

Mayburn's Madness.

So well did young Mayburn sell refrigerators and zinc-lined bathtubs on commission, his many friends thought his mind a prey to overwork when he announced that he would give up business and thenceforth devote himself to the study and practice of music.

"True," argued Booth, "you play the piano rather well for a fellow who has never studied, and you compose pretty waltzes, and all that, but those are accomplishments, my boy, merely accomplishments, of the kind that make you a parlor hero, but nothing more. Who ever heard of a fellow with brains—that is, able to average thirty-five refrigerators and bathtubs per week—going into the musical business? You need a vacation, old man."

To all such speeches Mayburn had but one reply, and that was, "You don't understand. I am ambitious. It is because I play 'pretty well' that I should like to play better, and it is because I have written only a few waltzes that I should like to compose something more serious. I feel it in me, and I should at least give myself a chance. Then I won't have to spend the balance of my life in vain regrets."

Young Mayburn was decisive and energetic in everything he attempted, and once having made up his mind on a certain course of action, he followed it systematically and perseveringly.

There were three well-known teachers in town,—Professor Uptodate, Professor Oldfogy, and Professor Virtuoso,—and not knowing which of these to prefer, Mayburn decided to try them all, and to select as his permanent guide the one whose method seemed most intelligible and progressive.

Accordingly, that very same day our hero presented himself at the studio of Professor Uptodate, and being informed that the learned gentleman was even then giving instructions, sat himself upon the familiar uncomfortable chair to be found in the waiting room of every studio and doctor's office, and gazed with respectful curiosity at the many strange pictures that covered the walls.

There were pictures of piano actions, of skeleton hands, and of queer, complicated machines and implements that Mayburn had never seen before, and whose uses he could not determine; then there were charts of all kinds, covered with figures, lines, and circles; anatomical diagrams of the nerves, tissues, and muscles of the hand; and, finally, many framed documents, which, on closer inspection, proved to be patents for various inventions of Professor Uptodate.

"Evidently a scientific man besides a great musician," mused Mayburn; "he should fill the bill."

Just then the inner door opened, and the famous pedagogue came forth, bowing out a vacant-eyed female pupil.

"Ah, my dear young man, what can I do for you this afternoon?" he asked, turning to Mayburn.

Quickly the latter explained the object of his visit, and Professor Uptodate led him into the studio, where stood a grand piano and a number of the machines the pictures of which Mayburn had seen on the walls of the outer room.

"We can have our first lesson immediately," said the learned man, sitting down before a low table, on the other side of which he placed a chair for his new pupil.

Mayburn felt much relieved at not being asked at once to play. He had been debating in his mind whether he should choose between Godard's second "Mazurka" or Mayburn's "Valse Sentimentale," and the question had not been entirely settled when the Professor thus dispelled immediate anxiety:

"Place your hands in mine," he requested.

Professor Uptodate proceeded to press and knead those members until the young pianist was uncertain whether he had applied for pianoforte instruction or for massage treatment.

"You have a normal hand," announced the savant, "and I think that after a five-months course of proper physical training I can place you at the piano. This may seem rather a long time to you, but in the end you will find that the correct way is always the shortest. You beginners have not an inkling of the intricate construction of the hand, fingers, and wrist, and of what infinite patience and knowledge are required to develop properly the many muscles and nerves on whose control depends a perfect technic. Do you know how many bones there are in your wrist?"

Mayburn replied that he did not, and then, when the Professor looked surprised, hastened to add that he had "always supposed there was one—that is, one bone in each wrist," he amended.

Professor Uptodate remained unmoved, and, merely raising his eyebrows, answered: "Listen; there are these bones: the scaphoid, the semilunar, the cuneiform, the pisiform, trapezium, trapezoid, magnum, unciform, metacarpal, first row of phalanges, second row of phalanges, and third, or ungual, row of phalanges."

Mayburn looked at his wrist very respectfully, and said he was surprised.

"Indeed, you may well be," assured Professor Uptodate; "that is a thing which very few pianists know."

"Do you suppose Paderewski and Rosenthal know it?" asked Mayburn, who, as has been already remarked, was of an eminently practical turn of mind.

"They do not," returned the great teacher; "and I may safely say that if they did—if they were to take only a three-months course of my method—they would play twice as well as they do. Now, how can a person play octaves who does not know what bones there are in his wrist, nor their separate uses, nor their relation to one another?"

"But Rosenthal's octaves ——"

"Yes, they are rapid, I know, but not correct, my boy; not based on scientific principles. He has a fine wrist, a wonderful wrist, and my one regret is that I was not allowed to train it. What a wonderful octave player I might have made of Rosenthal!"

With a deep-drawn sigh, Professor Uptodate reached for a little wooden instrument that looked like a glove measure and adjusted it to Mayburn's right hand.

"This is an anthropometrical instrument constructed on the lines laid down by Lombroso and Bertillon. You know who they were?"

"I know very little of the Italian school of music," answered Mayburn, meekly.

Again Professor Uptodate looked surprised, but he made no comment.

"These measurements will aid me in determining your degree of temperament. At the next lesson I shall ascertain your cranial proportions, which will reveal to me the receptivity of your hands. Sort of an inverse system, isn't it?" asked the Professor, chuckling.

"I should say it is," answered Mayburn, without any intention of sarcasm, however.

"Now, young man, let me ask you if you know of what your muscles are composed?"

"I used to know, but it 's so long since I went to school I—I guess I 've forgotten."

The look on Professor Uptodate's face signified as plainly as words: "You, who do not know of what your muscles are composed, would be a pianist?"

Mayburn felt the silent reproach, and shifting uneasily in his chair, he asked: "Of what are they composed?"

Professor Uptodate ignored the question entirely, and propounded another, to wit: "Have you ever heard of protoplasmic nuclei and the perimysium?"

Mayburn had not, and he felt very much ashamed.

Professor Uptodate gazed at him very sharply, and asked slowly and deliberately: "Then I suppose you do not even know the difference between striated and non-striated muscles?"

Utterly crushed, Mayburn was compelled to admit his absolute ignorance, and for the first time he fully realized what an enormous distance lay between him and the musical Parnassus.

"I can read at sight and transpose," he stammered; "and I have absolute pitch, and I can play chromatic thirds up and down with my left hand, and——"

"Tut, tut!" broke in Professor Uptodate, "those are minor accomplishments, of use only when scientifically applied. I make bold to say that you can not tell me which muscles of the forearm turn the palm downward, nor which bend the fingers toward the palm, when you wish to play?"

"No, I can not," admitted Mayburn, miserably.

"The pronator radii teres and the flexor profundus digitorum," said the Professor. "Now, before we go any further, at our next lesson," he added, glancing at his watch, "I wish to call your attention to some of my inventions, which all my pupils must use. Here is the 'Uptodate Patent Reversible Deltoid Exerciser,' the 'Uptodate Nickel-plated Triceps Developer,' the 'Uptodate Electric Inducer, for Stimulating the Ulnar Nerve,' and the 'Uptodate Galvanic Generator, for Generating Calcic Phosphate,'—very useful in octave playing," concluded the proud inventor. "The price is reasonable; only two hundred dollars for the lot, oak finish; two hundred and fifty, mahogany finish."

With a ghastly smile, Mayburn took his leave after being informed that his next lesson would be on the following morning, at which time he would be expected to pay for twelve lessons in advance and to buy the Professor's musical machine shop.

"Well," reflected the student, as he left the house of learning, "that simplifies the task of selection, at any rate. The race now narrows down to the other two. Professor Uptodate has seen the last of me. Whew! It feels good to be able to talk straight English to myself. Wonder if he thought I wanted to study medicine?"

Next morning Mayburn hunted up Professor Oldfogy, whom he found on the top floor of a rickety building, in a dingy room filled with old-fashioned musical instruments and piled high with dusty volumes and manuscripts.

The old man listened deferentially to Mayburn's explanation of the cause of his visit, and seemed so greatly pleased and honored that the young musician mentally decided on Professor Oldfogy.

"You know," he began, in a quavering voice, and regarding Mayburn with a pair of eyes that seemed to look far beyond the present,—so far back, at least, as the thirteenth century,—"you know I am different from these modern teachers,—than Professor Uptodate, for instance."

"Thank heavens!" thought Mayburn.

"I believe in the old, the established, the tried and proved," continued Professor Oldfogy, gazing deep down into the cavernous spaces of Time; "I go slowly but surely, gradually but thoroughly."

"That's what I need," answered the student.

"Eh? Yes, of course. That is the secret of true, lasting musical knowledge. Begin at the beginning. This modern music is not the beginning. One does n't eat the dessert before the soup. Frescobaldi, Scarlatti, Purcell, Bull, Palestrina, Frohberger, are the soup; Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Schubert are the dessert."

"What would you call Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner?" asked Mayburn, politely.

"I never heard of them," answered Professor Oldfogy, fixing his glance on the year 1504; "to what school do they belong?"

Mayburn could not say positively, but he believed they belonged to the "romantic" school.

"Maybe," returned the old man, "but it seems strange that I should not know them. Now, my theory is that in order to play the pianoforte properly one should first understand the virginal, the spinet, the clavichord, and all those earlier instruments of percussion that first suggested, and afterward led up to, the modern pianoforte; and on the same principle I believe that before playing this lighter music of Beethoven and his contemporaries it is absolutely necessary first to have thoroughly mastered the music of the preceding ages down to the very earliest beginnings of the art."

"Certainly," assented Mayburn, most uncertainly.

"Therefore you must forget everything you ever learned about music, and make your mind a blank."

"Shall I play something for you?" asked Mayburn, desperately, not, however, without immediately falling into his old indecision about the "Mazurka" and the "Valse Sentimentale."

"That will not be necessary," Professor Oldfogy made answer, shifting his glance to the Glacial Age; "I shall not require you to play a note for six or eight months. First become imbued with the proper spirit of the old masters, then interpret them. Much of their music is by far too sacred for actual performance. Study it, worship it, but do not play it. Think this all over, and if you decide to try my method, come to-morrow for your first lesson."

So saying, Professor Oldfogy fixed his look on an epoch so long before the time of Adam and Eve that Mayburn shuddered, and after a hasty promise to return next day, sought the sunny street with all possible despatch.

"Well, there's one left," said the young man that evening to his friend Booth, as he told him the experiences of the past two days; "I might as well have begun at the other end."

He spent the next morning in practicing Godard's "Mazurka," which he had finally decided to play for the great artist, Professor Virtuoso.

"Certainly, sir," said the latter, after Mayburn had presented himself, "I can find time for you, though my concert engagements keep me busy constantly. Of course, you understand that your lessons may be rather irregular, and that sometimes they may be not at all, but naturally enough I expect you to pay just the same. You understand that, eh? Well, then, we shall be good friends very quickly. You know there are always some penalties attached to studying with a great artist. But then his instruction is so different, so much more interesting and vital than that of the pedant. I shall treat you not as a pupil, but as a brother-artist. Yes, indeed, you are an artist; I can see it in your face. Have you ever heard me play? No? That is a lesson in itself. But I forget; what have you prepared to play for me?"

Beaming, happy at last, Mayburn replied, "Godard's 'Second Mazurka.'"

"Ah! this one?" queried the pianist, jumping to his seat at the piano, and running his fingers lightly through the graceful opening of the piece. "It is a dainty thing. What a fine, fresh talent was that of Godard's! Too bad he died so young. This second theme here is perfectly lovely. I use a great deal of the younger French school. Do you know them at all? This beautiful 'Chant Sans Paroles,' by Saint-Saëns?"

Professor Virtuoso played it, and Mayburn remarked that it was, indeed, very beautiful.

"Ah! if you say that, you surely do not know the 'Symphonic Variations' by Franck," cried the great artist; "let me play them for you."

When he had finished (after half an hour), the young man expressed his admiration, and remarked: "I once played some variations, but ——"

"Ah!" interposed the other; "I know; Beethoven's thirty-three variations on a theme by Diabelli. I 'll play them for you."

Another half-hour having been consumed, Mayburn

began to hope that the Professor's excessive energy would begin to lessen, but with the last chord of the Beethoven piece the perspiring performer shouted: "The development of the variation-form is most interesting. For instance, Chopin, a great genius, was lamentably lacking in this musical faculty. His 'Don Juan' variations. You don't know them? I'll play them for yon. And then there was Brahms' two marvelous books on Paganini themes, and Schumann's monnmental 'Etudes Symphoniques'! I'll play them all for you. I'm glad you asked me. I could play all day like this for talented pupils."

At the end of two hours Professor Virtnoso, still full of ambition and variations, shouted: "Isn't this octave passage great? Reminds me of Liszt's 'Hexameron.' I'll play it for you later. Like this Brahms?"

He repeated his qnestion twice more, then stopped playing and looked over his shoulder.

He was alone in the room!

"Wretch! idiot!" he screamed; "to insult me like that, and I gave him a three-hour lesson. I'm too generous! I'm a fool! I'll never do it again! Never!"

But Maybnrn heard nothing of all this, for at that moment he was standing in the office of Tubbe, Cooler & Co., saying: "It is very kind of you. I'll be here in the morning. Anything new while I was away?"

LEONARD LIEBLING.

HONESTY IN ADVERTISING.

BY HENRY L. LAHEE.

To every young teacher endeavoring to establish himself in his profession the question of how to advertise will doubtless appear to be a difficult one to solve. To advertise in such a manner as to keep within the bonnds of good taste, to attract the public and tell the truth all at once will puzzle the brains of many an inexperienced person.

It is very much easier to advise in a negative manner and say what should not be done, than it is to offer a plan, because originality is one of the prime factors in snccessfnl advertising.

The day has gone by when to advertise a hundred and fifty hours of musical instruction for $15 will draw pupils. This is an age of "methods." Each teacher seeks to surpass his rival in advertising some special method, which, at first sight, discredits all that has ever been done before. While there is no doubt much to be said in favor of method and no teacher is likely to succeed who is unmethodical, yet the advertisements used by many are of such a flimsy nature that they would hardly carry conviction even to the mind of a French general.

We are also sometimes staggered if we watch the methods used for advertising the great stars who each season tour the country, at the rapidity with which their great reputation is overshadowed. It is not long since Paderewski was supposed to reign supreme at the pianoforte keyboard, but a year or two later came Rosenthal, who could exert several hundred pounds more pressure per hour than Paderewski. Then came Sauer, "the greatest pianist of Europe." We are placed in the position of the very susceptible yonng man in the play who was in love with three different ladies, but excused himself on the ground that he only thonght of them one at a time.

But the methods of advertising the great star have only an indirect bearing on the subject. They simply illustrate that cheery optimism which makes us believe, perhaps without adequate reason, that the present is better than the past, and, as this feeling is entirely opposite to the general trend of human nature, for we are all too apt to look on the black side of things, these methods should be helpful to us in our daily life.

Each generation has its idols. The big boys at school when we graduated were not to be compared in size or deeds of valor with those who were there when we entered. The climax of operatic excellence to onr grandfathers was reached by Grisi and Mario. The fathers and mothers of to-day look back with a sigh at Patti. For a few years past the names of de Reszke and Melba have marked an epoch, but, according to the advertising agent, the operatic singer to come next is the greatest.

Some months ago a Western teacher circulated a statement in the newspapers which was an example either of pathetic ignorance or of abominable dishonesty. Let us assume that is was the former.

"I have heretofore announced," the article reads, "that I could take a pupil from the beginning and make a concert player of him in one year. I wish now to prove that it can be accomplished in six months." The advertiser stipulates for good health and a willingness to work on the part of the pupil, and limits the age to forty years, "because anything beyond that it would take something longer to acquire the result." . . . "In return for a devotion of four hours daily I promise to make of the pupil a splendid performer, whose every tone will be a delight to the ear, and insure the execution of the most difficult compositions with precision and velocity. It is not necessary that the pupil have talent. The method furnishes both talent and sonl, for I deny that any one can hear the fingers do such melodious execntion and not feel a spark of inspiration—if the pupil have sufficient taste for music to practice at all."

It is generally conceded that a pupil with talent can, by dint of hard and nnremitting work for several years, play pieces of tolerable difficulty and with reasonable velocity, but when it comes to mastering the most difficult compositions in six months from the beginning,—what is to become of the musical profession?

Let us examine the advertisement still further. There is a saving, or rather a contradictory clause contained in it. "All of my pupils thus far have been busy housewives or in attendance at school, with one exception, and that one exception practiced three hours a day and at the end of two months was playing the 'Grand Finale' in Richardson's method." Thus the "Grand Finale" in Richardson's method is considered to be one-third of the way to the most difficnlt compositions—an estimate which will hardly coincide with the

opinion of the best-informed and most experienced teachers, and which at once punctures the inflated idea offered to the unwary pupil.

Perhaps the crowning feature of the article is the last sentence, which says: "The method of the master opens a window into the heart and life that might have perhaps otherwise forever remained closed."

It is pitiable indeed to see divine aid in teaching implied as a method of catching unwary or ignorant pupils. Such a claim can only be considered the climax of dishonesty. Without it the advertisement would stand as a monument of ignorance. With it, the whole affair assumes the color of impious fraud.

If music pupils can be gained by such advertising as this, there remains but little hope for the ordinary, honest, hard-working teacher. But, fortunately, the pupils who are secured by this and similar methods either amount to nothing and give up their studies, or they discover their error and seek out some instructor who does not pretend to teach by any supernatural system. It is well for the young music teacher to keep well within the bounds of honesty in making his claim for patronage. Some allowance must always be made for the community in which he lives, and where the average of education and musical knowledge is low, judicious extravagance may be legitimately used, but not in such a manner as to leave behind all claim to reason and truth.

A FEW WORDS ON CHOPIN'S WORKS.

BY C. FRED. KENYON.

ALL great composers for the pianoforte have imbued their music with their own personalities. Great music, however impersonal and objective it may be, is more or less a "human document," a piece of faithful autobiography. An intelligent person could discover fairly accurately the chief points in the great composers' characters if he had nothing more to guide him than the works of these composers. This is so because music is the most impersonal of all the arts. A man can not write great music except by revealing to some extent what experience has taught him.

Thus it comes about that the music of all our great composers is very varied, both in style and matter. Bach is as far removed from Chopin as is Mendelssohn from Schumann. And, as a general rule, it is the possession of one particular characteristic in a highly developed state that separates the quality of one man's work from the quality of the work of another man. For instance; the quality that pervades most of Mendelssohn's work is best described by the word "sentimentality"; in Chopin we have "poetry"; in Schumann "thought," and so on. As a natural result, it follows that a pianist will be more successful in interpreting the work of a composer with whom he has much in common than he will be in the interpretation of the work of a musician whose whole mode of thinking and style of expression differ from his own. This explains why it is that so few pianists can play perfectly the compositions of more than one or two great composers. D'Albert is our Beethoven player, and Paderewski plays Chopin almost perfectly; but where is the pianist who can play the works of both these composers as they ought to be played? When a pianist who plays Chopin perfectly attempts one of Beethoven's sonatas, the result is very often deplorable. The robustness of Beethoven is emasculated; the beauty of thought is turned into mere prettiness, and the general result is as far from what it should be as the interpretation of Chopin by a Beethoven player very often is. A pianist of wide sympathies is indeed a *rara avis*. Only once in a generation does one appear who is able to achieve the highest summit of musical interpretation.

Chopin demands so much from his would-be interpreter that very few of us can hope to play his music as he himself played it. But some of his shorter pieces are, by reason of the comparative simplicity of their technic, in the repertoire of nearly every pianist, and many advanced students are able to play from memory thirty or forty of the great Pole's works. But how many of these pianists are able to give anything more than a mere satisfactory account of what they have learned? Very few, indeed. Chopin's personality was such an extraordinary one, his thoughts so far above the thoughts and feelings of the ordinary man, that a large amount of sympathy is required of him who would interpret his works rightly. Technically, they are not particularly difficult; a large number of them are even quite simple; but their extraordinary originality, their wonderful weirdness and daringness, do more to hinder the student in his interpretation of them than any mere technical difficulty could. It is not that they are particularly remarkable for depth of thought or obscurity of expression; what lifts them so much out of the common is their fantastic delicacy and weirdness.

No hard and fast rules can be laid down for the right playing of Chopin's music; but one rule can be followed with great advantage, and this rule is: "Play Chopin's compositions as you feel them." If you do this, and if you feel them in the same way that Chopin intended you should feel them, you may rest assured that you are playing them as they should be played. But the point to be observed is that you do feel his compositions as Chopin meant that you should. If you don't, the result will be disastrous. I well remember hearing a young lady play Chopin's E-flat nocturne. Her technic was perfect, but her interpretation of the piece was absurd. She played that nocturne as though it was a merry waltz by Johann Strauss.

How, then, may one learn the true nature of Chopin's genius in order that one may give fit interpretation to his works? First of all, it is quite possible, though hardly probable, that you will, at the very outset, find yourself quite out of sympathy with Chopin and his works. If this be so, the best thing to be done is to abandon all hope of ever becoming an interpreter of his compositions—it is of no use attempting to explain to others what you yourself do not understand. If you have sympathy with him, and if his works attract

you and make you wish to know more of them, you must approach him with humility and endeavor to understood his many-sided personality.

Before making a study of Chopin's works, it is advisable to obtain a good life of the great composer. Read it carefully, and by the light which it will shed on his character, attempt to discover the influence of his character on his works. By this means you will soon come to understand what he has to say to you. What beforehand appeared to be ridiculous idiosyncrasies will now be revealed as charms ; what was exaggerated discord will now be the most entrancingly beautiful harmony. But all this will not come about without the exertion of a little study ; but the progress will be so rapid that the study will become a pleasure, and the pleasure will soon develop into a delight. When you think you have a proper and fairly comprehensive knowledge of his character, study the rhythm of his dance music, particularly the rhythm of the polonaise and mazurka. Try to enter into the spirit of these dances and take care not to exaggerate Chopin's poetry. Beware of the *tempo rubato!* See that you are not tempted to indulge in it at all times. Study Chopin carefully—*i. e.*, concentrate all your thought on one piece until you have mastered it thoroughly, until you understand what it means, and what it has to say to you. You will do well to leave the more advanced pieces alone until your technic is equal to them. You will accomplish a by no means easy task if you manage to play a dozen or so of his easier pieces perfectly.

CONSERVATORY AND PRIVATE TEACHING.

Another Phase of the Subject.

BY HENRY C. LAHEE.

The never-ending controversy as to the respective merits of conservatories and private teachers naturally strikes the casual observer as being merely a bid for business on one side or the other. There are, however, other thoughts to be considered besides the direct issue. Private teachers are numbered by thousands, while conservatories are few in comparison ; therefore, the private teachers have the great advantage in the controversy of greater facilities for spreading their doctrine. Yet, with all these advantages, it is wonderful to see how many of their pupils go to the conservatories, many of them by the advice of the said private teachers.

The fact that a good conservatory provides the best foundation for a professional musician is beyond question, and is borne out by the fact that the best professional musicians have almost, if not quite, all been students at one time or another in one or two or more conservatories. This seems to be the case more particularly with violinists, for whom a solid foundation of musical training is absolutely essential. Such exceptions as Paganini and Ole Bull seem only to emphasize the statement, for Paganini was such a genius as the world rarely sees, and Ole Bull, while a man of remarkable individuality, was never regarded as a serious musician.

A close investigation will disclose the fact that the majority of American musicians throughout the country have been, at one time or another, students at a conservatory, either in America or in Europe, or both. The surprising feature is that they are not anxious to have it known. It is true that the teachers in many schools and colleges are advertised as graduates of this or that conservatory, and that some of the younger teachers in small towns are not ashamed of their alma mater, but there are hundreds of musicians in good standing in the United States to-day who, instead of taking pride in acknowledging the institution in which they received the most important part of their education,—viz., the foundation,—carefully conceal the fact that they ever belonged to it, or that they owe any allegiance to it.

For this condition there are several reasons, of which the two, money-worship and hero-worship, are sufficient to account.

A conservatory education is not essential for the wealthy amateur ; indeed, it is very inconvenient to be obliged to attend a class at regular hours and actually to work. Besides this, it is necessary in a conservatory to take lessons of some teachers who are very little known outside the institution which profits by the excellence of their work. Evidently there are potent reasons to prevent a conservatory from becoming a social fad. Now, when the teacher is attempting to gain a position by getting into the select circle called "society," nothing can be more natural than to assume the color of society, just as fishes, birds, and all living things assume the colors best adapted to the exigencies of the life they lead. As society has no use for a conservatory, the teacher who lives by society must of necessity affect to regard conservatories as rather poor things. They would not be regarded as such, even in gilded society, if their alumni would fairly and honestly give them their due credit, though years may have passed since their student days. Only a little moral courage is necessary, and, without actually discrediting the teacher a jot, justice would be done. Nor would a frank confession and advocacy of the alma mater injure the teacher financially, because his "society" pupils would not, in any case, go to a conservatory.

Now, as to hero-worship. Everybody admires the genius—everybody hears of him. Paderewski, Ysaye, Liszt, Joachim—all are great individualities, and are or have been the talk of the musical world. To be a pupil of the great individuality gives one a position in the musical world at once, because the great man will not receive as a pupil any one who is not already a good musician—yes, an excellent musician.

The same idea holds good all down the line. The pupil becomes attached to the individual—the teacher—rather than to the institution. When the pupil talks, it is of the teacher, not of the institution, though there may be no desire to ignore the institution. But the fact that the teacher is employed at the institution is a mere incident. If the teacher does good work in the institution he will find that he has a connection all ready made

when the time comes for him to leave, either voluntarily or involuntarily. The teacher himself cares comparatively little for the institution as a whole, for he feels that he dare not sacrifice himself, and he does all in his power to keep his name prominent among his pupils and their connections.

The conservatories themselves recognize this fact, and frequently pay large salaries to noted musicians for a merely nominal connection, while the work is done by those who are comparatively unknown.

It is only natural that the pupil should feel drawn toward the individual teacher, with whom he is in daily contact, rather than the mythical assemblage called the management, consisting of a number of strangers, who hold meetings, apparently in secret, and who are absolute strangers to the student body, and even to the faculty.

All these things go to show that the conservatory is hampered in many ways. They do not show that the conservatory is undesirable, or that it is not doing excellent work for the student, but that there is the necessity for greater breadth and liberality among musicians, and particularly among those who have received a conservatory education.

The cry has been made that no great musician has blossomed forth upon the world direct from a conservatory. It may be answered by the statement that neither in America nor anywhere else is such a thing possible. Ysaye, for instance, after studying in three, if not four, conservatories, only earned his position in the musical world by ten years' constant hard work—ten years of incessant playing before the public, during which time he was able to develop the talent which was in him. This development would have been impossible without his conservatory technical training, and it would have been as marvelous for him to have come before the world direct from the conservatory a great violinist as for a statesman to issue ready-made and complete from a university. Instances of a similar kind might be cited almost without end.

The conclusion to be drawn is not that the private teacher is better than the conservatory, or vice versâ, but that there should be a more liberal feeling among musicians—less magnifying of self and more work for the good of the art and of the profession. No men are more generous in many respects than musicians, and yet, in this country at any rate, few seem to carry professional narrowness to a finer point. This professional narrowness is in no way more clearly shown than in denying to conservatories the credit which is due to them ; even though they may fall far short of what might be possible, they are doing a great work for the musical art of this country.

THE UNINTERESTED PUPIL.

BY ALFRED H. HAUSRATH.

It must be veritable torture for the pupil of no talent, who possesses no ear for music, to be obliged to practice. These students invariably hate their teachers; hate them out of self-defense, as it were. They must find some pretext for not caring to take lessons nor to practice, so they make up their minds to hate the teacher, and to hate him heartily.

Strumming is the only respite they have for their ill-conducted labors, so they delight in strumming; and they take a fiendish pleasure in striking wrong notes, because they have found that here is a means of torturing the teacher. It appears that to them the playing of an instrument is an exquisite torture ; and, as misery likes company, they are only happy when the teacher is made to feel thoroughly miserable.

These students look upon the teacher as their natural enemy. Every correction made by him is met with a revengeful feeling by them.

Fingering is no object to them, nor is phrasing, nor rhythm, nor anything about the lesson, for they have no object in pursuing the whole subject.

The teacher will hear from the parents of one of these unmanageable children that it is necessary to drive him to practice. This he might quite naturally expect to be the case. People do not voluntarily embrace that which they despise; they do not rise at four in the morning for the sake of pursuing that which they most detest, unless it be for the purpose of annihilating it.

It is not only cruel toward the child to drive him to unnecessary woe, it is absolutely a sinful waste of time and energy. If the child has no soul and no ear it would seem he was pretty shabbily treated by Dame Nature. It is truly bad enough that he should be thus afflicted without having the fact further impressed upon him that he has been cursed with crippled ears—ears as perfectly indifferent to discord as to harmony.

Should we not look upon these poor creatures with pity, and suggest to the guardians of such that they desist from their futile determination to make musical performers of them ? Can a blind man paint a picture, or an orang-outang write poetry ? The piano is not a musical typewriter, that only requires a fair amount of intelligence and facility to manipulate satisfactorily. The violin was not designed to imitate the nocturne of the feline tribe.

The sensitive ear has its hammer and anvil, like every other kind of ear, but the hammer and anvil are not formed of wrought steel, — they have their limit of endurance. Good teachers' ears are generally endowed with a very feeble *tortural* endurance.

When a child is heard to remark, "I have got to take my old music lesson," it may be depended upon there is something wrong somewhere ; either the fault lies with the teacher or with the parent. Yes, the *parent;* not so much with the child. The parent either forces the child against his will or the teacher is at fault. Then, again, there are pupils who really have talent, but have no taste for work. There are also adults in this world who have no desire to work ; they usually do n't work, and some one else or the community is obliged to support them. But this, it may be ventured, is no reason why children should be encouraged not to work. If they have talent and do not care to develop it, it is a case of

laziness, pure and simple; such children should be driven unto the extreme limit.

Parents—too many of them—only think of the duties of the teacher; they forget their own. They expect him to attend to the child's practicing, to teach him, to discipline him, get and keep him interested, to encourage him, to make a marvelous performer of him in a magically short time, and before long they will expect him to look after his pupil's health.

What does the average parent do for his son or daughter on this little program? He pays for the tuition; that presumably is enough for him; he washes his hands of all the rest.

IDEALS FOR PIANO TEACHERS.

BY CORA STANTON BROWN.

First of all, last of all, and above all, the ideal of the piano teacher should be to teach music. That this is not the case is abundantly illustrated in the work of the amateur pianist. The first ideal is evidently to teach piano-playing, and, moreover, to bring the pupil as soon as possible to the point where he has something to show for his study, the something to show being usually a facility, a manual dexterity, which, while it is necessary to piano-playing, is often acquired without an intelligent conception of music.

The study of the piano is so common because there is no other instrument so well suited to music in the home. It serves as an accompaniment to singing, as a means of reproducing at least echoes of orchestral and choral music. Through the piano one individual in the home can express the underlying principles of music—rhythm, melody, and harmony. But unless piano-playing is regarded by the teacher as simply a means to an end, how can he expect his pupils to enter, appreciate, and interpret the world of beauty, the world of art, for whose sake music is?

The piano exists merely for the sake of one means of art expression, art itself being one of the means in which the human soul embodies itself and expresses its conception of the universe. This is the only true conception of art. It is self-expression by man; the indication of his consciousness of the beautiful. It reaches its highest when man's conception of the beautiful is identical with his conception of the good and the true. I shall not do more than refer to the type of mind which sees only one phase of this unity,—this three-in-one,—as, for instance, the puritanic, which emphasized the good and repressed the feeling for the beautiful. We have with us all types now, and the undue emphasis of any element produces an unbalanced, unbeautiful result.

The first element in beauty is order, the recognition of a unifying law which underlies all expression. The appreciation of this element, even though it were instinctive, would certainly place the instrument and the technical mastery of that instrument below the ideal to be expressed through it. At the same time, the very fact that it is the lower is the reason for first attacking and mastering it. But to separate technic from the idea of beauty is as great an impossibility as to separate any function of the mind from the others: as, for instance, thinking from feeling and willing—all are involved. And since the *raison d'être* of technic is the expression of the beautiful, the two can not be taught separately.

Discrimination and control of muscles may be taught apart from piano-playing and tone-production, but they are to be sought and acquired for the purpose of tone-production. Tone production itself fails of its ultimate object if it gratifies only the sense of hearing and bears not a message to the man through his senses.

What has it profited an artist when he has excited the wonder of an audience by the facility of his pupil's fingers in scale-work, strength in chord-work, memory of many pages of notes? It may profit a piano teacher by bringing more pupils to be trained, more grist to his mill, as it were, and by filling his pockets. Very well; "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," but the artist and art are in no wise profited by a mechanical display, however perfect it may be.

Doubtless there is good in this mechanical drill. The resultant self-control, direction of motor activity, keen observation by the eye, a certain kind of reasoning power, an intellectual understanding of musical forms, are all means to an end. These are the tools. An artisan may use the tools and produce good, honest work, but art is more than that. Art is the free play of the soul's creative power. All this work must be transformed by the alchemy of the mind into a product which bears the marks of free spontaneous activity, and the result should make us say, "how beautiful," not "how wonderful."

The artist is the one who is conscious of his creative power, and glories in it; is filled with the joy of doing, as the care-free child is filled with the joy of living. The perfectly healthy man is unconscious of his physical self, so taken up is he with the pleasure of using that self. It is a joy to walk, to breathe, to exist. So with the artist. The sculptor is not so much filled with thought of block and chisel as of the figure concealed in the block awaiting deliverance at his hands. The painter is more concerned with the image in his mind than with the pigments which shall represent that image to himself and to us. The musician speaks what he already hears in a clear voice speaking within himself. But you say "all piano pupils are not artists." None of them are, except potentially, when they come to be taught; all of them are from the standpoint that each is a human soul with the power of self-expression. Doubtless a large per cent. of the piano pupils are wasting time and energy, but it is not altogether the fault of the pupils. No one acknowledges this more quickly than the good piano teacher; no one deplores it more than he. And until more teachers have an intelligent conception of music as an art, and teach piano-playing as one phase of a greater whole, which must be studied before there can be musical piano-playing, we shall continue to have gymnastic feats, vain shows of physical and perhaps intellectual skill, but no art.

To illustrate, it is better from the artistic point of view to have the pupil study and play the compositions which he can understand and feel. It is all very well to give him constantly works which are somewhat beyond his comprehension for the purposes of study, because people must be led on, but for playing adhere to the other class.

A teacher's reputation, an artist's feeling, the poor, dear public, are all hurt by any other course. It is small wonder that the mass of people do not love great music. To love the best is the result of education, and the only way for most people to be educated is by hearing again and again good things well done.

The good or artistic things are not all elaborate and tremendously difficult. To do them well requires, besides such control of the body that it will obey the will, and an intellectual perception of what is to be done, a conception of something more than notes, muscles, keys, or even tones and forms ; something we call soul, or spiritual meaning, or highest or ultimate end of the work, or artistic content. This is the result of creative power, which is never exercised except under the conditions of freedom and spontaneity.

To play artistically necessitates a measure of freedom from technic, because technic has become so much a part of one's self that it is second nature. Being second nature, it should retire into the background and leave the first place to that for which it exists.

In so far as thought of the personal self is present, either as a hindrance to free expression or as vain pride in the performance, the ideal is obscured. But what shall be said of the performance barren of any ideal to be expressed? Let us have art, though it be simple and crude, and leave artisanship to the trades.

HOW TO BECOME A COMPOSER.

BY C. FRED KENYON.

Most proverbial sayings, whilst containing much truth, generally considerably overstate it. For instance, we have often heard that "a poet is born, not made"; but, as a matter of hard fact, a poet is both born and made. The greatest imaginative genius on earth never wrote poetry without having studied the comparative values of the sounds and the meanings of words, the different meters and rhythms, and the thousand and one technicalities which make up the poetic art. And it is just the same with the composer. A great composer must, in the first instance, be born with the power of creating great music ; but before he can become a great composer it is necessary for him to go through years of hard work and steady application. It has many times been proved that to become a great composer it is absolutely necessary that one should acquire a wide and full knowledge of harmony, counterpoint, and orchestration very early in life,—probably before one is twenty years of age, and certainly before one is twenty-five.

In the present article I do not wish to discuss "great" musicians, but merely those who, by means of exercising the originality or ingenious fancy with which nature has endowed them, are able to write pleasing and melodious pieces which may charm away a dull half-hour.

At the very outset, let me say at once that it is possible for any one possessing musical abilities slightly above the average to compose pleasing and tasteful music if, at the same time, he have, in a small degree, the power to create. The reason why so many really musical people never attempt composition is simply because they are unconscious of their own powers in this direction. Let me give a few hints, by following which the would-be composer may overcome the difficulties that lie in his path.

First of all, then, it is necessary that he should possess some knowledge of harmony. It is not necessary for him to enter into a long and arduous course which may take him years to go through ; but it is essential that he should master the elements and first principles of the science in such a way that he can never forget them. A thorough grasp of the principles of harmony is as necessary for composition as a knowledge of grammar is a *sine qua non* for writing and speaking correctly. When this knowledge is once acquired, the initial, and the most tiresome, difficulties are overcome. People have often said to me : "Sometimes a pretty air comes into my head ; I hum it over, and then it is gone for ever." When I ask why they have not at once written it down on paper, and so preserved it, they invariably answer, "Oh, I don't know enough about music to do that. I wish I could write down the melodies that come into my head. I should be a real composer then." Now, I have not much faith in those who manufacture tunes at the piano. They bang the instrument about until they produce something resembling an air ; they examine it, turn it upside down, and lo and behold ! they have composed a melody. This kind of thing destroys all spontaneity of thought, and any originality the would-be composer may possess is invariably lost. A musician ought, most certainly, to learn how to write down his ideas without the aid of any musical instrument, and if my readers will adopt the following method, they will, within a short space of time, be able to do this.

It is necessary that the student should accustom himself to the difference in pitch between any given note and any other note. He will do this best by playing a note on the piano (say middle C), and then playing the third, fifth, and octave. He must then sing or hum these notes, and after he has learned the difference in pitch that exists between them, he must proceed to learn the more difficult intervals. To a student who is really musical this is a matter of a few days, or, in some cases, a few hours' study only. In fact, it very often happens that the easier intervals are already mastered by the student's ear in the ordinary course of his pianoforte practice. When all the intervals are mastered, it ought to be a comparatively easy matter to hum over an easy tune at sight. The student should do this slowly and carefully, correcting himself by the piano when he finds he is going wrong. More difficult airs, involving unusual intervals and strange rhythms, he will find need closer study ; but if he fail to sing these

immediately at sight, he must not be discouraged, but must persevere, and within a comparatively short space of time he will be able to sing at sight the most difficult airs that have been composed. From reading melodies to writing them down on paper is an easy step, and with a little practice this will soon be accomplished.

And now comes the time when the student will be able to compose his own melodies and write them down on music-paper without any previous seeking for ideas on the pianoforte. I do not wish to infer that it is a bad thing to extemporize ; as a matter of fact, it is a very useful accomplishment, and often serves to develop, in the first instance, any incipient talent for composition that the student may possess. Again, it is quite legitimate to use the piano to develop a germ of melody that comes to a composer's mind ; indeed, this has been done, and is done, by our great composers. The evil in using the pianoforte as an aid to composition is when a composer deliberately attempts to manufacture a melody by haphazard playing.

It is quite possible for a musician to copy the works of another composer without the slightest intention of so doing ; so that, if at the outset the young composer finds that most of his melodies bear distinct signs of relationship to other and better known airs, he must not be discouraged, for until his own individuality is fully developed he will find it somewhat difficult to strike out in an original line. Plagiarism in music is very frequent, but in nine cases out of ten it is quite unconscious. I have known people publish songs that bore a quite painful resemblance to others published years before, and when this has been pointed out to them they have been overwhelmed with surprise and confusion. When the student is able to compose and write down a melody with a fair amount of ease, he must next turn his attention to the construction of his harmonies. It will be seen at once that it is much more difficult to learn to remember the sound of three or four different notes played together than it is to remember the sound of these notes played consecutively. But it is quite as necessary for the young composer to know the sound of written chords without playing them, as it is for him to know the sound of a succession of written notes.

The reader may ask : "What shall I gain by al this? What good will this composing do me? How shall I benefit by it?" You may benefit by it in many ways. It is not, of course, desirable that you should be able to compose in order that you may bore your friends and acquaintances by showing them each new piece as it comes from your brain. No ! The advantages you will derive from the art of composition are greater and better than that. First of all, the acquisition of the mere technic will teach you to understand and appreciate the works of the great masters to a much greater degree than was before possible. Secondly, the fact that you are able to compose music will add fresh interest to your studies, and make you work with keener zest. And thirdly, it is quite possible that by selling your compositions to publishers you may be able to make a little pocket money. I should not like to have the responsibility of saying that all of you who begin to compose will be able to do this ; music, nowadays, must have some particular charm or originality about it in order to attract the notice of publishers ; but it sometimes happens that a quite distinguished amateur makes a popular success by the publication of an unpretentious song, and there is nothing to prevent any of my readers doing likewise, provided they have the necessary talent, originality, and perseverance. In conclusion, let me conjure you not to be discouraged if, at the outset, you find composition a difficult thing. If you find that you have to force your ideas, you may rest satisfied that you have no talent for composition. But if you have half-formed, chaotic melodies in your brain, persistent effort is bound to reward you in the end with success, and even if you do not gain any practical result from your labors, you will, at all events, have the satisfaction of knowing that your efforts have been good practice and training, and will, in some way or other, have added to your musical knowledge.

ON STUDYING SONATAS.

BY E. R. KROEGER.

THE trend of modern pianoforte composition in the direction of short pieces is responsible for the decreasing interest of players in sonatas.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century and the first part of the present, the greater number of composers wrote many sonatas and comparatively few small pieces. With Beethoven the sonata reached its climax. Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, and Brahms wrote but few solo pianoforte sonatas, and directed their energies in the line of pianoforte composition to the production of smaller forms. In these they have developed a compactness of form, a terseness of expression, and an expression of feeling which is to be wondered at. Almost all modern composers have trodden in their footsteps, and today the publishing houses produce small pieces by the thousands, while sonatas are rarely composed or published. Most of these small pieces have their day and then disappear to make way for others. "Novelties" are in demand, and they soon become "back numbers" and retire in favor of other "novelties."

The short piece has many advantages, not the least of which is that an incompetent player is but a few minutes before the public, whereas with the sonata from fifteen minutes to a half hour are required for its performance. But if the student is to progress further than the expression of one or two kinds of emotion, or to reveal a certain technical ability in the manipulation of a specific figure, it is necessary to take up a work of broader dimensions than three or four pages. The brevity of a short piece prohibits a variety of moods or colorings on the part of a composer.

Of all kinds of abstract musical composition, the sonata permits more variety of expression and effect than any other. In the first movement there is the contrast between the first and second subjects, the independence and polphony so often met with in the "working-out

section," and the development of climax which is apt to occur in the "coda." The dignity and breadth of style of the slow movement affords an opportunity of still more variety. In the brisk scherzo, with its contrasting trio, there are new features, and the last movement, while developed somewhat like the first, is different in musical content. A work like this will contain opportunities for massive chord playing, for figuration, for *cantabile*, for effects of light and shade, for polyphonic playing, for rhythmic contrasts, for variety in phrasing, and for other features which it is impossible for a work written in a smaller form to possess. Besides, there is in the study of a fine sonata a development of musicianship which can not be secured in any other line of solo work. It is really educational in this respect.

The modern "sonata" was unknown to Bach and Handel, and it is much to be regretted, for with the massive genius of these two great men we might have had some fine works in this form, even though written for the meager instruments of their day. Bach's "sonatas" are really "suites," which were the progenitors of the modern sonata. Emanuel Bach's sonatas are the beginning of the modern type, and contain much of interest. But it is with Haydn that the sonata proper begins. Some of his sonatas seem rather childish to our ears, accustomed to the harmonies of Wagner and Dvorâk. But there are others which possess much beauty and variety. There is the one in E-flat, with a certain amount of breadth in it which reminds one of the future Beethoven. There is the beautiful sonata in D, with its tender, slow movement – so simple and yet so full of pathos. There are those in C-minor and B-minor, which foreshadow sonatas in minor keys by moderns.

With Mozart the *cantabile* is a great feature, and his sonatas are full of it. The great fantasia and sonata in C-minor is a necessary work in the course of all students of the pianoforte. The sonatas in A-minor and F-major are almost equally valuable. Clementi's sonatas are excellent study, as are also those of Hummel. But in the thirty-two of Beethoven there is a never-failing gold mine for the artist as well as the amateur. Of course, the "Pathetic" and the "Moonlight" sonatas must needs be included in the repertory of every conservatory student who is in the fifth grade. But some of the others are quite as beautiful and should not be discriminated against. Indeed, the teacher who loves his Beethoven finds no little difficulty in selecting from the sonatas those he wishes to instruct, as every one has its attractive features. In these monumental works every variety of mood is pictured. The mighty intellect of the composer is visible in the manipulation of his material from Op. 2 to Op. 111. To the pianist the rich chords, the brilliant figures, the dynamic effects, the variety of rhythms, will always be of the greatest interest and delight.

Schubert's sonatas, though not so well known as his shorter pieces, are replete with exquisite melodies and kaleidoscopic modulations. Weber's four sonatas are superb, that in A-flat particularly being extraordinarily fine. Schumann's three sonatas are among his best works. The writer considers his F-sharp minor sonata one of the greatest compositions in pianoforte literature. Mendelssohn's early sonata in E does not rank with his other works in the sonata form, written for concerted instruments and for orchestra at a later period. Chopin's B-flat minor sonata, as Schumann said, is more of a suite than a sonata, but each movement is truly great. The well-known "Funeral March" is from this work. The B-minor sonata follows more accurately the usual form, and is a favorite number with *virtuosi*. Brahms' pianoforte sonatas are among his early works, but they are worthy of the prediction which Schumann made of his genius at the time, which was amply fulfilled.

Liszt's great B minor sonata is one of the most remarkable works in existence. So far as form is concerned, he does not follow closely the customary lines, but his wonderful treatment of two or three "leading motives" gives it a great homogeneity. Technically it is of great difficulty. Grieg's E-minor sonata is one which every pianist should know. Although weak and fragmentary in construction, the individual melodies are very beautiful and very original.

There are other works by moderns in the sonata form which are well worthy of attention and study. When there are such superb works in existence by the greatest composers, which afford them an opportunity of displaying their genius at its best, as well as their musicianship, it seems too bad that the smaller forms should have "crowded them to the wall." Even though sonatas be not often played in public, they should yet be diligently studied by every student who desires to accomplish something above mere dilettantism. Certain movements may be selected for performance, in case it is not desirable to render an entire work. By a careful and systematic schooling in sonata-playing, the taste will be improved, the technical skill will progress, and the musicianship will broaden. Then if smaller forms are taken up, they will be fully enjoyed in contrast, but if they alone are studied, work on larger forms will seem irksome. The true artist should be able to interpret, equally well, large and short forms, so that in giving a recital he may sustain the interest of his audience by contrasts in the styles of the various numbers on his programs.

THE DO-NOTHING.

BY HARVEY WICKHAM.

"Hoc Age."

"How do you write so many books?" a famous author, whose name for the moment escapes me, was once asked. "By putting down what others let slip," he replied. Successful men are those who do what unsuccessful men do not think it worth while to do. "What is the use in that? If it were feasible it would have been tried long ago," is a protest which greets the inventor at every turn. The discoverer of illuminating gas is said to have made his first gas-house out of a discarded gun-barrel, plugged up at one end with

clay, and thrust into his father's fireplace. "Do you think you are so much wiser than your folks?" cried the parent, a bigoted, ignorant charcoal burner. "Candles have always been the best light we could get, and I don't reckon you'll do any better."

Great discoveries are absurdly simple, and many have remained hidden for centuries by their very obviousness, like grandmother's spectacles, resting unfound upon her forehead while she searches the house for them. The names upon a map most likely to escape observation are not unusual ones, hidden and obscure, but those which are household words, printed in overbold type running clear across the page. The noble melodies are made up of such everyday intervals and rhythms that only geniuses think to put them on paper. The *next* step toward success is too easy to overcome the mental inertia of the average man, who needs the wonderful, the difficult, the strange, to fire his imagination and move him to the putting forth of his powers. We are not surrounded by men who seize every opportunity, or there would be small chance of our becoming distinguished. Well for us our neighbors are procrastinators, too. They also think without acting. Were there but an antitoxin to destroy the germ of indolence,—not laziness so much as *the fear to do*,—it would revolutionize the world in short order.

One dreams of attending long series of concerts in the great art centers of Europe, while he neglects the small economies which would enable him to hear an occasional recital in the nearby American metropolis, or even withholds the fifty-cent piece which would take him to the rare, first-class performance afforded by his own town. Such people constitute nine-tenths of the failures of our profession. They complain of a non-musical atmosphere; but do they subscribe for and read a single music journal? Do they know that even a toil-worn, music-hardened, overworked artist can rise from the perusal of a thought-full article (I misspell and hyphenate the word lest its original meaning be lost) with renewed inspiration for their labor? Not an issue of THE ETUDE, for example, comes from the press without quantities of good advice, interestingly expressed by clever pens, aimed straight at their besetting sin, whatever it may be. How much good seed falls on stony ground! The word we long to hear, the instruction we need to help us in the attainment of our ends,—it is dinned into our ears at every corner. Our friends, fearful to wound us, couch it in cautious expressions. Our rivals openly point out the flaw which, could we see and would we mend, might make us more than a match for them. They rely upon our mental inertia—upon our inability to take that first, all-too-easy step.

Will you not, my dear reader, "break away," as the urchins say, and, putting your timidity in your pocket, give that recital you have been thinking about for so long? If you are not prepared, why not prepare? Why not learn at once that composition you have for months intended to learn? Will you not organize your pupils into that musical club you have had for years in mind? There is no year so good as the fall of 1899 to build one of your air-castles in brick and mortar, remodeling it to suit the occasion, if necessary. Spend a hundred dollars in musical education in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, and forget for a while that course of lessons you hope to take "some day" in lands that are far across the sea. When you get to Vienna, or Paris, or Berlin, it will be that same old minor scale, that same old weak fourth finger, that same old mental inertia, which will confront you. Nothing will sweeten your visit to the Old World like the conquering of a fault or two while you are in the New; and it will brighten and lengthen those declining years, in which you hope to do so much, if you do a little *now*. I dare say you have been taking the time to read this which should have been devoted to practice, so I will close. Success to you!

A TALK TO STUDENTS.

BY ERNEST T. WINCHESTER.

IF there is any one profession to acquire which it takes an endless amount of back-bone and grit, it is the musical profession.

There are so many discouragements to the young musical man, of a nature not encountered in other lines of art, that they at times seem almost insurmountable. The writer, addressing these words especially to students, does so with the remembrance of his own student days fresh in his mind.

Nine fathers out of ten discourage their children from taking up music as a profession. Why, I have always been at a loss to understand. To be sure, there are many "scrub" musicians; many make most dismal failures; *very* many lead a very precarious existence. But is this not so in every profession? In every case where failure is made it may be traced to some fault of the sufferers. Those who do not succeed have not, as a rule, persevered until they reached a position where they could command respect. They have not aimed for the topmost round of the ladder. Musicians of this type are being constantly weeded out, which makes good the saying, "Plenty of room at the top."

It takes a long, long while to reach the top, or even to get in sight of it; but it pays to make for it. A ship would never get anywhere if it did not steer for the harbor. You young musicians are the ships sailing upon the ocean of musical life. Have some goal to reach. Don't be shiftless and wander about aimlessly. Have a rudder, and use it well. Have an object in living, don't "just stay." You have work to do in your life and you must prepare for it.

Do not be a jack-of-all trades and a master of none. Be a specialist. In the small towns the "professor" of the place is the man who can play (?) any instrument from a mouth-organ to a steam calliope. The artist, however, is invariably the man who makes a specialty of some one instrument, or of the voice. You can not be an expert performer upon the violin and at the same time play the organ scientifically. Either instrument would take every minute of your practice time, to make

any headway at all. These are days of specialists, not only in the musical profession, but in all lines of thought.

Do n't wear long hair as soon as you enter a conservatory. I know you at once feel "professional," and I know a great many of your fellow-students will be making a specialty of cultivating their "flowing locks"; but do not, my dear brother, make hair YOUR specialty. Young physicians usually attempt to grow a luxuriant beard before they begin their practice. There is some excuse for this, because they must look mature and wise in order to gain the confidence necessary to the successful pursuit of their work. Long hair, however, is not necessary to *our* work, although many of us seem to have a delusion that it has been considered as a necessary adjunct to our art.

Do n't try to look odd. Why should you? You are an ordinary human being gifted with the divine spirit of music in your soul, and having the power and ability to give expression to it. You need to have the air of a professional man; you will do just as good work without being looked upon as a freak.

We musicians have had the name of "knowing nothing but music." That day has passed. The musician of to-day who has standing and *prestige* must be educated and refined.

At the beginning of our conservatory or college course we at the very start meet with a discouragement. After years of local training we apply at one of the conservatories for admission. Our ardor is immediately cooled by the reception we get at the office of the institution. This has always seemed to me to be unnecessary. The person in charge of the college office should be possessed of a kind heart. I have had quite a thorough experience, and in almost every case the secretary, or office manager, takes especial pains to belittle the beginner, and to make him feel that it will be a very great favor to accept him at all, when really the life and success of the institution depend entirely upon the number of pupils it can secure.

I do not claim that the beginner should be unduly encouraged; but medical colleges encourage their applicants; so do all the institutions of learning—except the musical.

I well remember my first appearance as an humble applicant at a conservatory. The atmosphere of the whole place, from the porter who opened the door to the secretary in the office, seemed to be at freezing point. Do not let your first impression on entering a conservatory take the ambition out of you. Remember how many of us started before you. You will be made to feel that you are a very inferior mortal, which, musically speaking, you are. But as you begin to show that you are in earnest, and are there for the sole purpose of learning, an interest will be taken in you by your teachers and the friends which you will make. Your first impression of things, although by no means groundless, will really make you see your proper place as a student. I learned to love my college life, as every earnest musical student does.

There are discouragements through all our lives, and difficulties to overcome. Beethoven had a deal of trouble in acquiring the noble position which he eventually won. Handel, too, traveled an up-hill road to success. His father bitterly opposed his idea of becoming a musician. Young Handel persevered, however, amid some very trying surroundings, and to-day his name is immortal. Some of our noblest themes are from his pen. Richard Wagner had troubles all his own. His parents were determined to make a lawyer of him, and started him on that track. Richard got side-tracked, however, and reached the end for which he was undoubtedly created. What lawyer of to-day would not give up his legal work and become a musician if he *knew*—absolutely knew—he could do just what Wagner did?

John Sebastian Bach, the name most familiar to all organists, was another persevering genius. Bach, as a youngster, labored under difficulties which would make music seem utterly out of the question to most of us. For instance, he used to engrave the copper plates from which his compositions were printed—a task most trying to the eyes. He wanted some manuscript once which his brother Christopher had, but which he would not allow John Sebastian to use. The young man had made up his mind, however, that he would have them. He used to steal up to his brother's room, night after night, and copy the manuscript by the light of the moon.

To those who are poor come the real hardships in acquiring a college education of any sort, especially in music. Free scholarships are given only to those who have exceptional talent.

I know of a young lady for whom I always had the warmest feeling of respect and admiration. She pursued her studies in the conservatory, and paid her own way through four years of the hardest kind of struggling. She lived in a small furnished room and tutored a few pupils in French; in the summer she acted as waitress in a sea-side hotel. Through these means she paid her way, and this brave girl is to-day one of our foremost concert and church singers. Another case is that of a courageous young fellow who made his own way through the conservatory. He was a personal friend of mine. It used to do us all good to help lighten his burdens. He used to walk fifteen miles to the city three times a week in order to pursue his studies, and labored under the disadvantage of being unfamiliar with the English language. We used to help him pronounce his words, and after three years' hard work he came out decidedly on top. Is not this encouraging to those who are just now finding the way rough? "Look for day when night is longest."

On the other hand, there are many students who are children of wealthy parents. They can sail on "flowery beds of ease." This class of student, however, usually attends the college merely as a "fad," and we seldom hear of their making any brilliant success in after years.

Speaking of the class of students who are not hampered by having to "count every cent," I might mention Mendelssohn. He was, of course, a thoroughly earnest student, as his glorious life afterward proved. Mozart,

too, in his early days had the backing of wealthy patronage.

The success that is the most satisfying, the most gratifying, is the success which comes by hard work during our days of training. He is the true artist who has withstood faithfully all difficulties as though guided by some bright star in the distance which has ever beckoned him on to better work, though his life may have been often guided through mist and gloom. A life well spent in the musical vineyard, it seems to me, must in the end come to a beautiful close.

THE MUSICIAN'S "LIFE-WORK."

BY J. FRANCIS COOKE, M B.

THE musician is rare, indeed, who carries with his daily routine an idea of the real amount of intelligent work it requires to become a great musician. Aside from all natural endowment in the line of talent, genius, charm, refinement, etc., there must be a disposition to be industrious that few people care to acknowledge. This condition of constant activity is such an abstract subject, that any analysis set up in cold type must fail, in a measure, to truly represent it in its entirety. It is only when we look back upon wasted moments, and compare these periods of musical lethargy with the lives of great musicians, that we realize how little our efforts have accomplished.

THE MASTERS' WORK.

A mere glance at the catalogues of the works of the six masters, Bach, Händel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, overwhelms us, as does the sight of as many Sierra-like mountain peaks. To the commonplace musician their record seems incredulous. Often they soar so high that they are lost in the clouds of mysticism. Their fertility is disastrously discouraging. The young pianist sometimes chances upon a series of programs indicating the repertoire of some great performer. Its prodigious extent alarms the novice, and imbues him with the feeling that the world-famed artist has reached his professional standing by some supernatural means. He feels his own smallness and fears that fame must be far beyond his grasp.

GENIUS IS WORK.

So with all music workers, the monumental results obtained by their forerunners often drive the anxious aspirant to despair. They fail to realize that the foundation of it all is work, work, work. Never fear that work may be wasted by traveling in the wrong direction; it is only by working that we find the right direction. There are many instances in musical history where musicians have been trained in a discredited school only to find by their own persistent endeavor the true road to musical success. It is work itself that makes intelligent work. Carlyle, who is made to father many a foundling thought of other minds, is said to have remarked, "Genius is simply the capacity to work." There is nothing supernatural about that. There is no better way for the young musician to learn how to work than to break through the halo of legendary glory surrounding the great masters by reading their biographies, autobiographies, and letters. Only in this way can we reach them as persons. Only in this way can we realize that they were men and women of flesh and blood, bones and nerves, exposed to all the bodily ills to which we are liable. Only in this way can we see that they were in this world—laughing when mirth provoked, weeping when sorrow disturbed, eating, drinking, sleeping, thinking, and working, working, working. Only in this way do we understand that music came to them in its perfect form; not "from a dream of peace," as the vision came to Abou ben Adhem, but by dint of constant revision, study, and work.

Our great libraries are filled with biographies of musicians that, if they do nothing else, show how diligently and how vigorously successful musicians have worked. Great results have never been achieved without great efforts.

TO SINGERS.

Many singers imagine that artists such as Malibran, Jenny Lind, Patti, Nordica, Eames, Melba, Thursby, and others, have succeeded solely by means of wonderful vocal power and "good luck." Let some of our ambitious young women read "Jenny Lind, the Artist," by H. M. Holland and W. S. Rockstro (Scribner Sons, New York). Note that during eleven years of her career she sang thirty operas, and gave in all 677 operatic performances. Reflect upon the immense amount of labor the study of these operas required, aside from all other preparatory work. Read further and observe how her efforts were rewarded. She gave six concerts in America, receiving for the course $30,000. This record of her industry would scare many a half-hearted dilettante into a well-deserved oblivion.

TWO COMPOSERS.

Let discouraged musicians read Berlioz' autobiography, and learn how that Frenchman of blood and fire fought for triumph. All our present tribulations and annoyances must pale before his great endurance. Mendelssohn, who was never burdened with the millstone of abject poverty, had many obstructions placed before him. In his "Letters" he tells us, "Since I set to work again I feel in such good spirits that I am anxious to adhere to it as closely as possible, so it monopolizes every moment I do not spend with my family." We are not inclined to doubt this when we look over a list of his works and find they number over two hundred and fifty, including the great oratorios, symphonies, overtures, concertos, organ pieces, comic operas, songs, and instrumental solos. Aside from this, Mendelssohn was continually working either as an operatic conductor (intendant), teaching, or playing in public. This is but one instance among hundreds; Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Schu-

mann, Schubert, Meyerbeer, Tschaikowsky, Chopin, and all, come before our minds until we are bewildered in the contemplation of their mighty efforts.

Coworkers.

Often it is not only the musician who is the worker. A fond relative, teacher, or friend, recognizing great latent genius, has joined the musician with untiring zest to develop precious natural gifts. We are touched by the tender reverence with which Gounod refers to his mother in his autobiography (W. Heineman, London). He says: "I knew she had to rise every morning at five, to be ready for her first pupil who came at six, and that her breakfast hour was absorbed by another lesson during which, instead of a proper meal, she would swallow a bowl of soup or perhaps take nothing but a crust of bread and a glass of wine and water. I knew her daily round lasted till six o'clock every evening." All this for her boy! Musicians all know what results these sacrifices and labor bought: they paid the price of a Gounod. Emerson tells us that we can have anything in the world if we will but pay the price. Young music workers should understand that success in this great age only comes after colossal effort. If success has not come to you as yet, don't berate your luck or fear that it is a result of lack of talent. Success never came to any one and never will come to any one any more than the north pole or Niagara Falls. We have to go for success and accept all the incidental hardships as a part of the journey.

How Wagner Worked.

Henry T. Finck, in his important biography, "Wagner and His Works" (Scribner Sons, New York), says: "Laymen can have no conception of the enormous amount of labor involved in the writing and rewriting of such scores as Wagner's. There must be at least a million notes in the full score of the 'Walküre,' and each one of these million notes has to be not only written and rewritten, but written in its proper place with a view to its relations to a score of other notes. And the composer, in doing this manual work, must keep in view harmonic congruity, avoid incongruous and inappropriate combinations of color, transpose word, wind parts, etc." He then quotes from Heinrich Dorn, the operatic composer: "No one who has not himself written scores can comprehend what it means to achieve such a task in comparatively so short a time, and one who does comprehend it must be doubly astonished at this exhausting and colossal activity."

Foresight.

It would be of great benefit to any progressive young musician to read any of the works mentioned in this article as well as any similar works. It is no more than a look ahead—a foresight. Love in music is blind, as in all things. Many young people are so infatuated with its "visible forms" that the disagreeable (?) part is completely lost to view. Nothing but the biographies can so successfully tear the bandage of ignorance from their eyes, and show them the heights they must climb before reaching the pinnacle of fame.

THE PENALTY OF GENIUS.

BY W. J. BALTZELL.

It is very probable that many an ambitious student of music has fancied himself a genius, or been flattered into the belief that he is, or has wished that he were, a true and undoubted genius.

There is reason why such a wish should arise. The history of music brings to our notice name after name of those gifted with undoubted genius in the art—names that blaze in the temple of fame along with those of others in science, literature, and statesmanship. Then, too, it is not only great and enduring fame that has been the reward of the geniuses of music. Not a few of them won wealth, and many of them acquired a competence much beyond that which is the lot of the average man. The highest circles of society have opened to the men who stood in the front ranks of the art, kings and queens have delighted to honor them, the whole world has been their home—for art is cosmopolitan.

So we can sympathize with the young student who sighs because he has been given but one little talent instead of the lavish store which seems to be the portion of genius. We have sympathy with ambitious youth, which is prone to look on one side of a subject,—the bright, the obvious side,—and equally prone to forget that there is also another side—often a darker one, as dark as the other is bright. Should youth count the cost of being a genius, there may result a willingness to accept a humbler sphere, one in which a carefully nurtured and systematically trained talent may find much to do and every incentive to do well.

When we consider musicians, we naturally divide them into composers and executants. There is a genius peculiar to each. Each class has won wealth and fame. But while we admire, it is well for us to consider what may have been the cost of this winning.

Fame alone does not satisfy the human soul; wealth does not always bring happiness in its train; both together frequently fail to give the sweet content that is enjoyed by many in the humbler spheres of life. What are wealth and fame to the man of genius who has sadly impaired his physical and mental strength by the incessant labor which has developed his powers? Better less fame, less wealth, and a body free from racking nerve and bodily pains; a mind strong, vigorous, and alert. What is present luxury to the man who has seen a dear one fade away from his side because of a poverty that could not provide the necessities of life? What are fame and wealth to the genius who has lost his hearing or his eyesight? Would he not exchange his genius for a simple talent and a perfect body?

The man who has won fame after long, hard battlings with an envious fortune, with intriguing rivals, with crass ignorance, with bigoted intolerance and prejudice, with malevolent criticism, with dull, blighting conservatism, is apt to despise his conquest. He knows what it has cost him, and all his rich present can not compen-

sate him wholly for the bitter want of the past. He was not struggling for fame and fortune. He labored simply because the restless, resistless spirit which marks genius would not let him do otherwise. Though he die, the genius must work. Snch is one penalty. Fame and wealth despised after being so hardly won ; a spirit that can not rest, though body and soul break under the strain.

The domestic relations of many men of genius have been far from happy. Mated to uncongenial wives, or to women who have not kept pace with the development of the husband, some have songht consolation elsewhere, with the inevitable result of scandal and reproach to the artist and his profession. Others have been lionized and fêted and spoiled until their heads have been so turned by their successes that they have alienated friend after friend by exhibitions of petty vanity and selfish actions.

Another type of the man of genius is the one who has no conception of the value of money : of the necessity for business methods in his relations with other men ; who is lavish with his easily earned dollars, invests now here, now there, at the advice of self-seeking acquaintances, the prey of swindlers ; the more extravagant and transparent the swindle, the more likely is he to be taken in by it.

The infirmities of temper of the musical genins are so well known as to require no detail. Instability of mind, susceptibility to all kinds and degrees of emotional disturbances,—little things that would pass and leave no trace in the life of a common man are magnified into tragedies in the artist's mind,—jealousy of confrères, a constant insistence on what he conceives to be his rights, —these are but a few of the weaknesses of the child of genius. How often, too, have we found this great gift associated with various forms of weakness of body and character !

Possibly the heaviest burden on the genins is that restlessness of spirit which will not allow him to work at the steady pace of other men. When a conception is taking form, he can not rest until he has shaped it, put it into tangible art-form, as it were. Then there is rest for a short period, and then again comes the season of travail, and another art-work is born.

Genius has been defined as a capacity for taking infinite pains, and this well expresses it, for the spirit which directs the operations of genius knows no rest. Does the weary body rebel? The unrelenting spirit holds it to the work with iron hand, and knows no relaxing until worn-out muscles, nerves, and mind stop from sheer exhaustion, to be again driven to work when slightly restored. No matter what results to the health of the man, the artist-spirit stands like the overseer near the slave, inexorable and merciless, wielding the heavy, stinging lash, and driving to work—always to work. What wonder, then, that broken bodies and racked nerves are often part and parcel of genius ! Does it not seem a heavy cost? A few examples are easily culled from the stories of the great composers.

Although Palestrina won high fame during his lifetime, although he filled many honorable positions, he was never out of the reach of pecuniary cares. His family life was also a sad one.

Pergolesi died at twenty six, broken in health, the result, in some measure, at least, of dissipation and vicious indulgence. Like Mozart, he gave his last strength to composition : a setting of the hymn "Salve Regina," for which he received the splendid (?) remuneration of ten ducats—about eight dollars of our present currency.

Rossini was noted for his laziness and fondness for the pleasures of the table. He only worked at the last moment, when a whirlwind of haste was imperative.

Bellini died before he had finished his thirty-third year ; a constitution not originally strong, having been shaken by unremitting labor and indulgence in pleasure. "His eagerness was such as to keep him at the piano night and day until he was obliged forcibly to leave it. The ruling passion accompanied him through his short life, and by the assiduity with which he pursued it, brought on the dysentery which closed his brilliant career."

Donizetti's fate was even sadder. An incessant worker, supervising the productions of his operas on many stages, he had to pay the cost of unceasing labor. "His sensitive and susceptible nature, excited and worn by his eager and exhausting industry and perhaps by some irregularities of life, had given warnings in intense headaches and bewildering depressions against which he had nerved himself with a destructive strain. The last years of his life were spent in private lunatic asylums."

Cherubini was extremely nervons, brnsque, irritable, and thoronghly independent. The latter spirit and his unbending pride brought him into conflict with Napoleon, who aspired to rule artists and men of letters as he did his ministers and generals. Cherubini was never able to secure official or court recognition, but was obliged to content himself with his position at the Conservatoire, which barely sufficed for the support of himself and his family.

That all of his life Bach should live in a state far removed from affluence seems an anomaly to us at this day, when his fame has filled the whole musical world. This comparative poverty compelled him to do an enormous amount of work in copying music and in engraving plates from which to print. In the end it bronght on an affection of the eyes and blindness. His character was very firm, marked by a persistency which often reached to obstinacy ; he had an irritable temperament, liable to passionate outbreaks.

Händel was a man of untiring energy. At fifty-two his savings were swept away, heavy debts piled upon him, paralysis in one hand and symptoms of insanity began to manifest themselves. To save himself from a debtor's prison he was compelled to work at the highest pressure with but meager returns. He had an extremely irascible temper, and was a gonrmand who gratified his appetite in most unseemly fashion. The last seven years of his life he was almost, if not entirely, blind.

Gluck was a fighter of a caliber similar to that of Richard Wagner, and his stormy life much resembled the career of the latter. Disappointment at the failure

of his latest operas led him, who had always been fond of wine, to the use of brandy, and a debanch bronght on a fit of apoplexy from which he died.

The poverty, privation, hunger, and brutal treatment which Haydn suffered as a boy and youth are familiar to all stndents of the history of music. He married a woman three years his elder, a vixen, foul-mouthed, quarrelsome, a religious bigot, and recklessly extravagant. They lived apart during the greater part of their married life.

What a life was Mozart's! The greatest musical genius of his time, died in his thirty-sixth year, worn out by the vexations and cares due to lack of money when he most needed it, and by incessant labor at strong pressure. He earned considerable, yet was always impoverished; not, however, as was the case with some, by sensuality and riotous indulgence, but by his lavish generosity to others. His wife, too, was a bad manager, so that they were always pecnniarily embarrassed. When he died, no stone was placed above him. No one knows his grave.

Beethoven's unhappy life is well-known. Although he accnmnlated a fair competence, a graceless nephew made continual trouble by his worthlessness and ungratefulness. A man of ardor and powerful imagination, he was strongly attracted toward the fair sex, yet never married. Genius in music, however great, could not overstep the sharply defined social lines of the time. His greatest affliction was the deafness which manifested itself in his early manhood, and at last became so great that the fortissimo of the fnll orchestra was as nothing to him. His absent-mindedness, restlessness, boorishness, pride, irritability, and quarrelsomeness are well known. He had not a friend with whom he did not quarrel.

The greatest genius of melody, so poor that he could not bny all the music paper he needed, is but one side of Schubert's short life of thirty-one years. As a boy he knew nothing but poverty, privation, and hunger at the *Convict* in Vienna; and his later years did not bring to him a competence. Of business affairs and good management he was absolutely ignorant. His reticent shyness kept his few friends from realizing what privations he suffered: cold and hunger, sometimes selling a song-treasure for the price of a frugal meal. He was possessed of the true restlessness of genius. He must always be at work. "I compose every morning, and when one piece is done, I begin another," he said. The effect of these hardships and his incessant labor was to break down his health, and the truest genius of music died before the world realized the treasure it had possessed.

Weber inherited from his father a certain instability of character, which he overcame to some extent after he had grown into manhood; from his mother, delicacy of constitution. The work that he did would have worn out a sturdy physique, and there is no doubt that it was sheer will-power that enabled him to accomplish so much in the last five years of life. This last period, when his fame was growing greater, was for his physical nature a season of torment. His last great work was "Oberon," for which he was to receive $5000. Although he was told that to undertake the work would cause his death in a few months, for the sake of his wife and children he executed the commission. He died, soon after the above was produced, at the age of thirty-nine.

Schumann inherited from his mother a romantic sentimentality. An only sister died in her twentieth year in a state of incurable melancholy. His temperament was poetic in the extreme, and he never spared himself when in the throes of creative work. The nervons disorder, which terminated so sadly, showed itself as early as his twenty-fonrth year. The long strnggle for the hand of Clara Wieck preyed heavily on his sensitive, nervous character, and melancholy and gloomy anticipations frequently darkened his mental constitution. Once he tried to drown himself, and the last two years of his life were spent in a private asylum. He died at the age of forty-six.

Although Wagner closed his days in comfort, if not in affluence, it was after many years of struggle, privation, and disappointments that wonld have broken heart, body, and mind in almost any ordinary man. What an enormous amount of labor he did in composition and literary work!

Of the tribnlations and unending struggles of the great virtuosi, players, and singers there is not space to write. Suffice it to say that the same story may be read—early struggle and deprivation of all kinds, disappointments, broken health, tendency to indulgence of various kinds, and lack of business spirit,—not all these qualities in each, but some of them; the one thing common to all being the untiring energy and indomitable ambition, which brought about the coveted end, bnt often at a heavy cost.

ORIGINALITY IN TEACHING.

BY JEAN PARKMAN BROWN.

In the Boston Directory are registered over six hundred music teachers, and this list does not include all that are in the city. "Psychology," says Professor W. James, "is a science, and teaching is an art, and sciences never generate arts directly out of themselves. An intermediary inventive mind must make the application by using its originality." What a fine opportunity, then, for these six hundred men and women to be inventive and original, to learn patience and self-mastery! Their pupils are at once their cross and their crown.

We are not thinking of the amateur teachers who try to help out a scanty income by giving a few piano lessons; they hardly can be expected to feel the misery of failure or the pleasure of success. It is to be hoped that soon these amateur teachers will vanish, and that a thorough musical education will be deemed essential for all who give lessons, however elementary. To obtain in a school a position of any importance a college degree is required; but almost any one is considered capable of giving music lessons to children. An immense

amount of mischief is done in this way, and if the pupil does finally go to a thorough teacher, how tedious the undoing that must inevitably follow!

The amateur teacher may be contented to teach her pupil to stumble through a few pieces to an admiring indulgent mother, but other teachers, who number among their pupils those who are in their turn to become teachers, should have a high ideal of what they are to impart.

Schumann says, "The most important thing is to cultivate the sense of hearing." A child shows usually at an early age if he has the greatest qualification for music,—a good ear,—by singing melodies and picking them out on the piano. As a child, Chopin's ear was so delicate that he cried with pain at the first sound of the pianoforte; and the child Mozart fainted under the intolerable blare of the trumpet; Weber was taught to sing almost before he was able to speak; Liszt one day, when he was six years old, sang correctly a theme from a concerto by Ferdinand Ries that he had heard only once. If a good ear, then, is the most important thing to possess, should not every pupil's sense of hearing be cultivated as much as possible?

In training the average pupil's hand the teacher can hardly expect that the pupil will some day achieve a concert technic, but he may hope that he will acquire enough skill to interpret good compositions. In training the average pupil's ear the teacher can hardly expect to make it perfect, but the attentive listening that he must give in trying to distinguish tones, intervals, etc., will improve his ear and give him greater power to enjoy music. Then why not cultivate this power? A child with natural musical ability can be trained, in a short time, to distinguish many intervals, also major, minor, dominant seventh, augumented and diminished chords.

I have found in my teaching that pupils' ears improve greatly by a right course of instruction. One young pupil who could not distinguish between C and a C and D struck simultaneously found, at the end of a year's instruction in ear training, no difficulty in recognizing major and minor chords, and various intervals. At first, a young pupil may not be able to repeat a given tone on a second piano, but will often learn by the end of a month—taking lessons two or three times a week—to repeat, readily, any given tone.

Let the teacher be inventive in the manner of training his pupil's ear. All pupil's ears can not be trained in the same way. A pupil with a quick ear can remember readily a number of intervals, whereas one less gifted would be confused with the same amount. Let the slower pupil in learning the intervals try at first to distinguish between those with the most decided difference, such as a major second and a perfect octave, the major seventh and perfect fifth; then, later, let him distinguish between the perfect fifth and fourth, etc.

"A simple study of harmony and the training of the ear," says W. R. Spalding, "should always go hand in hand with the training of the fingers." The training of the ear and the knowledge of harmony are the foundation for the study of music. Time given to them is not lost; they are there for use, whatever instrument is studied, whatever method is followed. They help in the mastery of one's own and the better understanding of other instruments.

How much talk one hears to day about method! The curve more or less of a finger does not make a good musician; the wrist held a little higher or lower does not give a perfect technic. The tools to work with are indispensable. The muscles of the arm, hand, and fingers must be trained by patient, thoughtful exercise to make the tone the player wishes—the brilliant arpeggio, or the pianissimo scale.

Does he teach the Leschetizky method? That is the cry one hears at present, with no inquiry as to the ability or power of teaching of the musician. Liszt, the emperor of pianists, had not studied under a Leschetizky *Vorbereiter*, yet he had a perfect technic. Rubinstein, Paderewski, Carl Baermann, De Pachmann, were trained in different schools. Moreover, the great teacher Leschetizky denies that he has one method, and says he teaches "people to play the piano in the simplest way possible." We are told that he devised special exercises for the peculiarities of Paderewski's hand.

To no single musician, of course, is due the present advancement of piano technic. Every musician must adopt certain ways peculiarly his own. The excellent manner of training the hand in an arch is peculiar to Leschetizky. The leading of the hand in a scale and arpeggio was thought out by Deppe. The valuable octave school was the work of Kullak.

Hands differ as much as faces; and all hands can not be trained in the same way. Here is an opportunity to be inventive in the manner of training the pupil's hand, and original in the application of the science of technic.

"Teaching is an art." The artist does his best work with a model that inspires him. The teacher can give the best he has only to a pupil who is naturally responsive and meets him "half way." Try, for instance, to teach the pupil who thinks he knows everything. The conceited pupil is the most trying of all, for usually he has a good deal of laziness and but little talent. With him your enthusiasm of imparting dies; you feel numb and stupid; you teach him mechanically; you are a teaching machine, doing what you are paid for. Many such pupils would spoil a teacher. They are the artist's commonplace model!

Thank heaven for a pupil with talent who is willing to work! With him you are full of the enthusiasm of imparting. Illustrations that may help him come as inspirations—you are all life and fire! New beauties are revealed to yourself in the music you are teaching. You are giving the best you have to your pupil; you are becoming greater in the "art of teaching."

What a wide range of musical literature there is from which the teacher can make a choice for his pupil according to his individual need! There are the easier works of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, etc. He can have the practice of ensemble playing in the Schubert sonatas for piano and violin, and in the easier Haydn trio, etc. The ensemble playing is always a pleasure, and, of course, excellent practice.

As there is so much good music that a child can study,

why give a young pupil the greatest masters' greatest works that he can not possibly understand? We have heard a child of marked talent play the introduction to Beethoven's "Pathetique Sonata" in march time!

Paderewski, when the hall is hushed to absolute stillness, has played the Chopin "Trauermarsch," and made his hearers feel the inevitableness of death, and the infinite sorrow of the composer. Then imagine hearing a young girl stumbling over it, or even playing it "nicely"!

To refer again to Professor James: "Psychology is a science, and teaching is an art; . . . . science only lays down lines within which the rules of the art must fall, laws which the follower of the art must not transgress; but what particular thing he shall positively do within those lines is left exclusively to his own genius. One genius will do his work well and succeed in one way, while another succeeds as well quite differently; yet neither will transgress the lines."

A TRUE STORY.

A Tale of a Music Student.

BY LEONARD LIEBLING.

Slowly the "Augusta Victoria" slipped her cables, drew away from her pier at Hoboken, swung about in mid-river, and pointed her prow toward the Narrows.

Among the eager watchers on the wharf were two young men, who waved their hats and handkerchiefs until long after it was possible to distinguish a single face on the fast-fading steamship.

Allen, the younger of the two, heaved a great sigh, and turning to his companion, said: "Another one gone. When you leave, I shall be the last one here of the old crowd."

"Why don't you come with me?" asked the other.

"Why?" echoed Allen, with a sad smile. "Firstly, because I don't care much about going; secondly, because I haven't the money to go with."

"In your place I would reverse the order of those objections. You know you want to go just as much as I do."

"I'm not sure," responded Allen. "I was always satisfied to stay in New York and finish my studies with Falkenberg; but since you fellows have all left the class, I have begun to wonder whether I, too, shouldn't like to go abroad and study with some of those great ones."

"It's absolutely necessary, my dear fellow," assured Dorland, warmly. "This is no atmosphere ——"

"The old argument," laughed Allen.

"Old, but true. How can a fellow become imbued with the proper art spirit in a country where there is none?"

"Oh, as for that ——"

"Nonsense! Don't talk to me about our operas and orchestras and half-baked symphony concerts and musical clubs and all that rot. Those things have not yet grown to be a part of us. They're all too new, too machine-made, too modern. They smell of fresh pine-wood and paint. How are we to find inspiration in a country where the musician is considered a mooning imbecile, a genteel loafer, a plaything, a fad? How can you for one moment compare Falkenberg to Joachim—a man who was the intimate friend of David, Spohr, Wieniawski, Vieuxtemps, Sarasate, Ernst, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Wagner, and dozens of other wonderful musicians? Why, a word from him is worth a year's teaching from any one else."

A Decision.

When Allen reached home that day he began to practise, but his mind was far from his work. After repeating a few times some measures from a Kreutzer étude, he dropped his bow, placed his instrument on the bed, and sat down to think.

Why, indeed, should he not go abroad and study with Joachim, the world-famous artist and teacher? No money? Other fellows' parents had no money either, yet they managed to send their sons to Europe. He could live economically and study at a conservatory—at the Hochschule. That would be cheaper than Dorland's plan of taking private lessons. Dorland's father is only a bookkeeper. How does he manage? Of course, a fellow could learn from Falkenberg—learn a great deal in fact; but the question is, Could he become a great artist? Falkenberg had never contrived to astonish the world; then how could he help anybody else to do it? There must be lots of things that Falkenberg doesn't know—things which Joachim could show him. What had Dorland said: "A word from him is worth a year's teaching from any one else." Of course it is. The reason is perfectly plain. What a fool he had been all this time——

Fired with his new enthusiasm, Allen could hardly await the home-coming of his father.

At supper Allen, Sr., said to his son, "Well, did your friend leave this morning?"

"Yes, I saw him off, and I wish I could have been in his place."

This was uttered so earnestly that father and mother exchanged a rapid glance, and Allen, Sr., said: "You will be some day, my boy. Your mother and I have been talking about it for some time, and in a few years, when you want to finish your studies, and we have saved enough money, we'll send you, even though it will be hard to let our only boy go from us."

Allen was in that frame of mind which knows neither restraint nor reason, so he blurted out: "'Some day' and 'when' I want to finish! I want to finish now, and I want to go now. All the fellows are gone, and when they come back in a couple of years, full-fledged artists, I shall still be a student playing études, dependent on Falkenberg, and as far from being finished as I am now."

"You surprise me greatly," said Allen's father seriously. "I thought you liked Falkenberg very much, and that you were getting along very well indeed. Why, you've had three new pieces this month——"

"There you go. My dear father, you can't under-

stand those things. You don't know anything about music. I'm dissatisfied, and I can't work under him any longer. Why, I haven't even a decent staccato; and what is an artist without a staccato? Only Joachim's bowing can help me with that. I tell you, I must go to Europe or retrograde in my playing."

"Of course, your father and I are no musicians," argued sensible Mrs. Allen gently; "but it does seem to me you might try some other teacher here before you go away so far and risk so much money. Could n't some other player show you this bowing?"

"Not one," answered Allen, with a twinge of conscience at this gross prevarication.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen believed in each other and in their son, so the three sat together late that night calculating, discussing, and planning until it had been decided the young violinist should go abroad with Dorland.

"You know at what a sacrifice we let you go," said Mrs. Allen, her eyes filling. "At what a sacrifice of money and of— of—"

Allen kissed away his mother's tears, and assured her, "You will never regret it."

He walked on air for the next fortnight, and knew not a moment's unhappiness until the "Patria" had been made loose and he gazed with a last, lingering look at his parents standing side by side on the dock. Then he broke down completely.

The Arrival in Berlin.

Arrived in Berlin, the two young men hunted up their old comrade and former classmate, Hamilton, who secured rooms for them and advised their entering themselves as candidates at the Hochschule. The next few days were spent in practising the pieces they were to play for Joachim and his associates on the jury.

"I don't find Hammie looking at all well, do you?" asked Allen one morning, after their friend Hamilton, who frequently dropped in for a short visit, had left.

"No—but then, you know, he was never very strong. Always had chest-trouble, or something of the kind."

"I think he worries too much. His mother has n't been sending him any money lately. I know he's hard up, because—you won't repeat it, will you?—he borrowed twenty marks from me."

"He did?" said Dorland, in surprise. "Why, he borrowed thirty from me the first day we were here."

"Poor fellow," commented Allen, and both students felt sorry for their friend.

Allen was taken into the great Joachim's class, and at the examination the master had patted him on the shoulder and said, "You have talent, my boy." He rushed off to Hamilton's room in order to tell him the good news.

"Not in?" repeated Allen, in answer to the landlady's information. "When will he return?"

"I don't know," the woman replied. "He has n't been home in two days."

"Well, have n't you any idea where he is?" asked Allen, anxiously.

"I think you'll find him at the Café Austria," said the gracious landlady, slamming the door in the young man's face.

At the Café Austria, Allen found a number of American students, all smoking and playing billiards or cards.

Hamilton, haggard and thin, smoking a pipe, sat at one of the small tables playing cards with four other Americans. Over their heads hung a placard inscribed, "No gambling allowed."

A Phase of Student Life.

"Hammie, what's the matter with you? I've just been to your house, and your landlady——"

"Worried, is she? Well, she ought to be. It's past the first of the month. That's why I've fought shy of the coop. Been living with Neville here. To-morrow his rent's due; then we will both move. Got any room in your place?"

Allen was very sorry for him, and then remembered that Dorland had a double bed in his room. "I'm sure you'll be welcome to half of it," he added.

"Then let's go there at once," said Hamilton, pushing back his chair. "I'm tired to death. How much do I owe here? Fourteen marks? Have you any money, Allen?"

Allen handed him a twenty-mark piece, and Hamilton paid his debt. The six marks which he received in change he handed to the waiter. "I do n't know how much my bill is," he said; "count it up, and keep the rest."

Allen was very much surprised, and said so.

"That's nothing," returned Hamilton. "You lose one time and you win the next. It evens up in the end, when the same crowd plays together all the time."

"Do they play every day?" asked Allen.

"Every day—and every night, too," answered Hamilton, with a short laugh.

"When do they study?"

"An hour before they go to lessons. They're all talented fellows, you know. A fellow must have some recreation. Very taxing, this music study; great strain on the nerves. That's where you get the true Bohemian spirit—at the café. What is an artist without knowledge of life? A stick. Practice is all right for technic, but all wrong for temperament. You must get rid of your Americanism. Get rid of your stiffness and your conventionality. You'll never be a great artist if you do n't. Rules and systems are for mathematicians, not for us."

Acquiring Temperament.

Allen admired Hamilton greatly, for he was a Joachim pupil who stood in high favor with the master. Among the Hochschule students Hamilton was frankly acknowledged to be the most talented violinist in the school.

The three Americans were soon established together, and Hamilton proceeded to get temperament into his friends, as he expressed it.

Allen quickly learned to play an excellent game of billiards, and he practised this fascinating sport assiduously, for his new friends at the café explained that it was splendid for the wrist, and just the thing to lend

lightness and delicacy to his faulty staccato. Dorland also, not being blessed with a spontaneous staccato, played billiards a great deal.

They both liked exceedingly the taste of Münchener beer, and in a few months Allen could drink more and quicker than any of his companions.

One evening the little table in the corner knew an absentee, and Hamilton called over: "Take a hand, Allen? There are only four of us, and five's a better game."

"Never played in my life," answered Allen.

"Time to begin, then," said Hamilton. "I'll show you the game. We won't take advantage of you, you know. Beginners always win, anyway."

Allen tried, and succeeded surprisingly. After being informed several times that under no circumstances was it permissible to "open" a "jack-pot" with a pair of sevens, and that one does not raise five times on three deuces, he began to comprehend, and at the end of the game, late next morning, he had won sixty-five marks.

Soon thereafter it became an open question at the café whether Allen was best at poker, beer, or billiards.

Obstacles to Progress.

By a strange trick of fate, the letters from his mother generally arrived on the mornings after his worst dissipations. On such occasions he would lie in bed, blink painfully at the well-known writing, and with aching eyes, bursting head, and parched lips, read the tender, loving phrases, that burned into his brain like the most bitter sarcasms.

Then Allen would rise, wash, dress, ring for his coffee, take up his fiddle, and exercise his stiff fingers. Thereupon a voice was sure to be heard in expostulation: "For Heaven's sake! Can't you let a fellow sleep? Stop those confounded scales."

"But I must practise," Allen would make answer.

The voice then resolved itself into a very much disheveled young man, who sat bolt upright in bed and howled: "Practise? Why did n't you stay in New York if you want to practise? What did you come to Europe for, anyway? Practise to-morrow, and be a Paganini one day later. The idea of waking people in the middle of the night!"

Then Allen would write his mother a nice long letter, telling her that he had not been working excessively of late, owing to disturbing influences, but he intended to begin next day making up for lost time.

These letters were to Hamilton as a red rag to a bull. One morning he remarked: "I do n't understand how a fellow who writes such infernally clever excuses to the Hochschule teachers can be such a softy when he gets a letter from his mother. Why, man, anything you say is believed. Oh, that reminds me! I have a lesson at eleven with Joachim. Write me an excuse to send. No sickness and no deaths in the family. I've had every illness in the calendar and my entire family has perished long ago. I need something new."

Allen wrote for some moments; then he showed the note to Hamilton, and they both dashed into Dorland's room and awoke him.

"Here, listen!" and then Hamilton read: "Most respected Master: It is impossible for me to attend my lesson to-day as I am in a state of complete collapse. You would ask why? Do you not remember, dear Master, that at my last lesson you gave me the Beethoven Concerto to study? I began it, and never have I regretted a thing more. What a divine composition! I can not, I would not, play it for you this morning. It is sacrilege to murder such a heavenly work. I shall not come to you again before I can play it to satisfy myself. That will be in about two weeks. Sympathize with me, dear Master. I am too impressionable."

In this wise passed the winter, and the spring vacation was near at hand.

An Inevitable Destiny.

On a warm evening in May the three friends sat at the Café Austria and discussed the playing of a new Russian violinist whom they had just heard.

Allen and Dorland did most of the talking, until they noticed that Hamilton appeared unusually abstracted.

"What's the trouble, Hammie?" inquired Allen.

Hamilton sat up straight, pounded his fist on the table, and said: "I'm going to quit this sort of thing. I'm a wreck. Look at my complexion, my eyes——"

"We do n't look any better," consoled Dorland.

"That does me no good. I'm not well, boys. My lungs were never any good, and they have n't grown any better the last six months. I—I'm in a bad way. I know it."

His friends said it was a cold, and they took him home and put a plaster on his chest.

In the night he awoke and kicked off his covers. "Whew! I'm hot," he complained.

"You've got fever, Hammie," said Allen; and, in spite of the patient's protests, Dorland was sent for a doctor.

Allen put a newspaper over the lamp and sat on the edge of the bed.

"I've had these spells before," said Hamilton; "it's a cold, possibly a congestion; but everything counts when a fellow has weak lungs. What an imbecile I was to go on as I did when I should have been in bed every night at ten o'clock."

The doctor announced that Hamilton had a cold. "Not severe—but may grow worse," he added. "Send for me if the fever rises."

Toward morning Allen was awakened by Hamilton's coughing. "I'm burning up inside," he gasped; "I can't breathe."

Dorland again went forth for the doctor.

"If only you do n't get real sick," said Allen anxiously.

"Get sick? What do you suppose I am now?" returned Hamilton, with a flash of his wonted humor. "Say, I may ask you to write a letter for me—to my mother. She knows all about my doings here. You know, she has n't sent me any money in a year. She wrote me I could go back to her when I had reformed—

oh, bosh ! It's really disgraceful how cowardly a fellow becomes when he's sick."

In a few hours Hamilton was delirious, and at noon the doctor announced that the young man could not live through the day. "Pneumonia; both lungs—what there is of them," was his verdict.

Allen and Dorland stared silently, agonizingly, on the pale face of their dying friend.

They seemed to sit hours thus, when Hamilton suddenly opened his eyes and asked for a glass of water.

"I'm so glad you're better, dear old Hammie," sobbed Allen.

"Will you do me a favor, Allen?" asked the consumptive, in a weak voice.

"Anything you wish," assured Allen.

"Well, then, take a pen and paper and sit here, near me. I want you to write an excuse for me. You're good at those, you know."

A Tardy Reformation.

Allen got the things and said simply, "I'm ready."

"Tell my mother I have reformed,—forever,—and I would have gone to tell her so—but—but—there's your part—the excuse."

Allen bit his pen. "Let me see," he mused.

"I'll leave you to think it out," whispered Hamilton, and lay back on his pillow. A violent fit of coughing shook him. When it had passed, he lay very still, very white, very sad.

"Have you found the excuse?" he asked, with the faintest attempt at a smile.

Allen sobbed aloud.

"There's no use crying about it," consoled Hamilton; "but you must really find one. Don't forget the words 'reformed forever,' do you hear? Reformed forever! She'll believe you,—you have such an honest way of lying." He sighed and sank back.

"Hammie, dear Hammie," wailed Allen, throwing himself on the bed——

Years later, when Allen gave his concert in Berlin, and achieved a triumph with his performance of the Beethoven Concerto, Dorland was one of the first to reach the artist's room and to congratulate the new master who had been revealed that evening.

"Do you know of what I thought while I played that piece to-night?" said Allen.

"I know," replied Dorland softly.

"It seems hard to say," continued Allen, "but had poor Hammie lived, we ——"

"Don't," pleaded Dorland.

POINTERS FOR TEACHERS.

BY FREDERIC W. BURRY.

The successful teacher is one who co-operates with his pupil, and thus helps to draw out the latter's capabilities.

Music is the voice of love; technic is the guide of expression. Emotions always need this crown of intelligence.

All your students require different methods of instruction, based on the same foundation principles. Humanity is complex,—each personality is distinct, yet all men are one in nature.

There will be no "drudgery" in teaching, or practice, if you develop *concentration*. Let your mind be calmly centered on your work, and it invariably becomes interesting to you.

So many teachers neglect their own practical education. Some say it is impossible for one to be both a virtuoso and a teacher. I deny this statement. The best teacher is necessarily one who is on all sides *practically* acquainted with his work. Concentration is the key to this great end.

Make your pupils' lessons interesting. They will *naturally* become better musicians this way. You can do this without sacrificing any principles. You only need tact,—the most important requisite of the teacher.

We read about certain idiosyncrasies of the "genius," as though superior merit necessitated these strange accompanying characteristics. But they are really weaknesses, which happily are becoming extinct. You can be a genius without being cranky.

Be careful how you tie yourself to systems, for the advancing intelligence of the age demands a continual change and reform of all methods.

Dare to look upon the masters as examples for you to emulate, and in many cases to improve upon.

Have confidence in yourself, but do not try to dominate over others.

Combine the qualities of strength and gentleness in your personality. You will then beneficially impress your pupils.

Let your pupils offer their suggestions. Try to develop originality in them.

Keep cool, above all things,—for your sake, as well as your pupils'.

Give your pupils encouragement; you can't realize how much this *alone* does for them.

You should select the character of music in consonance, to some extent, with your pupils' desires. It is useless to force anything not wanted. Excellence is developed only where there is a degree of interest.

You can be firm, and yet be kind,—under *no* circumstances have you a *right* to show anger. You must develop self-control.

The questions you are asked may be great educators to yourself. They will suggest ideas which present new views.

Don't act in any way that tends to make your pupils nervous. Nervousness is unfortunately very common among musicians. Calmness and concentration is the cure.

While the taste of the "classics" should be cultivated, don't be overparticular in this direction. Here, again, study the individuality of your pupil.

No piece is thoroughly learned until it is well memorized. The mind is then at ease, and the performance is consequently more perfect.

While you should not give your pupils pieces that are too difficult, you must not go to the other extreme. You know every obstacle surmounted is a gain of the utmost importance.

Inspirations are suggestions born of experience. Your profession should offer you many of these suggestions.

While you are teaching others, remember you are always also a student. Travel side by side with your pupils.

Don't forget that mistakes show the way to greater perfection than if there was a mere mechanically correct performance.

Patience and judgment can overcome a natural lack of musical ability in a pupil; this is the time when there needs to be a particularly close co-operation between teacher and pupil.

A CHAT WITH AMATEURS.

BY W. F. APTHORP.

SOME years ago, I was struck with the following sentence, in a memoir of a certain prominent personage in this country: "He was a devoted lover of music, and had a thorough musical education." Being somewhat surprised at this possession of a "thorough musical education" by one whose main activity in life lay in another direction, I took a little trouble to investigate the matter; I found out that what the writer really meant amounted to this: the subject of the memoir had long been an ardent concert- and opera-goer, could pick out easy pianoforte music with tolerable accuracy on the key-board, and was able to hold his own in the chorus of the Händel and Haydn Society. I must own that such "thoroughness" as this seemed to me not untinged with dilettantism. I was reminded of what I once heard reported of August Haupt, the Berlin organist, saying of the young American music students who had come under his notice: "*Talent haben sie oft, aber, im Durchschnitt, keine Gründlichkeit.*" (They often have talent, but, on the average, no thoroughness.) Which shows, among other things, that there may be two quite different standards of thoroughness. I have known people who thought that six years, or so, of music lessons must mean a thorough musical education.

As a rule, no one but a professional, in any country, has really a thorough musical education; only the professional has time for it. You often meet with outsiders who have highly cultivated musical perceptions; now and then, with one who has studied harmony to a certain extent. But anything approaching to thoroughness is exceedingly rare in the unprofessional music lover. No doubt, some such music lovers have got a certain reputation for musical learning.

After all, it may be said, and speciously enough, that the amateur does not need a thorough musical education. No education is of real use to a man until it has been more or less completely digested and assimilated, until acquired knowledge has brought with it increased and more accurate perceptive power, and learning has been turned into culture. Music being at best, a side-issue with the amateur,—it being presupposable that his mental activity runs mainly in other channels,—he has neither the time nor energy to digest and assimilate more than a certain amount of musical learning; to assimilate a really thorough musical education is the work of a life-time. Unassimilated learning almost always shows itself in the form of pedantry; and, if beneath the lowest deep in the abyss of pedantry a lower still is discoverable, the dilettante is the man of all others to discover it. Of all pedantry amateur pedantry is the most to be avoided by the judicious. Although I feel sure that music lovers in general know decidedly less about music than they ought to, it seems to me none the less wise for the musical outsider not to acquire more musical learning than he can carry and turn to account. There is such a thing as overdoing the business. Mere knowledge is not power; it is only assimilated knowledge that is really powerful.

When we come to the professional musician, however, we can certainly say that no limit can rightly be set to the thoroughness of the musical education he needs. Of course, capacities differ; but it may be said that, in this matter, the true measure of a man's capacity is the amount of knowledge that he is able to digest, assimilate, and turn to practical account.

The question of master or educational establishment is, upon the whole, not of very much importance. There are excellent music schools in most large cities nowadays, run by excellent teachers. A sound young student might almost put their names into a hat, shake them up, and draw out at random without much danger of going wrong. After all, what the student gets at a conservatory, or from a master, is, it is true, indispensable, but only the beginning of his musical education; he must get his real education himself, and, for the most part, for himself. He must work out his own artistic salvation. No doubt there is something in a teacher's not going entirely by routine, and adapting his teaching to the particular pupil he has in hand. But there is less in it than some people suppose. Upon the whole, one may say this: there is only one way of teaching music—or any other form of art—effectively, and this is to treat every pupil as if he were a great genius. This sounds sweeping, but I hold it to be, in the main, true.

The chief object of music-teaching—as of all teaching—is to teach the pupil how to learn, to give him the power of turning his own experience to the best educational account. What is too generally called a musical education is but the beginning of an education. What masters have "taught" has never once carried a student through his career, not even well into his career. There is not a great singer nor player in the whole list who has not more or less modified the results of his master's teaching, after he has come face to face with the public and begun the real work of his life. There has not been a great composer who did not

throw most of his schooling overboard, after he had stopped writing exercises and begun really to compose. The musical education which is really worthy the name is got from actual contact with the musical world, not from schools nor school-teachers. The teacher but puts you into the way; you must walk that way by yourself.

To be sure, I have known more than one artist who has gone to rack and ruin for want of good guidance, for being left to himself. But the only real trouble was that he was left to himself *too early*, before he had really assimilated the fundamental principles of his art, before he had acquired due stability of artistic character. Too early?—well, not always. There are some persons of indubitable musical ability, even talent, who have it not in them ever to stand securely on their own feet, who never fairly emerge from the state of pupillage; they never get beyond the need of direction and coaching. All that can be said of such is that they are not artists, and were never born to be artists; they are merely clever spokesmen for their teachers and coaches. They will never do anything original; their work has no enduring value.

As for the question "At home or abroad?" this is, as it seems to me, of considerable importance. It is, in the main, a question of musical atmosphere. This matter of "musical atmosphere" has been considerably misunderstood. People take a city in which the facilities for hearing good music, well given, are conspicuous, where there are good teachers in plenty, and call that a musical atmosphere; but all this does not constitute, by itself, what is—or should be—meant by a musical atmosphere, in the educational sense in which I am now using the term. Where the young student will find the most musical atmosphere, of the sort he needs, is where musicians of his own age most do congregate. This is the important point.

Remember that it is not what the student is taught, but what he gets out of his teaching, that is important to him. Now, take a young student of real talent, or genius, one who is really "worth while," at some music schools we know of. He is, by Nature, head and shoulders taller (artistically speaking) than his companions, most of whom are amateurs, with the intent to be nothing but amateurs, with a sprinkling of dull professional drudges who have no just hope of ever rising high in their profession. The only fruitful relation our talented student can enjoy is that of pupil to teacher—not the most fruitful in the world. Let alone his having no active competition with anyone, to keep his ambition aglow, he is deprived of that attrition with men of his own kind which is well-nigh indispensable to his getting the best out of his teaching. Hardly a man alive can get all the good out of any teaching by himself; put him in a crowd of his peers, who are in the same condition as himself, and he can compare notes, supplement what he has failed to get with what they have got, and assimilate his teaching with double quickness and sureness. Take a crowd of young students, of about equal age, talent, and standing, and all their talents keep each other warm; there is not only emulation and competition, but an atmosphere of musical assimilation, endeavor, and achievement, to the influence of which none of the crowd can possibly be unamenable. This is the sort of musical atmosphere which is quickening and fruitful; the sort which the music student of genuine talent or genius most needs. In such an atmosphere the student can, not only make the best of his preparatory "education," but make it the firmest basis for that more real musical education which is to come after he has left school.

MUSICAL CULTURE WITHIN THE PROFESSION.[1]

BY KARL HEILMAIER.

It is the intense desire of every musician and music teacher who is sincerely devoted to his art, to have the lofty significance of his profession appreciated in the same degree as that of other professions,—such, for instance, as theology, medicine, and the law,—and to see it placed on the same plane of social respectability with these. We know that when we demand this we are only demanding what is due our cause; all the worse for us, therefore, if we must acknowledge that we are as yet far from having our wishes in this respect gratified.

Now, if, as must be admitted, our profession is a noble one and fraught with high importance, and one, moreover, not inferior to other professions in the numerical strength of its representatives and therefore not to be crushed out of its rightful position by mere force of numbers,—where are we to seek the cause of our unsatisfactory condition?

Continuing the comparison, we must admit the fact that in each of the other professions referred to a very much higher and more clearly defined grade of special and of general culture in their respective branches of learning is insisted upon as obligatory than is the case in our profession, by which means an important result is obtained, namely: the homogeneous compactness of a profession. Of course, we must not lose sight of the fact that theology, medicine, and law are branches of science, each absolutely circumscribed within itself; they are separate scientific professions in which a man knows nothing and is helpless unless he knows all; special branches of learning in which no quarter or half-knowledge and no amateurishness can hope to succeed.

But music, being a free art, is open to all. It is, moreover, the especial art to which man is most receptive and which appeals to humanity so powerfully that everyone feels compelled to express himself in it. A little digital dexterity or a bit of voice is sufficient to produce some sort of musical effect, and one has but to play "The Maiden's Prayer" tolerably

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[1] A paper read at the December meeting of the Professional League of St. Paul, Minnesota.

Translated from the German by Charles A. Fisher.

well to be considered "quite a musician." If he extend his repertory by mastering "The Monastery Bells," and by the further addition of "The Last Waltz of a Madman," he may demand to be considered a "professional," and—sad, but true—will be permitted to inflict himself on the community as a "teacher of music." He will encounter no one able to prevent him from doing so, for neither within the musical calling nor out of it is there any standard whatever of musical culture whereby might be determined the degree of attainment requisite to enable him to enter upon the vocation of teacher.

Those outside of the profession are sure only of this,—that "professionals" of the "better class" charge more for their work than do those of the "Maiden's Prayer" variety; so they decide on this basis, and their decision is not generally in our favor. We are, therefore, by reason of this want of a normal standard of professional culture, entirely without protection as against any intruder, no matter how utterly he may be lacking in equipment. Indeed, we are powerless to prevent persons of scarcely sufficient general culture from strutting pretentiously about in the field of our profession and—we may as well confess it—are compelled to acknowledge as colleagues (and to see them considered as such by the community) a host of numbskulls,—a veritable intellectual proletariat,—and this in an age when, more than ever before, intellectual culture is the severely uncompromising standard by which the rank of the individual as of the class is determined.

It would seem, therefore, to be the duty of every sincere musician to put his shoulder to the wheel, and lend his best endeavors, both by word and deed, to the end that the profession be purified and elevated,—a duty he owes to himself, to his profession, and to his art.

Let us first indicate the possibilities of a unified, comprehensive system of musical culture for musicians, then let us examine these possibilities, and finally consider the advantages such a system would confer on the profession, if adopted. To begin with, let us understand the actual position of musicians and teachers of the better class as to this question of musical culture within the profession.

As in all arts, we, of the musical art, must differentiate between artists, teachers, artisans, and amateurs. The ranks of the teachers are recruited from the other three—unfortunately so, for, though the mechanical branch of the art, where decently pursued, has its rightful claims to recognition and must have its teachers, the amateur is entirely out of place in the teaching profession.

Now, however, if we understand by "musicians" or "professionals" such as make the practice of the art their only occupation, and by "amateurs" persons who, while following some other vocation, occupy themselves with the art for the love of it, we musicians shall find ourselves brought face to face with a fact that confers but little distinction upon us,—the fact that in our art "amateurs" (the "not-musicians") have frequently exhibited more true musical culture, both of the mind and of the heart, than have musicians by vocation; yea, that these "not-musicians" have given us the most important works on music,—have instructed us as to the real character, the history, and the masters of our art. Let us hear what one of our greatest masters has to say on this subject. Richard Wagner writes: "Only the 'not-musician' has blazed the path that leads us to comprehend Beethoven's tone-productions."

Among these "not-musicians" are to be found the biographer of Beethoven, Alexander Wheelock Thayer, an American who, being at the time employed as an assistant in the University Library of Boston, conceived his great project and labored at it while occupying the post of United States consul in Vienna and in Trieste. There was August Wilhelm Ambros, in Prague, who, filled with a love for and apprehension of music, devoted such leisure as his official duties as State's Attorney allowed him to writing the history of the art. After sixteen years of arduous investigation he produced a work which, though left unfinished, is unequaled in its way. It has been worthily completed by Friedrich Wilhelm Langhans, a musician by vocation (violinist). Philipp Spitta, who wrote the biography of Bach, is a philologist, as was also Otto Jahn (Mozart's biographer), Jahn being furthermore an authority in the field of antiquarian research. To the philosopher Friedrich Chrysander we are indebted for a life of Händel, written in a spirit of fervent reverence and with thorough grasp of the subject. Another work,—one of the most recent,—may be mentioned: the "Richard Wagner" of Houston Stewart Chamberlain (1895). This writer takes musicians to task in the very beginning of his book; let us hear what he has to say:

"It is surprising that, with the exception of two or three small works (Liszt, Pohl, Tappert) all profound, comprehensive, and reliable works on Wagner, no matter from what stand-point they may be written, are from the pen of 'not-musicians,' and we are forced to marvel that in a field which belongs especially to the musician—the field of musical technic—nothing has so far been produced,—absolutely nothing."

Indeed, the number of works of any importance in any branch of our art written by musicians (of course, we are not speaking of compositions) is scarcely appreciable. Even among the great mass of technical writings, such as text-books for the study of harmony and composition, singing-methods, piano-schools, and the like, only a few are really of any use. They are wanting, for the most part, in systematic treatment, and the same dry, superannuated, homespun rules, repeated over and over again, are, like the "laws" of harmony, frequently devoid of proper substantiation and logical sequence.

We have all of us heard how Goethe was vexed at what he called "the stupid music-dunces" (*"die dummen musikhausen"*), who knew no other explanation to give of the difference between major and minor,

but that the one has a major third and the other a minor third. Occurrences such as these cannot but lead us to conclude that there are defects of culture in the training of musicians,—defects that become the more glaringly obtrusive as the subject gains in importance and prominence. Now it is by no means intended to convey the suggestion that every practical musician ought of necessity to be a musical scholar, much less that everyone in the profession should feel obliged to write about his art. Under ordinary circumstances, even assuming that he have the ability, his duties as composer, soloist, or teacher would hardly leave him sufficient leisure to do so. We must not, however, lose sight of the example set by some of the greatest of our masters, who, constantly occupied in the production of the superb art-works which they have left as a glorious legacy to posterity, found sufficient time to write spirited dissertations on the principles of criticism, the science, the æsthetics, and the masters of their art—as witness the contributions to musical literature by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Bülow, Liszt, and Wagner.

The fact is that the vocational training of musicians is usually too one-sided, exclusively directed, and confined, as it generally is, to the mechanical and technical departments of the art. The command of the instrument of his choice and of the literature of that instrument is, in most cases, considered by a musician as amply covering all requirements, and the result is ignorance of and lack of interest in other branches of the art. How often, for instance, do we not find piano-players totally incompetent to form even a fairly sensible opinion as to the voice, the violin, or the orchestra!

On the other hand, there are those among violinists and singers on whose part it would be wisdom, indeed, to refrain from any expression of opinion as to piano-playing; and, still again, speaking generally of the entire profession, we find that in the disciplinary studies of harmony and musical form the stock of information is very meagre or not at all.

In our profession the splitting up into specialisms is, of course, natural, but it is a thing of evil, for it leaves us without a common tie which, in spite of it all, would bind us more closely together. A united system of vocational culture would supply this bond of union and give to the profession that compactness of which it stands so much in need.

Now the establishment of such a system of musical culture within the profession is possible, nor need the standard of required attainment be set beyond ordinary reach.

To begin with, it would be necessary, without considering in any way the question of special instrumental or vocal proficiency, to indicate the following three divisions of our standard of acquirement:

Studies.	Studies.	Studies.
Musico-technical.	*Musico-scientific.*	*Musico-æsthetic.*
Harmony,	Acoustics,	Æsthetics,
Counterpoint,	History of	Philosophy of
Form.	Music.	Music.

Let us now assume the following specified details as expressing the minimum of attainment under the three heads given above which shall be required of every musician, assuming, also, that every member of our profession is equipped to this extent.

In *harmony*: a complete knowledge of chords and their musico-logical significance and a sufficient acquaintance with their practical application to correctly set a simple four part chorus or a simple song with piano accompaniment. Under the head of *form*: the main, fundamental principles of rhythm and meter and a familiarity with the art-forms most generally in use.

In *acoustics*: the most important facts and laws as to the nature of tones. In musical *history*: the chief epochs marking the development of our art, acquaintance with the greatest masters, and a proper appreciation of their influence on their own and on succeeding times.

In *æsthetics*: the principal laws underlying the study of the beautiful in general and their special application to the beautiful in music.

Now, among all these there is scarcely a single study that could be declared superfluous in the education of a musician or music teacher, and the adoption of some such curriculum would, by broadening his view of the art, increase his capabilities tenfold, in whatever special branch of the subject he might be occupied. But many other advantages would follow,—not, indeed, of a directly material sort, yet of the greatest value both to the individual and to the profession at large. First among these, a higher apprehension of the dignity of our profession would manifest itself, and, hand in hand with it, a justified consciousness of personal worth as a member of that profession.

As a natural result, incapable amateurs and organizations of such amateurs could no longer expect any concessions to their vitiated taste at our hands. In our city, as in other cities, members of the profession (so-called artists among the number) have time and again been only too ready to assist in disseminating amateur notions of the most inartistic kind about music, to the great detriment of our cause. Against such as these of our colleagues we have thus far been able to do nothing beyond adopting a policy of Christian forbearance, consoling ourselves with the pious reflection that "they know not what they do."

Furthermore we should find that the adoption of a unified, comprehensive plan of musical culture would bring with it a higher degree of mutual respect, thereby fostering a sincere conviction of fellowship and inevitably leading to a firmer consolidation of the profession than has ever existed.

This attained, the time would have arrived for closing the profession against all who, not being properly equipped for its duties, have no business in it, and though we might not (as in all probability we never shall) succeed in realizing our object by means of legal protection, as in the case of the medical profession, we could, at any rate, adopt such measures

among ourselves as would practically secure the desired end. It would be perfectly feasible for an organization embracing in its membership the music teachers of an entire State, or of the whole country, to find the means of compelling candidates for the profession of teaching to submit to the proper preparatory training, all such candidates to devote themselves wholly and exclusively to the study of music in its various disciplinary branches, before being admitted to membership. This would draw the line between "amateurs" and "professionals," for but few, if any, of the former would be in a position to comply with the prescribed requirements.

Upon us, the members of a *"league, pledged to further the cause of music in every way,"*—as our esteemed president has so well and so concisely expressed it,—upon each and every one of us devolves the sacred duty of doing all in our power to assist in the attainment of this important object, and no better proof of how deeply we are convinced of this duty could be cited than the fact that, after laboring for years under disheartening conditions, we have finally leagued ourselves together, thereby setting an example which we trust those of our brethren in other cities who have not yet done so, will find it expedient to emulate.

It likewise redounds to our credit that among the members of this league there is none without the needful vocational training, and that the important obligation of continued study and self-improvement is one which all of us cheerfully accept and are willing to live up to, acknowledging, as we do, the superior significance of our calling and fully convinced that we have a mission to perform, inasmuch as to us is especially intrusted the dissemination of that gospel whose end is the ennobling of mankind through the art of music as revealed by the great masters in their mighty works.

For, as teachers, it is particularly our province to awaken and continually to foster a more general appreciation of the inspired treasures bequeathed us by the great departed and to smooth the way for others yet to come.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST. CECILIA.

BY FANNY MORRIS SMITH.

Among the saints of the poet's calendar none is more universally sung than St. Cecilia; her church and academy in Rome still attest her graces. She is the only saint in England, except St. George, that has entered into English literature and art as a formative element. France and Germany are full of societies named in her honor, and celebrating her praise on her own particular day, November 22d. As a saint little is known of her history, and that little is much disputed.

The church built over Cecilia's house has been perpetuated in a series of edifices until to-day, but the name of Cecilia does not appear in the list of Roman martyrs during the third century. To remedy this, Cecilia's martyrdom has been referred to Sicily, between A.D. 176 and 180; but this is not as well supported as the former version.

Pope Symmactius, A.D. 499, mentions the Roman church which was rebuilt in 824 by Paschal, who was informed by the saint in a dream where to find her body. He exhumed it and those of Valerianus Tiburtius, and Maxuman and nine hundred maidens and deposited them all in the new church, as objects of worship. In 1591 Cardinal Sfondrati, nephew of Gregory XIV, again rebuilt the edifice, from which church he derived his title of cardinal, a dignity still represented in the Roman College of Cardinals. In all this time no hint of Cecilia's future career as tenth muse appears.

She is made to speak of a guardian angel who forbids her marriage in Chaucer's poem; but she does not sing, much less play the organ, and for the excellent reason that there were no organs in A.D. 230. The little manual attached to a few pipes and played with one hand, with which Van Eyck and his contemporaries represent her, was the production of the centuries immediately preceding the *renaissance*.

The musical character of Cecilia must be sought elsewhere in the survival of prechristian popular customs.

When Europe was Christianized it was a comparatively easy task to persuade the population to accept the Christian dogmas; the thing that proved impossible was to eradicate the system of holidays, merrymakings, and pageantry that the earlier religion had grouped about the solar myths. These the population persisted in; under what name did not matter, so that the festivals were preserved. It is to the survival of old customs among the Celtic races that we must search for the origin of Cecilia's musical character, for about the middle of the sixteenth century, it appeared that in France, in Switzerland, in England, singing competitions were universally held on November 22d, which happened to be Cecilia's Day. That is to say, the popular custom, which had persisted unnoticed for centuries with the development of music, suddenly came to the surface in countries widely separated in government, language, and manners.

St. Cecilia did not obtain her recognition without a struggle. The very first record of her association with music shows that a certain society in Louvain, in 1502, thought of naming itself after St. Job, but the local magistrate decided in favor of St. Cecilia. The earliest St. Cecilian society of which we have definite information is Le Puy de Musique, 1571, at Evreux, in Normandy. A solemn celebration of vespers and complin took place on the evening of the vigil; high mass, vespers, and complin were performed on the feast-day; and a requiem mass for the souls of the departed founders on the morrow. A banquet was given after mass on the feast-day, and prizes were awarded for the best molets, part songs, airs, and sonnets. Such great composers as Orlando de Lasso and

Eustache du Caurroy were prize-winners in these competitions.

During the early centuries of Christianity it was the invariable custom of the villagers to assemble in the church-yard on all the saints' days and spend the afternoon and evening in dancing and singing,—the clergy often assisting and partaking in the festivities. Nothing strange appears in the festival of Evreux, therefore. The church preceded the original feast by mass, and then adopted it thus regenerated into her own ritual. The peculiarity is that, in the final selection of a special music day, the 22d of November should have been selected, and this could, I believe, be traced to an antecedent habit of holding trials of skill in music on that date.

Welsh and Celtic nations generally delighted in such trials of skill, and Wales held, and still holds, them annually. Such music festivals were held all over Europe wherever Celtic minstrelsy penetrated, and where did it not?

But as to the historical connection with Cecilia herself, the founding of the Accademia St. Cecilia, at Rome, by Palestrina, may have been the turning-point.

The Guild of Minstrels in France was not under the patronage of Cecilia, but of St. Julien.

The "Society of Artist Musicians" at Paris, about the middle of the nineteenth century, had a custom of having a high mass performed at St. Eustache on St. Cecilia's Day, for which occasion Adolph Adam, Niedermeyer, Dietsch, Gounod, and Ambroise Thomas wrote masses.

Ireland, Scotland, Germany, and Italy have also held such celebrations. Spohr composed a hymn to St. Cecilia, and so did Moritz Hauptman. The participation in the Cecilian cult of the most highly educated class of musicians in each of these countries points to an aristocratic origin of the Cecilian program; in every case a great musical occasion was attempted, precisely as in Wales to-day.

St. Cecilia's Day did not dawn in England until nearly the end of the seventeenth century. The first series of annual celebrations known to have been held there was initiated in 1683, in London, by the Musical Society. After divine service, usually attended at St. Bride's Church, which included a choral service and anthem with orchestral accompaniments often composed for the occasion and performed by a large body of musicians, the company adjourned to another place, usually Stationer's Hall, where an ode in praise of music, written and composed for the occasion, was performed, after which the company sat down to a feast.

The fine ode by Dryden is the first of the noble literature to the Christian Muse which England has raised. Shadwell, Congreve, d'Urbey, Addison, and Pope are among her poets; while Purcell, Blow, Draghi, Clarke, Händel, Pepusch, and Boyce have set odes for these festivals.

The Cecilian odes in turn have given rise to that fine series of hymns and descriptive musical poems in which English literature is so astonishingly rich. The English poetry on music is so much finer than contemporary English music itself that it seems to have been fed on yearning. The Cecilian literature of England was noble, pure, and of most delicate insight. English literature of music is not necessarily Greek, but the literature of St. Cecilia herself was thoroughly classical, and sprang directly from the dominion of Greek and Latin studies. The poets that cultivated her fame most assiduously, like Dryden, Addison, and Pope, were the leaders in the classical school. The appearance of the saint on Italian canvas arose from similar conditions of mind,—she is the product of the Italian *renaissance*, and the poet-artists who gave her visible form were saturated through and through with Greek learning and Greek art.

ST. CECILIA. (*Carlo Dolce.*)

To the Italian artist, as to the English poet, Cecilia was the muse of music, the heavenly maid. On invocation, apostrophy, and qualifications she occupies the position upon Olympus which none of the original nine filled, because the art she personifies was not created in their day. Cecilia and modern music emerged together from the dark ages—the one art and its personification developed under Christianity and fostered by civilization.

Meantime, while English poets were defining her sphere, the fine arts on the Continent were painting her portrait and crystallizing her character.

Van Eyck was content to paint her with her hand on her organ; Rubens endowed her with the lineaments of his wife, and summoned a troop of Amors to attend her melody. Domenidimo paints a girl, passionate and high wrought, whose song is not hushed, but accompanied by a very stylish Amor, playing the flute.

Carlo Dolce omitted the cherub, intent on the beauty of his subjects, while Raphael, on the other hand, drew a woman who, in despair at imitating the heavenly choir on which her eyes are fixed, has broken the favorite musical instruments of her day at her feet. This Cecilia, the transcendentalist, is the genius of modern art, and in drawing her thus Raphael's insight was prophetic, for Raphael stood at the point where modern music in its newly created forms of opera, oratorio, and instrumental music had just entered the phase of development which has proceeded unbroken till to-day. From Raphael till the year 1900 painters have gone on endowing their feeling for music with human form; the musical atmosphere in which Ary Scheffer lived brought out his superb saint, earnest, wrapt, beautiful; the irreligious art of the century just closed has produced such vanities as the work of La Lyre. German art has reproduced a series of *haus-frauen*, seated at musical instruments and gazing at their chubby offspring, who depend from the ceilings; all swing content and pretty. There are even dramatic Cecilias perched high on organ stools, playing modern pipe organs to wrapped hearers: the apotheosis of the concert artist. But when all is said and done the small part that woman and saint have really had in the development of the art of music is painfully apparent. They have been the ostensible inspiration, to be sure; but, they have not been inspired. They have not created, they have only listened and admired.

Still the question remains: is St. Cecilia's art in any way different because she has been erected as its patroness? We must candidly answer: No. But to the converse proportion, Is it because the art of music is purer, nobler, and more sympathetic than any pagan art, even the highest, ever was or could be, that it has won a woman and a saint to be its patroness? We answer: Yes. And the strongest difference between modern music and pagan art is the reason why Cecilia is the muse at all; not because of her sex, but because of her saintliness. She typifies the great truth that modern art, rooted as it undoubtedly is and must be, in the great fact of sex, yet passes out of sex into a play of emotion that covers the whole field of life and of religion, and women set free by the same ennobling development begin to make their way into the arts and callings so long closed to them.

Perhaps the folk-lore society can point out exactly the astronomical event this of Cecilia's cult has obliterated. But in obliterating it her tradition has been making for the day of women,—women doing their work in the world on even terms, in honor, freedom, and amplitude of power.

AESTHETIC VERSUS STRUCTURAL ANALYSIS.

BY EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

It has been, and still is, the general custom among most musicians, when called upon to analyze a composition for the enlightenment of students or the public, or in the effort to broaden the interest in their art, to think and speak solely of the *form*, the *structure* of the work, to treat it scientifically, anatomically —to dwell with sonorous unction upon the technical names for its various tones, to lay bare and delightedly call attention to its neatly fashioned joints, to dilate upon the beauty of its symmetrical proportions, and show how one part fits into, or is developed out of another—in brief, to explain more or less intelligently the details of its mechanical construction, without a hint or a thought as to why it was made at all, or why it should be allowed to exist.

With the specialist's engrossing absorption in the technicalities of his vocation, they expect others to share their interest, and are surprised and indignant to find that they do not. They forget that to the average hearer this learned dissertation upon primary and secondary subjects, episodical passages, modulation to related and unrelated keys, cadences, return of the first theme, etc., has about as much meaning and importance as so much Sanscrit. It is well enough, as far as it goes, in the class-room, where students are being trained for specialists, and need that kind of information; but it is only one side, the mechanical side, and the general public needs something else; and even the student, however gifted, if he is to become more than a mere technician, must have something else for composition and interpretation. Both have their mere technic, as much as key-board manipulation, which is, however, only the means, not the end.

Knowledge of and insight into musical form is necessary to the player, but not to the listener, even for the highest artistic appreciation and enjoyment, just as the knowledge of colors and their combinations is essential to the painter, but not to the beholder. The poet must understand syntax and prosody, the technic of rhyme-making and verse-formation, but how many of his readers could analyze correctly from that stand-point the poem they so much enjoy, or give the scientific names for the literary devices employed; or how many of them would care to hear it done, or be the better for it if they did? The public expects results, not rules or formulas; effects, not explanations of stage machinery; food and stimulus for the intellect, the emotions, the imagination, not recipes of how it is prepared.

The value of æsthetical analysis is undeniably greater, in rendering this food and stimulus, contained in every good composition, more easily accessible and more readily assimilated, by a judicious selection and partial predigestion, so to speak, of the different artistic elements in a given work, and a certain preparation of the listener to receive them. This is, of course, especially true in the case of the young, and those of more advanced years, to whom, owing to lack of training and opportunity, musical forms of expression are somewhat unfamiliar, or, in other words, those to whom the musical idiom is still more or less strange. But there are also very many musicians of established position who are sorely in need of something of the

kind to awake them to a perception of other factors in musical art besides sensuous beauty and the display of skill; to develop their imaginative and poetic faculties, in which both their playing and theories prove them to be deficient; and the more loudly they cry against it as useless and illegitimate, the more palpably self-evident becomes their own crying need of it.

Æsthetic analysis consists in grasping clearly the essential artistic significance of a composition, its emotional or descriptive content, either with or without the aid of definite knowledge concerning the circumstances of its origin, and expressing it plainly in a few, simple, well-chosen words, comprehensible by the veriest child in music, whether young or old in years, conveying in a direct, unmistakable, and concrete form the same general impressions which the composition, through all its elaborations and embellishments, all its manifold collateral suggestions, is intended to convey, giving a skeleton, not of its form, but of its subject-matter, so distinctly articulated that the most untrained perceptions shall be able to recognize to what genus it belongs.

Of course, when it is possible, as it is in many cases, to obtain and give reliable data concerning the conception and birth of a musical work, the actual historical or traditional material, or the personal experience, which furnished its inspiration, the impulse which led to its creation, it is of great assistance and value; and this is especially so when the work is distinctly descriptive of external scenes or human actions: for example, take the Schubert-Liszt "Erlkönig." Here the elements embodied are those of tempest and gloom, of shuddering terror, of eager pursuit and panic-stricken flight, ending in sudden, surprised despair.

These may be vaguely felt by the listener when the piece is played, with varying intensity according to his musical susceptibility, but if the legend of the "Erlkönig," or "Elf-king," is narrated, and attention directly called to the various descriptive features of the work, the gallop of the horse, the rush and roar of the tempest through the depths of the Black Forest, the seductive insistence and relentless pursuit of the elf-king, the father's mad flight, the shriek of the child, and the final tragic ending, all so distinctly suggested in the music, the impression is intensified tenfold, rendered more precise and definite, and the undefined sensations produced by the music are focused at once into a positive, complete, artistic effect.

Who can doubt that this is an infinite gain to the listener and to art! Again, take an instance selected from a large number of compositions which are purely emotional, with no kind of realistic reference to nature or action, the "Revolutionary Etude," by Chopin, opus 10, No. 12. The emotional elements here expressed are fierce indignation; vain, but desperate, struggle; wrathful despair. These are easily recognized by the trained æsthetic sense. Indeed, the work cannot be properly rendered by anyone who does not feel them in playing it, and they can be eloquently described in a general way by one possessing a little gift of language and some imagination; but many people find it hard to grasp abstract emotions without a definite assignable cause for them, and are incalculably aided if told that the study was written as the expression of Chopin's feelings, and those of every Polish patriot, on receipt of the news that Warsaw had been taken and sacked by the Prussians.

Where such data cannot be found concerning a composition, one can make the content of a work fairly clear by means of description, of analogy and comparison, by the use of poetic metaphor and simile, by little imaginative word-pictures, embodying the same general impression; by any means, in short,—any and all are legitimate,—which will produce the desired result; namely, to concentrate the attention of the student or the listener on the most important elements in a composition, to show him what to listen for and what to expect; to prepare him to fully receive and respond to the proper impression, to tune up his æsthetic nature to the required key, so it may re-echo the harmonious soul-utterances of the Master's, as the horn-player breathes through his instrument before using it, to warm it, to bring it up to pitch, to put it in the right vibratory condition.

The plan of æsthetic analysis, in more or less complete form, was used by nearly all of the great teachers, such as Liszt, Kullak, Frau Schumann, and others, and was a very important factor in their instruction. It was used by all the great writers on music who were at the same time eminent musicians, like Liszt, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Wagner, Berlioz, Ehrlich, and many more.

Surely with such examples as precedents, not to mention other good and sufficient grounds, we may feel safe in pursuing it to the best of our ability, in print, in the teaching-room, in the concert-hall, whenever and wherever it will contribute to the increase of general musical interest and intelligence, in spite of the outcries of the so-called "purists," who see and would have us see in musical art only sensuous beauty and the perfection of form, with possibly the addition of, as they might put it, a certain ethereal, spiritual, indefinable something, too sacred to be talked about, too transcendental to be expressed in language, too lofty and pure to be degraded to the level of human speech.

Who, I ask, are the sentimentalists; they, or we who believe that music, like every other art, is *expression*, the embodying of human experiences, than which there is no grander or loftier theme on this earth.

Trust me, it is not music nor its subject-matter that is nebulous, indistinct, hazy, but the mental conceptions of too many who deal with it.

If art is *expression*, as æstheticians agree, and music is an art, as we claim, then it must express something; and, given sufficient intelligence, training, and insight, that something—the vital essence of every good composition—can be stated in words. Not always adequately, I grant, but at least intelligibly, as a key to the fuller, more complex expression of the music; serving precisely like the synopsis to an opera,

or the descriptive catalogue in a picture gallery. This is the aim and substance of æsthetic analysis.

TURNING MUSIC PAGES.

BY ROBERT D. BRAINE.

Do NOT fail to teach your pupils how to "turn over" the pages of music when there is no one handy to turn for them—that is, if you understand the art yourself. This may seem to be an exceedingly trivial detail at first glance, but I have seen many a good musician make bad breaks at the "turnings" just because he had not made a study of doing it skillfully.

It is, of course, preferable to have some one turn the music if he can do it correctly and skillfully; but too often the person who is asked to turn turns over two leaves at once; turns in the wrong place; or does not turn until too late, with disastrous results to the performance if the pianist does not know the music well enough to go on alone for a few measures until the music is set straight.

Every pianist who is obliged at times to play accompaniments in concerted pieces, for dramatic work, or even for solo work in public where it has to be done from music, should be prepared to turn his own music, so that he is not obliged to miss a single measure of the music. It is obvious that a singer or instrumental soloist in a public concert cannot make a series of involuntary holds (as he is so often obliged to do, when accompanied by amateurs in drawing-room performances), until the pianist gets his music turned over. Nor can the action of a dramatic composition wait on the turning of the music.

The first and most important thing for the pianist to do is to have the music in good shape for turning. He should turn up the lower corners so that they can be easily grasped, and he should also be careful to look all through the music to see that consecutive pages follow each other, and that none of the leaves are lost.

Many a bad break has been made by an accompanist's coming to a jumping-off place in the music, where page 5 follows page 3 or page 11 is next to page 7. Such breaks are always disconcerting to the performers and annoying to the audience, which is always slow to catch on to what the trouble really is.

If the music has been brought to the concert-room in a music roll, rolled as tight as a fifty-cent Roman candle, it must be unrolled again and again until all the kinks are out of it, and it will lie perfectly straight on the piano-rack. If the music is of that "tattered and torn" variety which so many performers are fond of carrying, it should be stuck together with pins and made as straight as possible before it is played. I once knew a professional accompanist who made a regular business of accompanying professional performers of every description, who always carried a pocket repair kit, containing mucilage, paper, transparent tape, etc., with which to repair the much tattered accompaniments which were brought to him. He said that he frequently got parts that were so bad that they simply would not lie on the piano-rack without a vast amount of patching up.

The next and most important part of all that claims our attention is that of keeping the music going with one hand while the other hand turns the page, and this is where good musical judgment and wide experience stands the performer in stead. It is clear that no invariable rule can be laid down as to just what shall be played and what left out. Of course, if there happens to be rests in either hand just at the bottom of the page the matter is simple enough, as the hand which is free does the turning. If, however, both hands are occupied with important parts it is sometimes quite difficult to make the passage sound passably well with one hand. If an accompaniment to the voice or another instrument is being played the accompanist should play the most important part of the accompaniment at the turning point, no matter in which hand it happens to lie, leaving the other hand to turn. If the accompaniment at this point has the bass in one hand and the chords or arpeggios in the other, he must manage to play both the bass and the chords or arpeggios with the same hand, even if it is necessary to change or simplify the passage, at the same time preserving the characteristic harmony.

If in an accompaniment to a voice or instrument the left hand should contain all the harmony and the right hand counter-melodies the turning should be done with the right hand, the left hand playing the accompaniment meanwhile. There might be many exceptions to this rule, however, for in some cases the counter-melodies are of such importance in giving a passage its characteristic effect that to break their continuity even for a space of time sufficient to turn over would ruin the effect.

In many cases a skillful musician can so combine the passages of the right and the left hands, leaving out a part of each, that the turning will be scarcely noticed. It is plain that there is room in doing this for musical talent and knowledge of the highest order. The ideal musician would recognize at a glance the most important and characteristic parts in each hand and combine them for one hand as well as it could be done, while the turning was being done. Some of the best accompanists I have ever known would make it a point to always carefully examine the passages at the bottom of the pages which had to be turned, and mentally settle what they would do with each in the way of combining them, if possible, for one hand. Some of them are marvelously successful in this, and I have no doubt many of my readers have marveled at concerts where the accompanists turned their own music to see how neatly they got over the "turnings" without the slightest break's being noticed. It is akin to the same remarkable talent which some eminent musicians have of putting an orchestral score on the desk of their piano and playing a creditable piano arrangement from it at sight. We can imagine nothing higher in the way of musical skill

than this. The problem of the accompanist in arranging the work of two hands for one hand at the "turnings" is much simpler than this, but at the same time calls for the exercise of great musical skill.

The piano soloist should, of course, play from memory, but in case he is obliged to play from music from lack of sufficient preparation or other reason, he should try to have some experienced musician turn for him—one who can follow the music as he plays it, and turn at the proper time. If no one who can be trusted to turn properly is at hand, he should study the "turnings" so that he can turn for himself, as nothing is more insufferable than to hear the continuity of a musical composition broken by continual stoppages.

Of course, the important point is to keep the continuity of the melody or subject unbroken while the turning is being done, consequently the hand which is playing the melody, whichever it is, must be kept at work while the other is turning. In the case of a musician of great talent he would combine the passages of the right and left hands so far as it would be possible to do so.

Outside of professional accompanists this matter of making good turnings is rarely given a thought even among fairly able musicians, while amateurs usually make a dead stop at the turning, claw wildly at the music with both hands, turn over two pages at once, turn back with splutter, and probably end with dropping the music on the floor.

One frequent mistake is to wait too long before turning. The best way is to stop playing with the hand which is to do the turning several measures before the end of the page, grasp the corner which has been previously turned up quietly, wait until the mind has grasped the passage which ends the page, and then turn over quietly and deftly, the eye lighting on the notes at the top of the next page and the music proceeding without a break.

Where one has to depend on some one to turn, it is best to arrange that the music shall be turned at the nod of the performer's head, for very few people can be relied on to turn at precisely the right point.

A rapid sight-reader always reads a measure or so in advance of the notes his fingers are actually playing. Liszt is said to have been a phenomenon in this respect. A gentleman who once turned for him said he always gave the sign for turning at the beginning of a full stave of the music ending the page, showing that his mind had taken a mental photograph of six, eight, or even ten measures of music beyond what his fingers were actually playing.

In conclusion I would strongly advise pianists who have to stop to turn over their music, to practice the turnings on the "continuous performance" plan, and to teach their pupils to do it also.

If you continually blow your own horn, some one will be sure to say that it is out of tune. But if you do not blow it at all, your rival will say that it is cracked. Therefore blow, but blow discreetly.

THE CHOICE OF MUSIC AS A PROFESSION.

BY ALFRED VEIT.

Many adopt music as a profession without duly considering whether they are really fitted for the same and whether they possess the necessary qualifications that will insure success. Before allowing their children to follow music as a profession, parents would do well to be guided by the advice of those competent to judge. It is not an easy task to discover the signs of future excellence. Many mistakes have occurred, the most celebrated being the refusal of Verdi at the conservatory of Milan on the grounds of insufficient talent. Talent presents itself in so many forms as to make it impossible to establish any fixed rules as to its presence. The day Mozart's father caught the little fellow at the piano at the age of three trying to pick out intervals and delighted when he was successful, Leopold Mozart was justified in exclaiming: "That boy will be a musician!" The evidence of talent was unquestionable. Similarly, the father of Liszt was justified in allowing his boy to follow music as a profession upon hearing him play a fugue by Bach transposed into a different key. Well known is the fact that Richard Wagner's step-father, Geyer, recognized the boy's ability for music on hearing him play some snatches from the "Freischütz" on the piano. These cases, however, are exceptional. In the interest of humanity, it is not essential that the world contain exclusively geniuses like those just mentioned. On the contrary, there must be those willing to accept modest positions in the musical world. If all violinists insisted upon playing first violin, how could our orchestras be organized?

Talent being the first essential required in the successful pursuit of a musical career, everything else follows of its own accord. Nor must love of music be mistaken for talent. No doubt, love of music presupposes some ability for the art. In many cases the practiced eye can discover latent talent where only love of the art is perceptible. And every musician knows that talent of that order properly nurtured and carefully developed may produce most excellent results. Too much importance, however, should not be attached to love of music unaccompanied by other manifestations of ability. The passion for music alone is not necessarily an indication of talent. Nor is absolute pitch, the faculty of recognizing notes sung or played without the aid of an instrument necessarily an indication of great talent. Everyone knows individuals whose sense of absolute pitch is perfect, but, nevertheless, undeserving the distinction of being called good musicians. Whereas there are others whose merits entitle them to that distinction, although they are without the sense of pitch. In other words, the faculty of absolute pitch, while desirable for practical purposes, does not necessarily imply good musicianship; while the absence of it ought not to discourage the student, it being by no means indispensable.

Among the desirable factors are a sense of rhythm and a good hand. Even opinions regarding the latter point vary considerably. Rubinstein's hands, according to report, were heavily knit and the fingers short. Bülow's hands necessitated the most ingenious cunning in fingering, while the hands of Madam Essipoff were abnormally small—a fact which the writer is able to corroborate by personal observation. Several years ago a new pianist was heralded with blare of trumpets. Among his various qualifications one was particularly commented upon, and that was an abnormally developed hand supposed to be well adapted to piano-playing. The peculiar anatomical construction of his hand was thought to permit the happy possessor to accomplish the most unheard-of technical feats. Trills in tenths, the most dazzling skips, the widest stretches, were talked about. When the artist finally appeared and his playing was subjected to the usual analysis, it was discovered that despite the wonderful hand, his style was cold, frequently unmusical, and monotonous.

Personality is very influential in determining success. This point is considered of the greatest importance by such an eminent judge as Leschetitsky. The instant a pupil presents himself to the eminent teacher (desiring to hear Leschetitsky's opinion as to his prospects), the aspirant to public favor is scrutinized by Leschetitsky from head to foot. Leschetitsky, according to his own statements, attaches great importance to personality. Madam Sophie Menter, the celebrated pianist, always appeared on the concert stage gowned most exquisitely and blazing with jewels. Theodor Kullak, in personal conversation with the writer, talking upon the subject, remarked that another Russian female pianist, known throughout Europe and America as one of the best Chopin players visited Paris every year. Not so much for the purpose of concertizing with Pasdeloup and Lamoureux (as she did at the time), but to sit in secret conclave with dressmaker and milliner in order to consult with them as to the effectiveness of their various "creations" and their influence upon the public. While the two foregoing artists dazzled their audience by a combination of genius and dress, a certain female pianist appeared in America in the seventies whose concert costumes were characterized by the ladies as "cautions." Despite this fact, the mere power of her art, nevertheless, created a *furor* enabling her to return to her native country with monetary rewards far richer than those bestowed upon her more fashionably dressed Russian rival. All of which proves that even the question of personality presents two sides for controversy.

Nerves of steel, a will of iron, and a constitution of adamant are other desirable requisites for a successful musical career. Many an individual has failed just as he was reaching the goal on account of the absence of these qualifications. Chopin, according to contemporaneous accounts, was one of the greatest pianists the world has ever known. Yet his reputation was really limited to the appreciation of Parisian *salons*, as his feeble constitution did not allow him to produce his genius before the world at large. In 1837 Moscheles writes of Chopin: "Chopin, who spent a few days in London, was the only one of the foreign artists who did not go out, and wished no one to visit him, for the effort of talking told on his consumptive frame. He heard a few concerts and disappeared."

Imagination, temperament, love of work, enthusiasm, perseverance, and strength of character are very essential qualities. Strength of character is necessary in order to resist the manifold disappointments often besetting the path of the musician. How many careers are blighted and ruined through disappointment and lack of appreciation! How often do the words of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" apply to musicians:

"Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping, and watching for the morrow,—
He knows ye not, ye gloomy Powers."

The lack of fortitude and courage precipitated the fate of unhappy Bizet. The composer of "Carmen" assured his reputation for decades to come; but what a loss the premature death of this musician has been to the world!

* * *

The time to begin the study of music is about the age of seven. Melodies ought to be taught and sung for the children in order to cultivate their ears and sense of rhythm. If these preliminary studies have been productive of good results and all the possible consequences and future responsibilities have been duly considered, music as a profession should be entered upon at the age of from fourteen to sixteen. A good education, comprising the study of languages, —a very important point,—literature, and subjects like æsthetics, history of art, and general history should accompany the course of music. The course of study intended for the average musician should embrace:

1. Organ, piano, and a string instrument.
2. Solo singing and chorus singing.
3. Playing with other instruments.
4. Harmony, form, composition, reading of score, musical dictation, and history of music.

The choice of a teacher is a very important point. For students of the piano it will be advisable to apply to a teacher whose work is characterized by thoroughness, honesty, and efficiency. Fashion is not always a synonym for excellence. Thus, Mr. Blank, whose terms are very high and whose pupils are found among the most fashionable society, may not necessarily be so competent as Mr. Unknown, whose work, on the other hand, is conscientious and thoroughly reliable.

As final advice: only those should devote themselves to music who feel an irresistible attraction toward art for art's sake. Selfish motives ought not to enter into the consideration of the subject. Musicians are not all destined to be composers like Mozart or pianists like Liszt. A faithful observance of principles prompted by the true love of art will be productive of the highest artistic results.

HOW TO ACCOMPANY AT SIGHT.

BY C. FRED. KENYON.

THERE is very little doubt that the pianist who is able to "play at sight" is a far more useful member of society than he who has half a dozen "show" pieces at his finger-ends, but is unable to play even the simplest music without previous study. The art of piano-playing has, in these days, reached such a high state of development that he who would attract the attention and praise of musicians must be something more than a mere dabbler in the art; he must be trained to the highest pitch of perfection, and be a musician to his finger-tips. But there are, I am sure, many readers of THE ETUDE who, while being thoroughly musical, have not the time at their disposal in which they may become practiced and expert pianists; how, then, may they use their ability to the best advantage? The study of the violin requires far more time and patience than the piano, and with most of us the organ is quite out of the question.

Well, say, for example, that you can play the piano tolerably well—that you are equal to performing a few of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," and are well up in your scales and exercises. You are not in a position to spend three or four hours a day in work at your piano, but you have at your disposal, say, one hour daily, and you are anxious to make the best use of it. What is the most advisable course to pursue under the circumstances? I think there will be no doubt in the minds of all my readers that it is an utter impossibility to become a first-rate pianist by means of one hour's daily practice; but, on the other hand, I feel myself to be well within the truth when I assert that, given a musical disposition, and some pianistic ability, it is possible to become an excellent accompanyist by devoting the above-mentioned time to study and practice.

I feel confident that it would be useless for me to attempt to point out how invaluable a good accompanyist is; which of us has not witnessed the confusion of a well-trained, but one-sided, pianist who, at the conclusion of a brilliant performance, has been asked to play the accompaniment of a new and easy song? How he regrets the fact that he has never learned to play at sight, and how ashamed he feels when a much less skillful musician than himself steps to the piano and plays the song with the greatest ease! Yes, a good accompanyist is invaluable! It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he is worth his weight in gold! He fills a place which few are competent to fill, and his ability is always recognized by those who are capable of appreciating real musical talent.

And now let me point out how this difficult, yet fascinating, branch of music may be acquired. But, at the outset, I must say that I shall write only of the accompanyist who does his work at first sight: an accompanyist who finds it necessary to study his work beforehand is of little use. It is held by most musicians that the best proof of a person's inherent musical ability is to test his power—undeveloped, it may be—of reading at sight; if he have the power in any noticeable degree, it may be taken for granted that he has musical ability of a genuine description. There is no doubt that this ability often lies dormant, and that it is only by constant practice that it is brought forth and developed to its utmost limit; but a liking for this form of musical art generally proves the possession of ability also, and, if the pupil finds that this branch of study proves attractive and fascinating, he may rest assured that he has ability—developed or otherwise.

The art of reading at sight is best acquired by constant practice. It requires a certain agility of mind that can only be acquired by the constant playing of new and, at first, simple music. A very good plan is to devote half of one's time to practical work, and the other half to the study of the elements of harmony—the common chord, dominant seventh, etc., with their inversions. It is not necessary that the pupil should gain a thorough knowledge of harmony—a mastery of the first principles will be quite sufficient for his purpose. When playing a new piece he should play it slowly and carefully, paying most of his attention merely to the notes; as he grows more expert, he will be able to play a fresh piece at the right speed, and with due regard to expression, touch, etc. Most accompanyists are able to read on two or three bars ahead of what their fingers are actually playing, and this, for obvious reasons, is of great assistance. The pupil should practice this; but, at first, he will find it only possible to read half a bar or so ahead.

Having, by these means, learned to read at sight, the next step to consider is how to accompany; and it would be well if, at first, the pupil did not attempt to accompany at sight, but merely to take a song which he knows fairly well and to play the accompaniment to the singing of a friend or teacher. And the one great rule to observe in accompanying of all descriptions is to follow the soloist. One must be in complete sympathy with him: ready to play slowly or quickly, soft or loud, at a moment's notice, if necessary. The soloist is the leader: he is the interpreter of the music, and the accompanyist must put his own individuality into the background, and help to interpret the personality of the soloist. This is, at first, a by no means easy task, for one becomes so accustomed to interpreting music as one feels it oneself, that it is something of a novelty to merge one's personality into the personality of another, and interpret the music as he feels it. But that is the secret of good accompanying. He must have complete control over his emotions—a control so complete that he is able to play his music in an exactly opposite manner (as regards sentiment and feeling) to what he himself would have played it if he had been the soloist as well as the accompanyist. For it will occasionally happen that a singer will interpret a song in quite a different manner from what the accompanyist is accustomed to, and

the latter musician must be prepared for quite a new reading.

A great fault of many otherwise excellent accompanyists is that they play too loud. It is no uncommon thing for the pianist to have so exaggerated an idea of his own importance that he succeeds in annihilating altogether the efforts of the singer; and this, of course, is a great mistake. An accompanyist should be modest and unobtrusive: he should be quite prepared to see the soloist taking all the applause while he himself is utterly neglected. But, in any case, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has helped in a true interpretation of a piece of real music —and surely that is by no means an unworthy reward.

SELECTIONS FROM L. KÖHLER'S LITERARY WORKS.

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE LEONARD.

To Remember while Practicing.

Every beat of a measure is a jar which may be filled with notes. The rests are empty jars; would you break them just because they are empty?

The right way to practice is to think how you will play every note before you play it, to know what you are playing. As soon as your fingers run away from the control of your mind and will you are practicing hap-hazard, and have destroyed all artistic effect. If, after practicing thoughtfully, your fingers respond perfectly to your mind, then you may safely let feeling (temperament) help direct them.

While you are practicing that difficult passage a hundred times remember that every repetition is a drop in a barrel which has to be filled. It needs a certain number of drops to fill that barrel full, just as it needs a certain number of repetitions to perfect a difficult passage. Whoever can follow this advice and be alert and enthusiastic for every note may hope to become a virtuoso.

To practice well is to play consciously, and every instant, the right note at the right time. At two points in practicing it is particularly necessary to guard against inaccurate playing; at first, during the first ten or twenty repetitions, and again after the piece is learned, when one plays more freely. Then the musical conscience must be very much alive.

A mistake which you hear and do not correct does you a wrong, for a fault is a fault, whether it is noticed by others or not. Listen carefully to find out *whether, where*, and *what* you play falsely. Then your ear will never be careless, you will learn to appreciate correctness and beauty, and will give yourself much pleasure.

To think that to a virtuoso all things are easy is a mistake. To a real virtuoso rather all things are difficult; for he requires so much of himself and is continually striving to reach such high ideals that he takes pleasure in exerting himself to the utmost, and he therefore acknowledges that what he attempts is difficult.

In spite of all your diligent practice you may not realize your desires unless you attend to the needs of the body. Do not play too long at a time, and do not fail to exercise out-of-doors every day.

Touch and Tone.

The hand of a good player is almost like a person, and its movements must be independent and natural. This is especially necessary when the hand springs from one position to another distant one, making a long curve. The hand must have the feeling of a person in a swing, floating through the air, and when it touches the keys, it must alight with the suppleness of a *premier danseuse*, whose every supple joint adapts itself with elastic firmness to the poise, equally firm whether it be the end of the dance or only a pause to gather strength for another spring. In the same way the joints of finger, hand, and arm must be both elastic and firm, whether the passage be soft or strong in tone.

Students are apt to undervalue *the importance of tone-quality* in exercises and scale-practice, and yet they are the stuff of which *technic* is made. Varieties of tone are like various materials for weaving: scales and passages are the thread spun from them, music as a whole is the fabric woven from the thread. If the tone is poor, the thread will not be fine or smooth. When you practice remember that you are all the time weaving; you are making either silks or sacking, for the quality of your *technic* depends on the way you practice.

The accompaniment is the paper; the melody, the drawing upon it. One should hear the melody without thinking of the accompaniment—the one consciously, the other unconsciously. In bringing out the melody imagine that on the keys lies an elastic air-cushion to be pressed down by the finger-tips.

If your legato is not legato, your staccato not staccato, your playing will be like mumbled words—hideous, unintelligible.

Finish and Interpretation.

A player who is careless about rhythm is like a lame man trying to dance. No matter how exact he is with his accents, if the movement within the measure is careless the effect will be weaker, because the playing is weak.

The degrees of expression—the NUANCES—which lie between Forte and Piano, Crescendo and Decrescendo, are not wanting in the best playing. They are, indeed, of first importance. The few marks which stand on the page to indicate dynamic effects are only the outline, the suggestion of what the player must fill in with color and shade,—finish which is too subtle to suffer more than suggestion.

The proper treatment of accent is a sign by which one may know the finest player. It does not consist in merely giving with mechanical regularity certain loud and soft tones, but lies in the intelligent use of these same degrees of force, and it grows out of the

intimate knowledge and thoughtful practice of the highest music; poor music needs no accenting of this sort. By carefully combining accent (*stress*) and rhythm the player makes of his music declamation, and declamation requires both thought and feeling. The shades of accent in an oration, for example, are countless; and how carefully distributed, so that not one wrong syllable may destroy the thought, which word and tone together sweep along in a very flood! How deeply and thoroughly must a player know his music to give it that rare accentuation—which cannot be *proved* either right or wrong, because it can only be felt, save when the metre gives the pulse of the whole movement. Then it is almost inspiration which works within the player, directing how he shall render the truth of the music.

Nuancing and accenting are like the lines of beautiful writing. The fine lines must be distinct from the heavier ones, and just as the longest curves are delicate at each end, and stronger and broader in the middle, so the tone must rise and fall in melody and passage-playing. There must be *life* in the music, *soft breathing*. It is not forced on our notice, but if that inner movement ceases the musical form is dead.

If only every performer would try to play as he would recite a simple poem, or as a child says its prayer! "Use not vain repetitions as the heathens do." Just so the fingers should not babble mechanically, but should thoughtfully make music and prove that their blood flows through a mind and a heart also. Play, once in awhile, as the great players do, some simple folk-songs, and feel how each note belongs to the whole, think how the whole should sound, as a musical organism. Ask yourself what is the thought of a piece, or what is the expression befitting a certain passage; whether the spirit is calm or animated, of passion restrained or outspoken; whether the mood is fervent, bitter, sweet, sad, self-contained, gentle, resigned,—and so on. Sometimes even such a word of suggestion, if rightly understood, is a positive help toward a more definite conception.

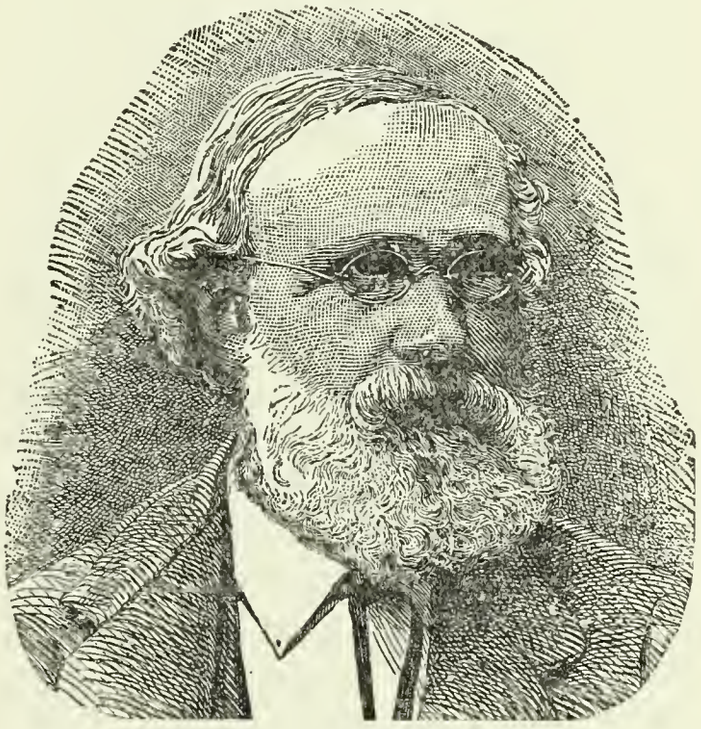
Most players fail in one or all of three important points: the use of the pedal, the subordination of accompanying notes played by the hand which plays also the melody, and accurate voice-leading in a composition of contrapuntal character.

It is easy to think that unevenness or stumbling in runs or trills or turns does no great harm, since to many people it is not noticeable. Rather let the student hear his playing as the biologist sees through the microscope, and a roughness, no higher than a sheet of paper is thick, will grow to a small mountain. Unfortunately there are no instruments to intensify the time-values for our ears. The more closely, then, must the student listen, and magnify with his imagination the smallest errors,—to correct them.

Inaccuracy is the ruin of playing. Who would muddy a spring or disfigure a picture or cloud pure harmony? Clean playing is as important as fresh air. Play every note as carefully as if each mistake made a black spot on your face.

Learn from the great players, and when you practice your scales and arpeggios remember that you have under your hands a mass of tone like the yielding clay which the sculptor bends and twists, rounds and polishes, brings into relief here and depresses into shadow there. So you will learn to command your fingers and control your tone in whatever else you play,—to mold your playing. A melody must be modeled; music must grow under your fingers like a statue under the sculptor's touch till melody, figuration, etc., take on clearly-defined and beautiful features and form.

Time, as well as tone, is like an ethereal substance, broadening out in a ritardando, contracting in an accelerando. Think of the movement, the rhythm of a piece, as a broad, winding stream; it runs all along its course at about the same even rate, like the tempo and the measure-rhythm of your music; like that, too, it swells higher, rougher, and noisier at one spot,



L. KÖHLER.

and spreads out wider and more quiet at another, now rushing swiftly by, now lingering an instant; but it is always the same stream, running the same course.

In this way we have in all our larger cities violinists who could teach piano and voice culture as well; voice specialists who also understand the technic of the organ and of various wind instruments; 'cellists who are also pipe-organists, etc., etc. Now, while these men may appear in various capacities as members of orchestras, organists in churches, or singers in choirs, yet in teaching they prefer to be known as teachers of the branch of which they make a specialty, and not of every branch which they have studied. They wish to be known in teaching as teachers of the piano, or organ, or voice culture, or cornet, but not of several branches.

Of course, there are exceptional cases to the above. A pianist can announce himself as a teacher of pipe-

organ and also of harmony, theory, and composition; a violinist would be considered competent to teach the viola and possibly the 'cello, but if he should add voice culture and the piano to his list, he would probably find that the better public would have none of him.

This reluctance of the public to accept a musician in too many capacities extends as well to solo work, and audiences never take kindly to an artist's appearance on the program in several capacities. A singer may sit down and play his own accompaniments without infringing on the proprieties, but were he to play a violin solo or piano solo on the same program with his vocal numbers he would injure himself professionally in the opinion of musical people. Even if a musician should play equally well on the violin and piano, he would find it to his interest to confine himself to either one or the other in his public performances, and not to attempt both.

SURROUNDED BY MUSIC.

BY FRANK H. TUBBS.

THE saying "There is nothing new under the sun" has more meaning than is commonly given it. Every teacher renews his system of teaching year by year and often selects from his own experience something which he decides is valuable and which, for the moment, seems new. After a time he recognizes that his discovery is but an old friend which has come up in a new, and probably more trenchant, form. Or he learns that his supposed discovery has long ago been used by some else. When he learns this he repeats the old saying.

But we may go beyond this and know that the saying is based on a truth which governs all knowledge. One may ask "Would you say that electricity is old? Why, then, did not our forefathers run our railroads and light our factories and streets by electricity? You must admit electricity to be a new science." Another who is going through the interesting pursuit of photography will join him with the remark "I have something really new whether it is 'under the sun' or not. No one knew even the possibility of photography until our day." The physician will glory in his science with the fond feeling that he is dealing with that which is absolutely new. But each is wrong.

There is no more electricity now than there has always been. Till our day it has played from cloud to cloud on a summer day, as lightning. We have learned to gather it from the atmosphere, use it for our purposes, and let it escape into the air again to be used over and over again by other mechanics. The photographer gathers the power of printing pictures from the same atmosphere only to let it go again. The physician uses the principle of healing. All three point to the fact that these sciences use a principle and each uses a different means for his own interest. Each getting the special results of application of those means. Every particle of the material used has ever existed, exists now, and will always exist. No new material has been created. None can be created. There is separation of elements and return to former conditions. We reach in this the principle of primordialism. When God created this earth he placed in it everything which is in it and everything which man can want. All down the life of man there has been growing ability to use God's gifts. This constitutes man's growth. By development, man has come to be able to appropriate more and more of the already-created things, until to-day he is a creature of knowledge and ability such as has never before been known. The end is not yet. He will, in succeeding generations, use forces and powers yet unknown, but he will create nothing new. He will but call to his aid more and more the Divine principle of things.

What is true of electricity and all other sciences and arts is true of music. It is an entity, created when the world began. There is no more and no less now than there was in the day of Adam. Man has learned better how to use music and can make it give more to man than before. He has helped himself from the boundless store already supplied in Nature. He has arranged and made audible (almost visible), the principle of music. Education, on one hand, consists in securing the ability to grasp the principle of music. It is open to all and to every individual. No one is denied the fullest draught from the Divine principle. How much one may draw depends upon self. How great a musician one may become, and what kind of a musician one may be, depends not upon so-called talents, but upon the imbibing force of the individual mind. A small dynamo takes in small amounts of electricity; a larger one takes more, and the ratio of absorption is greater than the mere multiple of size. To compare a human being to a dynamo may seem crude, but the mind which absorbs music is a human dynamo. Little minds take little; greater minds take much; double the mental capacity and you quadruple the absorbing capacity. The lesson to musicians is upon the ways and means of absorbing.

Music teachers must get rid of the old notion that only those specially gifted can become musicians. There is no limit to the possibility of receiving music, and no one has yet been able to absorb his full extent. Starting with the fact that music itself is all around everyone and but waits to be taken and used, as teachers and theorists we must consider the elements of music and the means of absorbing them to make them material of our own. But do not get away from the stated fact that music is a principle and that each one can help himself to all he wants in it.

Analogy is found in the principle of mathematics. In that science we have discovered precision. No one at birth can use even the simplest rules. No one can add, subtract, multiply, or divide. We learn how to use the fundamentals, and from that time onward we apply them to everything in life. Some there be who use them to learn how the sun, moon, and stars hold themselves in place, to know the weight of atoms,

to measure all sciences. Others use the principle only enough to be able to compute the price of a peck of potatoes. But the principle is the same and the amount of its use depends upon the ability of the individual to appropriate it to his own use. Some want it only for computing interest; others to measure orbits. The one is not called a scientist; the other is revered.

Just so it is with music. One appropriates a little and endures music; another takes more and loves it; another helps himself to still more and lives in it; to a very few, music opens a heaven; and again is it a case of appropriation of that which the weakest endurer might have had if he but chose to have it. The same boundless music is open to each and all. The degree of individual appropriation is the only limitation, and that is made by the man himself. This reduces teaching to opening the minds of students to perception of music and to ways of helping himself to it. Technical work is needed for expressing it after he has found it. Study of works of masters is needed that one may have the ideas already gathered from the grand principle. These are means to an end, and not the end itself.

A principle is no respecter of persons. It does not arraign itself against anyone. The poorest and the richest alike come to its door, and to principle there is no difference. One may need to pay money, oftentimes in unreasonable amounts, for the demonstration of some kinds of music. One may find, in the course of his study, that he cannot obtain certain things which he wants this side of the Atlantic. Those are details, and such as must be worked out. Be it said, however, that one who is absorbing music finds ways of getting at the details, one by one, as fast as he needs them. Wherever he is he can be absorbing music in its essence; that is, in the essential things.

What waste is this to be seen every year in each of our large cities? Night after night the opera-house is crowded. Concert halls by the dozen are filled for two hundred nights. Throngs gather and the public goes wild with enthusiasm. Do they get music? No. Boundless as is the quantity, choice as is the quality, only a momentary pleasure is gained which dissipates in an hour. Even the musician who has ears to hear does not hear. A few and only a few have learned the great principle. These absorb music itself, and by absorbing become larger dynamos and secure ability to take in more and more as years go on. Physical powers may fail, but the absorption of the grand principle goes on until the last day. When life passes on into another form it is wafted hence on the wings of music. Around the Father's throne the perfect principle will be used in its perfect comprehension. No one will have it all on this plane; none will get too much music.

That which can make our concerts and opera a thousand times more useful is to teach the students whom God places in our hands to know what to appropriate and how to use what they get. Beauty is an ingredient in music. Study in books and through contact with all arts the elements of beauty. Know that groupings, colorings, perspectives, shadings, and contrasts are elements which, understood, make the musician and bring music to him. Know that sympathy, tenderness, geniality, and love are elements of music. Get them from whatever source we may and incorporate them into our own natures, and we are studying music. Their possession enables us to get thousands of dollars' worth from concerts and operas when the multitude gets but pennies' worth. Our riches consist of what gives us comfort and happiness. Music absorbed gives more comfort and happiness than can a million dollars in bonds and stocks. Lay up your treasure in music, but be sure you do lay it up and not waste time and money in vain pursuit of it.

Hope is another element of music. The life which is buoyant and elastic, which can be made so in every hour of study, reaches into Heaven itself. Cut out hope, and life isn't worth living. The anticipation of something good to-morrow, next year, or in the next world is the basis of all human activity. The idealist is the most certain to absorb music and so cultivate ideals. Let the world laugh at you as a dreamer. You can stand that. Get ideas and live in the realm of mentality. So far as possible let materiality disappear from life. That settles the matter of morals and habits. One who is living in ideals cannot be drunken —cannot be a libertine. He throws off the power of body with its appetites and desires, and rises to a realm which masters all that. Even at one bound he escapes the cares of the majority, and New Year's resolutions are no longer needed. Ideality is but an element of art, of which music is the highest exponent. Teach our pupils to know what is ideal and to live in their realm. Is it necessary to explain that this does not advocate living in the sentimentality which some people mistake for idealism? True ideals are the nobilities of life, and not the sentimentals.

Lastly, cultivate, in order to have and to hold music, that true spirituality which brings us into touch with Heaven itself. Without that there is no music in the soul. Music and spirituality walk hand in hand. Absorb one and you absorb the other. As from our earliest days we are trained in religious circles, the spiritual side of our natures is appealed to. Not all of us get more than the shell; most get the outside only of religious training. Yet in each one, in every one, is a spiritual nature, which, found, can be grown into beautiful proportions. The development of that lies in the hands of every adult. Musicians need to grow it. Whether one is interested in church and religious bodies has little to do with that growth except as means to the end. Means may be needed, of just that kind, by some. Others can grow their spiritual natures in other ways. It may seem to some teachers that such training should not come from them. Their pupils come to them for music, and not for spirituality. But—and this is the thought to be left in mind, for consideration—music and spirituality are so closely allied that, through the latter, present in *every* heart, you can get quickest and best into absorption and development of music.

A LITTLE ADVICE FOR YOUNG PIANISTS.

BY C. FRED. KENYON.

THERE is quite a widely-spread notion among the great music-loving public that many of our most famous pianists have achieved their fame solely by means of self-advertisement and the use of well-developed business instincts. Though I am far from wishing to underestimate the value of business-like methods, yet I am convinced that they have very little to do with the artistic success of any musician. It is true, a pianist may double or even treble his income by the exercise of common-sense in the choice of his engagements and the fees he may demand; but I have not the slightest doubt that this kind of common-sense has not anything to do with his artistic success. On the other hand, too great an eagerness to acquire money may very easily be the ruin of an artist, and it is certain that it can never conduce to his true artistic development.

But there are many men who, while possessing no business faculty worth speaking of, have yet an ungovernable desire to advertise themselves and their talents on each and every occasion that presents itself. Their reasons for doing this are many. It may be that they desire engagements, but it is more likely that they are suffering from *ego-mania,* and are never satisfied unless they are constantly being discussed and talked about. They send their photographs to all the musical papers, they beseech critics and journalists to interview them, they write personal paragraphs about themselves to all the best-class newspapers in the country; in a word, they do everything within their power to bring themselves under the notice of the public, and all because they have a morbid desire to be notorious. I could tell some strange things that musicians have done in order to get their names into the papers—things so strange that I should hardly be believed.

Again, there are pianists who, though refusing to stoop to the vulgar kind of self-advertisement which I have indicated, yet attempt to attract notice to themselves by the display of entirely assumed personal eccentricities; and some even go so far as to put these eccentricities into their playing,—the consequence being that they are often condemned at the very outset of their careers simply because they have given way to a morbid and absurd desire to attract attention at all costs. This assumption of personal eccentricity is rapidly spreading because more than one of our greatest pianists has countenanced it.

A famous English pianist told me not many years ago that when Paderewski first went to London he used to dye his hair pink in order to attract attention. What truth there is in this statement I cannot say; but it is certain that Paderewski has willfully exaggerated eccentricities of manner and appearance to such an extent that a man who allows his hair to grow longer than that of the average man is immediately labeled a "Paderewski." De Pachmann has also developed eccentricities which are, to say the least of it, entirely and absolutely original. He rarely plays in public without making the most comical faces, and he always seems to me to be vastly contented with himself. I have heard him play the most soul-enthralling music, and when he has reached a particularly beautiful passage and has played it in a masterly manner, he has turned to his audience and winked deliberately, as if to say: "I got the right expression there, didn't I?" These mannerisms of de Pachmann's are often almost unbearable, and I do not doubt that they militate strongly against his popularity. On the other hand, he is entirely without business instinct, and never seeks to advertise himself. So much is this the case that he has been reduced to abject poverty; the famous English pianist whom I have before mentioned came across de Pachmann in Berlin two or three years ago, and found him in a state bordering on absolute starvation. If it had not been for timely assistance we might never again have heard the greatest player of Chopin now alive.

But the young student is not so likely to copy the personal eccentricities of these men as he is to imitate the peculiar characteristics of their playing. Some of our most famous pianists seem to imagine that if they have once made a world-wide reputation they may be allowed all kinds of licenses with regard to the manner in which they play their repertory; and the young pianist, hearing them, may feel inclined to imitate their methods—partly because he admires the men themselves, and partly because he would like to be thought original and singular. But it cannot be insisted on too strongly that it is a most dangerous practice for the young executant to play unheard-of interpretations simply for the sake of being singular. The critics and the public won't stand that kind of thing; from a master of pianoforte technique it is objectionable, but from a beginner it is not to be tolerated.

A friend of mine once heard Rubinstein play Chopin's "Funeral March" sonata a year or two before his death. Rubinstein was evidently in a bad temper, for he slapped the notes instead of playing them; his speed was abnormally quick, and he played jerkily and with sudden spurts. No one knew what to make of the performance, and when he came to the "Funeral March" itself the climax was reached. The heavenly melody in D-flat was played with all possible force, though it is marked *pp* by Chopin, and the whole of the march was played as though it were a triumphant expression of joy. Needless to say, when the sonata was finished, Rubinstein did not receive the usual measure of applause that he was accustomed to, and it is extremely likely that if any other pianist had played the same trick he would have been hissed off the platform. This cheap mode of attracting the attention of the public is something worse than childish, for it degrades art itself, and is harmful in every way.

Well, all that I have written in this article simply

comes to this: be natural, be yourself! And if you cannot win your way to the front by the force of your own individuality, be sure you will never do so by pretending to be something different from what you really are. For there is more than one danger in posing: not only does it degrade art, but it also takes away from the spontaneity of feeling and the freshness of sentiment of him who practices it.

On the other hand, it is absolutely necessary that the young pianist or violinist should have the courage of his own views—the courage of his own temperament. If, by nature, you see things in a different light from most people, do not be ashamed of saying so! If a piece of music appears to you to require a different interpretation from what it generally receives, obey your own instincts, and play it as you feel it! Be honest in your emotions, and do not pretend you adore, say, Bach, if you cannot understand him. This one point—the necessity of being thoroughly sincere in one's interpretations of music—is the stumbling-block of very many of our young pianists. Be true to yourself, and, if Heaven has granted you talent and determination, rest assured that in the end you are bound to succeed.

OBSTACLES MELT BEFORE DETERMINATION.

BY HENRY C. LAHEE.

THERE is often a feeling among young people, and perhaps more among students of music than others, that obstacles in the way of progress are simply and purely obstacles, and nothing more. It matters not what the obstacles may be,—whether technical, financial, or physical,—they are apt to cause despondency out of all proportion to their size, and to make the student feel that it is hardly worth while to keep on. This is exactly as it ought not to be, for if we look carefully into the matter we shall find that obstacles and difficulties are the stepping-stones to proficiency, and they should be welcomed.

Charles Dickens hit the nail squarely on the head when he told us, by means of the inimitable Mark Tapley, that there was no credit in being happy when everything was going well, but to keep cheerful under difficulties was something worth trying to do. The student should learn to regard obstacles as character-developers. His success in life will depend, far more than he can realize, on the spirit with which he attacks, and the courage with which he combats, the numerous obstacles which are sure to come across his path.

Not only is character developed by these trials, but their effect is to broaden the mind, and this breadth shows in the person's work, no matter whether it is teaching or public performance.

Thalberg, the pianist, who was a man of undoubted talent, was brought up in easy circumstances, he was started on his career in princely fashion, and he was called the "gentleman rider" of the piano. His playing never appealed to the heart. People marveled at his skill, and admired his deportment and appearance. In short, he was polished and refined, but not soul-stirring.

Liszt, whose rival Thalberg was considered to be, for a time at least, was a man of entirely different stamp. He was brought up in comparative poverty, he lost his father when he was at an impressionable age and largely dependent upon him for sympathy and guidance. He fell in love with one of his pupils and had the mortification of seeing her married to somebody else. This threw him into a bad state of health, during which he grew morbid and was on the point of devoting himself to the church, but instead he went off on another tack and broke some of its most sacred laws. Then he set himself to work to create and overcome difficulties in pianoforte-playing. He heard Paganini and determined to rival him, with the result that he made himself the greatest pianist of the century,—he made himself a giant. His playing was considered sublime, for he threw himself into his task with his whole soul. His long hair flew, his hands and arms seemed to be everywhere, and his body underwent the strangest contortions. All this would have been ridiculous in him, as it was in many of his imitators, had it not been for the overwhelming force of character and genius which captivated the hearer and made him forget the extravagances.

Von Bülow and Rubinstein, a few years later, were both great pianists—their genius triumphed over all obstacles. Von Bülow was remarkable for his memory, Rubinstein for his fire and passion. Neither was perfect as a pianist, but von Bülow could fill the intellectual person with admiration, and Rubinstein overwhelmed his audience by his force. They both had indomitable will, and certainly Rubinstein knew the pinch of poverty when young, while Bülow's difficulties were rather of an intellectual nature. Paderewski is another and more modern instance of character developed in the school of misfortune. His playing, at least in the early days when he first became celebrated, showed, without doubt, the effect of his early trials. Brought up in poverty, married in poverty while still almost a boy, and deprived of his wife in less than a year,—such matters are apt to leave their impression on the character of the sufferer. In his case the trouble was aggravated by the fact that money would have purchased such comforts as might have saved the life of his young wife, but he was unable to find the money, and he had to witness her slow death, with the full knowledge that she could live under proper treatment. When it was over he turned to his music with the utmost energy, and the result was the most marvelous success, in the eyes of the world, that has fallen to the lot of a pianist.

While we look at the lives of these great musicians and know what they have had to contend with, we are not called upon to imitate their faults or peculiarities. It is not necessary to cultivate long hair and gyrate at the piano, nor is it necessary to culti-

vate perpendicular hair and look interesting. Nor need one imagine himself in love and grow despondent to the verge of entering a monastery. Still less need one break any moral laws or marry young without means of support. We all have our own obstacles to overcome without borrowing those of other people, but we can admire their courage and their perseverance,—that which enabled them to rise above their trials,—and endeavor to equal them in that respect. One can see that this can be done by patience, courage, and faith, and that if we only "keep moving" we can rise superior to the tribulations of the moment, no matter how heavy they seem to be when we are first brought face to face with them.

Still, if we have the power to overcome obstacles and develop a character which will insure success in life, that success may not be exactly in the path which we had planned. We may not have genius or talent in the necessary quantities. *Genius* is heaven-born and occurs only in rare cases, and it is useless by itself.

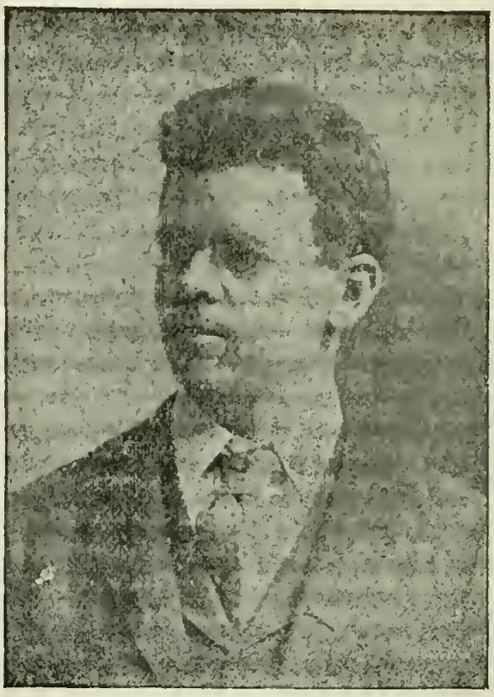
Who has not known of the musical genius who has failed dismally from lack of the above-mentioned qualities? Who has not, among his acquaintances, some young musician who is lazy, self-satisfied, self-opinionated, unmethodical—who feels obliged to *tell* you that he is an artist because his lack of character and perseverance has never allowed, and never will allow, him to demonstrate his genius in public. He has talent, but his playing is uneven, careless, marked by moments of genius, but spoiled by technical deficiencies. One day he plays fairly well, the next very badly,—and he is never certain. He is unsatisfactory and tantalizing. He will never amount to anything unless he speedily institutes a radical reform in his habits. He smokes cigarettes, plays pool, stays up till the small hours of the morning because he thinks it is artistic and bohemian. For the same reason he is in bed during the best part of the day. He usually ends by playing in the entry of a dime museum.

There is only one road to success, and that is by *work* supported by courage and conviction. Obstacles melt before determination, and as each one is conquered a step upward is gained, not merely in the musical profession, but in the great school of life. Meet each day's trials as they come, and do not hunt for imaginary difficulties.

BASIS OF SUCCESS IN MUSIC TEACHING.

BY THOMAS TAPPER.

THE fundamental conditions which govern Success in Music Teaching must be those which govern Success in anything else. This fact is based on the simple truth that we are, to a greater degree than we commonly believe, architects of our own fortunes. Success has to do with some simple principles which are clearly related, logically connected, and each, of itself, a unit of importance. But in speaking of Success we must remember that it is a purely-relative matter. In entertaining hope of it we are apt neither to define it nor even to scrutinize it closely. And yet we are constantly observing that yesterday's Success is but the point of departure for what we would do to-day; and that the Success of to-day will be similarly fundamental to the strivings of to-morrow. Hence, it never rests, but entices us on; and we find satisfaction in appearing to gain that which we are perpetually pursuing. But one day there comes the thought that all our haste and pursuit is secondary to other qualities with which we have made slight acquaintance on the way. Had we thought upon them they would have given reality to our zeal, and we should have clung to that reality even as we plucked the smaller fruits.



MR. THOMAS TAPPER.

MR. TAPPER was born at Canton, Mass., in 1864. After completing the high school course he commenced the serious study of music. For five years he was a student with Mr. Carlyle Petersilea and the late Mr. Lavallée. Mr. Tapper has been identified with the American College of Musicians from its inception, and has been an examiner in theory the whole time. The many-sided studies of this ambitious and thoughtful young artist are illustrated again in the various trips he has made to Europe. His first excursion of this kind was made in 1890. In 1892 he went abroad to collect material apropos to the Natural Music Course (of Public School Music), of which he is joint author with Mr. F. H. Ripley. In 1893 he went again, and had many consultations with musical educators, visiting schools, etc. This led him in 1895 to devote an entire year to study abroad. Residing most of the time in Vienna, he studied mainly opera and drama; and incidentally collected a vast lot of material for a bibliography of part-music. Mr. Tapper has been a successful writer upon musical subjects, and always along lines of his own. His first book was "Chats with Music Students," in 1892; his second, "The Music Life and How to Succeed in It," 1892. He has also written three books for children, called "Music Talks with Children." "The Child's Music World," a book about music history, and "Pictures from the Lives of the Great Composers." Mr. Tapper lives in Boston.

To illustrate, let us set out with the Young Man on the day when he decides that he is ready to begin Music Teaching. What may we say to him that will put his thoughts to work in a healthy way?

I. The Personal Equation.

The Young Man is what he is by virtue of circumstances which are to a great degree inexplicable. His inherent character, the thoughts he permits himself to think when alone, his secret desires, and his professed ambitions spring from him as naturally as certain flowers spring from certain soils. His character is forever establishing a relation with his environment which he may study to his lasting gain. By the one he must interpret the other, recognizing the fact that change in environment follows upon change in character. This is so simple that he is apt to misinterpret it; the change is not so much in material things as it is in his altered power to interpret the environment. To be active, to think healthy thoughts, and to read one's environment ever more and more spiritually is to have founded Success as the wise man founded his house; not upon sands, but upon a rock.

II. Education.

The inherent personal power is educated as a part of its experience. This means that it seeks, by following a definite course of thought and action in impressionable years, to train itself for wider circles of action, as well as for action that is definite. It strives to turn the personal power where it may expend itself to the greatest advantage. Our Young Man must remember that Edueation is not the fundamental quality with which he deals. He himself is that fundamental quality. Education is the process that defines him and emphasizes him. It does not make him so much as it intensifies him. It is the process which aims to direct the force divinely implanted in him.

III. Education Applied.

Having passed through his years of training (which some still call humorously "finishing his education"), the Young Man wants to get to work. The possibilities lying back of this desire are more diversified in nothing else than in Music Teaching. They range all the way from securing a place in a school at a good salary to guarding a lonely and unsought "studio" in the corner of the front parlor. But on whatever plane the Young Man finds himself, he must, as an individual, be busy. There are no end of tasks he may do. This is his salvation at all times.

At the moment of becoming his own master he must be warned of an error that is made by ninety per cent. of his class, the result being that they become hopelessly lost. That error is this: he must never believe that anyone puts faith in his protestations. The world, it is said, does not observe us as units. Our Young Man will discover that it is only because he is observed as a unit that he is professionally possible. And he is observed closely; judged not by what he says but by what he is; not by what he professes but by what he accomplishes. Failing to see it thus, he is forever out of tune with his possibilities.

IV. Geography.

While the years are passing on and the Young Man is doing that earnest and long-continued study necessary to the making of a Teacher of Music, someone is apt to drop the remark that the process is expensive. It certainly is; and not only that, but it deserves a better fate than often befalls it.

We are not unaccustomed to see the would-be teacher hesitating between the small town, where recognition is quick, and the large city, where one has to battle even for a foot-hold. The choice belongs to the chooser, and he must not grumble at the natural conditions. Here, for instance, is Miss A. She lives in Homeborough. By hook or crook (which means often privation and hard labor) she has learned a little about music. Perhaps it cost her a hundred dollars. She has pupils and continues to push on. Miss B. is of the same town. But she studied in New York four years at an expense of four thousand dollars. She decides to teach in Homeborough, and she, too, gets pupils. But her pupils do not stand proportionately to those of Miss A. as four thousand to one hundred. She concludes hastily that if the rain does fall alike on the just and the unjust, Miss A. must have contrived to get under a water-spout. It is not so, however; Miss A. is a working factor like Miss B. and is participating in an honest shower. Miss B.'s philosophy is loose.

V. Temptation.

How shall he advertise his business? Shall he go into society? Shall he become interested in church-work? Shall he refuse to give little Mary Ellen lessons because she has only a cabinet organ on which to practice? Many of these queries will arise to irritate his expensively-educated mind. But they are queries which find their reply in spirit, and not in letter. When the Young Man's fundamental intentions are clearly set forth in his own mind, affairs will appear simple. When he offers his services to the public, it may not respond promptly. But whatever he finds to do, however little may come to him, *in the manner of his doing, and not in the thing itself, is his salvation.* When a door is opened to him he must not be surprised to find the room full and several others coming in after. This unwillingness of the world to specialize him merely means that he must specialize himself. Constantly he will find in the affairs of his daily life that he is in his own hands. And as the years pass on and he succeeds he will find that to him Success is one thing, to those observing him it is ever another. He may think that gain and renown are success; ultimately he will believe that it is in becoming what is his best possibility. It is harsh judgment, but it is just.

Then the Young Man will say that the basis of his Success in Music Teaching, or in anything else, lies in his attitude toward life. If he is useful, and helpful; if he is a good object in the environment of others; if he regards human relation above gain; if

he adds better thought to the world, he has Success. In short, he asks if his activity and influence are indispensable to the betterment of life. If they are, he is working on the true basis of Success; if not, no amount of riches, in things that he may gather about him, or of knowledge that he may gather within him, will stand for anything else than the badge of servitude to masters who are unworthy.

TWO CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BEST METHODS OF TEACHING MUSIC.

BY CLARA MARGARET CORNELL.

CLARA MARGARET CORNELL.

CLARA MARGARET CORNELL was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., but has passed the greater part of her life in New Jersey. She was graduated from the Asbury Park High School in 1890 and from Vassar College in 1896. At an early age she began to study vocal and instrumental music and painting under the best local teachers She also studied several years at the Berlitz School of Languages. In Vassar she elected a broad course of study in science, history, and languages, taking also several courses in musical theory under Prof. G. C. Gow. Since graduation she has continued her study of the piano and has taken up teaching. Miss Cornell is interested also in literary and various forms of church work.

MUCH thought is being given to the question: "What method of music teaching is the best?" Any of the superior methods must fail in their efficiency if the teacher's own methods of work are not based on good judgment There are two indications of sound instruction,—the teaching of the pupil to concentrate the mind, and the observance by the teacher of a clearly-defined perspective in her work.

What is concentration? Have we ever paused to consider what a busy world ours is? How many things there are in motion about us, how many sights to see, how many sounds the moving things make, how many different qualities our sense of touch perceives? But are we conscious at one moment of the many sights, sounds, and tactual qualities of objects about us? We are distinctly conscious of but one thing. This thing, when the mind is not under restraint, is usually determined by the intensity of the sensations. Do we habitually allow our minds to be diverted by the most intense sensation of the moment, now a loud noise filling consciousness, next a pretty sight, then the smoothness of some object? If we do, we have no worthy thoughts. Ideas—thoughts—cannot be fostered without the fastening of the mind upon one subject to the exclusion of all others. This is concentration.

Every person knows how easy it is to attend to that which interests him. The aimless miller would surely find no greater difficulty in shunning the bright light than it would in keeping its mind from the interesting subjects. There are, therefore, two kinds of attention, the simple and the voluntary.

We are wont to consider voluntary attention a habit of the trained, adult mind. It should be a habit of every well-taught child. Education is not a cramming, but a drawing-out, process, and we cannot draw out much from an unthinking mind. We should teach our pupils to think, and not leave it to their own unaided efforts. If they study incorrectly, they waste time and miss the intended discipline. Psychology teaches several laws of mental phenomena that will aid us.

We know that if we are listening intently to something and we close our eyes we hear more distinctly. The closing of the eyes prevents the sight-center of the brain from receiving impressions to divert consciousness from the impressions of sound. Again, we keep out impressions of sound when we study by muffling the ears. Since, therefore, we want to help our pupils to pay strict attention, we should take care that arms and feet are kept quiet, head and eyes steady. Restless movements of the body not only diminish the store of energy, but invite impressions from the surrounding objects close to contact.

These laws again teach us that the ease of directing the attention at one moment is determined by the direction of the attention the preceding moment. It is easier, when one has been listening to sounds of any kind, to fix attention upon a tone, than when one has been admiring a beautiful painting. In order to make the lesson-period pleasant a habit of certain teachers intersperses their instruction with comments upon subjects of other interest. Doubtless, the pupil is amused, and never finds the hour dull. Does he never find the practice-period dull? As the pleasant time at the lesson had not been put into the music, how could the child draw it out in his practice? So the period is neither pleasant nor the practice profitable. Instead of chatting upon subjects of no aid to the lesson the teacher should be well prepared with apt illustrations and interesting anecdotes about musicians. This is merely another way of stating that a child does not know how to give voluntary attention to a subject, and that it devolves upon the teacher both to make the subject so interesting that attention need not always be forced, and also to devise means of making voluntary attention easier.

One method of stimulating interest is to get the

pupils to ask questions concerning their work. The asking of intelligent questions on an uninteresting subject is not an easy task. An excellent recipe for finding questions is to have the pupils explain points in their lessons to older persons ignorant of music. The would-be teacher's attempts to meet the questions of such persons with satisfactory answers will reveal to them their limitations, and suggest other questions. Their ability to explain satisfactorily such questions will awaken feelings of self-confidence and interest. We like to do what we can do well.

By psychological laws we are taught again that we give attention to music of strong rhythm more easily than to music of weak rhythm. The strong accents stimulate the mind to the expectation of their recurrence. The expectation intensifies the sensations of sound, and thus secures the attention easily. Music of strong rhythm, then, should be given to pupils who find their work uninteresting.

Still another method of exciting interest and of making strict attention easy is the painting of a word-picture upon the title of the piece, or the explanation of the title, allowing the imagination free play in suggesting thoughts full of life and color. A title painted vividly the pupil will never forget. It will be like a pair of rose-colored glasses to the piece.

So much for concentration. How shall the teacher observe a well-defined perspective in her instruction? By laying stress upon the most important ideas, impressing them firmly upon the pupil's mind by original, fresh illustrations culled from childhood experiences. All other ideas should be grouped about the main one according to their relative importance. The teacher should not present too many ideas, lest the child's impression be complex and confused. The pupil will increase in his power of retaining instruction as he learns to give close attention. The proper time in the lesson at which to explain the important points should be considered also.

The observance of perspective in one's teaching should be given not alone to the lesson as a whole, but also to the entire course of instruction. A teacher may well ask herself: "What points in music-instruction are the most important?" "If in my teaching I lay the most stress upon this or that, what ideas concerning music-study will it give my pupils?" "Would their practice-period be profitable if they held that idea?" "How careful I should be in teaching beginners not to foster wrong notions concerning practice."

Naturally, a child's most decisive impressions of what music-study means are received in his first lessons. Music-study is necessarily a vague idea to him, for it is unlike any of his other studies. Whatever ideas the teacher presents in the first lessons which he can grasp easily he will clutch tenaciously. All ideas given later he will group about it, establishing some relation among them in his mind.

What is of the greatest importance in music—reading well at sight, ability to give the fingers gymnastic exercises upon the keys, or the quality of tones? We all answer: It is the production of lovely, exquisitely-shaded tones. The production of such tones implies fine technic, and some skill in sight-reading, but neither good technic nor great ability to read at sight implies sweet tones. Clearly, then, we must show the pupil from the first lessons that music-study is a study of tones.

The best way to accomplish this is to give ear-training before taking up finger-work or note-study. The child's work and play have developed ability to use the fingers easily, to see quickly, and to perceive similarity of form. His ear has not received special training. It seems better, then, that his perception of sounds should be developed at least as much as his perceptions of sight and of touch. When the child has gained some proficiency in recognizing sounds and their qualities, it would seem best to teach him how to produce those sounds correctly. He should understand well each movement involved before attempting to make it. Its proper production should be practiced until done automatically. The teacher should not fail to connect in the child's mind the quality of tone produced with the manner of producing it so that when the work has become easy, at the mere mention of the quality the child will produce it automatically.

Doubtless the best methods of teaching music possess in common other characteristics than those treated of in this essay. These two, the teaching of concentration of the mind and the mapping out of one's work ahead of time clearly and consistently to an ideal, are of the greatest importance in the teaching of all branches. They are fundamental principles. They are, therefore, of greater value to music than characteristics which pertain to music alone.

CHILD-STUDY: THE TEACHER'S PRIVILEGE AND DUTY.

BY FRANCES C. ROBINSON.

PROBABLY good teachers have always studied their pupils to some extent, but the fact is now recognized that the study of child-nature is one of the best means for making good teachers. In the closing years of this century the pursuit of child-study is followed more and more closely. Old systems of teaching and governing children are passing away, and the prime question now asked of teachers is apt to be: "How much do you know about the child himself?" Teachers of the present study and originate the very best methods of instructing the young; but without the power to discern the varying conditions of child-nature, whether in class or individual training, the best methods of teaching may be productive of undesirable results. This applies to general education and also in a particular manner to *the sacred calling of teaching music.*

Child-study! What a privilege, and yet what a difficult thing! How may we best begin? There is the

scientific study of children, which has been followed out, not only by those who are interested in general education, but by scientific men of our time, who have recognized that science had much to gain from an investigation of the physical growth of children, and of their social characteristics, and also of their mental, moral, and religious tendencies and development. We find professors, or specialists, of certain branches of science all over the world eagerly interested in the investigation of *special phases* of child-life. By this is demonstrated how very much may be learned by a deep study of child-nature. This scientific study of children may not be *absolutely* necessary for,

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MRS. FRANCES C. ROBINSON was born in St. John, N. B., Canada, but has resided in Boston, Mass., and vicinity for the past sixteen years. Her musical education was received in private training under excellent masters. Her first teacher came from the Royal Academy of Music, London, Eng., and he was also, later on, organist and choir-master in one of the English cathedrals. After four years' thorough study with this teacher, Mrs. Robinson was for nine years a pupil of Mrs. Louise (Greening) Armstrong (late of Baltimore, Md.), who graduated from the Paris Conservatoire with great honors, and also studied for several years in Germany, having the honor of playing under Liszt's criticism and teaching. Mrs. Robinson is now living in Wakefield, Mass., where she gives lessons in pianoforte and harmony, and also devotes considerable time to musical journalism and composition.

or possible to, all persons who instruct the young, but such knowledge is *more or less* requisite, and is found to be an excellent foundation for original study and experiment with children.

Up to the present time, all that has been thought necessary in order that the teacher-that-is-to-be may "get her certificate" has been the acquiring of certain facts, or knowledge, of certain branches of study, that would enable such a one to answer certain questions, —*i.e.*, to pass certain examinations *as to facts*,—while these answers could not give the least idea as to the real ability *to guide and instruct the young*. Sometimes we hear it suggested that all teachers of music should be compelled to show a diploma or certificate proving their ability to teach; but no diploma can do this. It can speak only for the teacher's knowledge of facts, and of her own accomplishments.

It is my desire to confine the present article to the subject of cultivation in ourselves of the *gift of teaching*, and to deal with the opportunities that lie before every conscientious, true-hearted teacher of music. Much has been learned from Froebel and his wonderful ideas; and, as the years go on, his methods are being evolved and expanded. A recent writer has alluded to this as "the kindergarten age." Several excellent kindergarten systems have, of late, come into musical life, but the present article will bear upon the instruction of children, and the study of children themselves, who are beyond the age for regular kindergarten training. Children of seven or eight years of age are, generally speaking, unwilling to attend kindergarten classes, musical or otherwise. The following ideas, or hints, are therefore intended for the consideration of teachers who are instructing children from seven to fifteen years of age.

In studying children, and youth, individually, the teacher's powers of observation require to be very keen, and the judgment broad and well balanced. She must study each child's mental capacity and temperament, and also duly note the physical nature, so that she may decide the amount and quality of work which may reasonably be expected from each child. Extra care and patience will be required, of course, for the dull, slow ones. Children whose minds move slowly, and to whom concentration is difficult, must not be too hastily pronounced stupid and inattentive; and the nervous, restless ones must not be called "naughty." Young children must not be expected to keep very still, even during a short music-lesson; it is almost cruel to be too strict on this point. All teachers find that each child needs special instruction, and guidance, adapted to his particular requirements. Musical training should be made to develop and cultivate, in every child, his powers of *observation, reflection*, and *reverence*, and should be made to appeal to his imagination and affections. In other words, the study of music is to be made a means of development of the entire *artistic nature*,—which is but another name for *soul*!

Every child can be taught something of music, if it is presented properly, so that it meets the requirement of each special case. I believe that *unmusical people are the result of early neglect*. Nature's law is inexorable: *"Use and improve, or lose"*!

When I speak of educating a child's powers of observation I do not mean, merely, the bodily senses, but rather the powers which are behind, and which use, the senses. Says a favorite writer: "Behind our senses are the organs which use them; and behind these, the soul itself, with its faculties. We must not confound the organs of observation with the senses, for then we limit the power of their education. Perhaps the eye and ear cannot be trained to very much greater quickness and power, but *the faculties which use the eye and ear certainly can*." These faculties are educated by the study of Nature; they, also, are

educated by the study of art. The same writer, quoted above, goes on to say that knowledge is acquired in two ways, viz.: by perception and by intuition; that by the use of our perceptive powers we come in contact with the actual universe, and by our intuitive faculties we lay hold of the ideal universe.

In musical life there must be, first, the educating of the powers of observation, and, next, the training that will cause children to reflect upon what they have observed. Imagination is part of the intuitional nature. Everything, to be well done, requires the use of the imagination. By our imaginations we perceive the ideal, or "the *perfect* in all things." Musical training makes an appeal, simultaneously, to the intellect and to the imagination. Teachers can, from the very start, begin to train the emotional possibilities of each child. Wise teachers will carefully avoid the dangers of false emotionalism,—mere sentimentalism,—and strive to develop only that which is *true*. Children, generally speaking, have large observation and large imagination. These faculties must be carefully studied, and their development undertaken as a sacred privilege. Le Couppey says: "Teaching requires a special aptitude. . . . This gift of transmitting to others, which is so rare and so precious; this sort of intuition, that penetrates a pupil's character at once; this sure and rapid judgment that discovers the best means of succeeding, whether it be by affection, by mildness, or by firmness; this clearness in demonstration, so necessary with children; in a word, this difficult art of instructing, and at the same time keeping up the interest, all this cannot be learned; it is a gift of Nature rather than a result of study." Granting that the faculty for teaching is "a gift of Nature," I believe that it is possible for persons to be in possession of the gift without realizing it, and I further believe that persons desiring to become teachers of music can do much to help the development, or unfolding, of Nature's powers within themselves. Persons aspiring to teach must cultivate *their own* powers of observation and reflection; thye must cultivate their own imaginations, or poetic natures, and endeavor to assist their own growth, mentally and spiritually. Experience, too, is a great help,—one learns by doing.

Music is the grandest and noblest of all the arts, and all persons who undertake to lead others into musical life should be able to show, to some extent at least, that music has affected them for good and is developing, in them, something of nobility of soul.

No pupil is so trying to the teacher as the careless one—the pupil who, knowing better, is indifferent and negligent; but even in such a case, the teacher must endeavor to break up this indifference; monotony must be avoided, his interest must be awakened, if possible, by some new line of work. The secret of the whole matter, I might say, is *to interest one's pupils*. Lessons, and the talks regarding lessons, must be varied frequently. Much tact and judgment is required in dealing with each pupil. Sometimes young pupils can be lead into a *habit of practice* by making an appeal to their affections and ambition,—they will practice their little lesson to *please their teacher* whom they love, and take a pride in "surprising" her at next lesson by showing how well the exercises can be played. I sometimes offer a tiny prize to children whose parents can say of them, at the end of the term, or season, that they have practiced faithfully and cheerfully.

About once a month I give an afternoon to my juvenile pupils. I invite them to spend an hour, or two, with me. They listen attentively while I tell them, in story fashion, about some of the great musicians, or about some musical instrument and its history. I expect them to remember all they can for our next meeting, when I question them on the former talk. I also encourage them to ask questions. We play musical games, and have piano selections from four or five of those present, after which we play miscellaneous games and have light refreshments. These little meetings afford me an opportunity for making further discoveries in child-nature, and I look forward to them quite as much as the children do.

As I said above, child-study is a difficult thing, but, while difficult, it is a privilege, and a very true pleasure. To get at a child, from all sides, we must see him in various circumstances; only a small part of a child's nature can be observed under any *one* condition. A very large portion of the *real nature* of children is shown in their play. May we teachers never lose interest in studying child-nature, and may we ever *press onward, "toward the high calling"* which we, as music-teachers, have chosen!

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF CONCERTS.

BY EMMA STANTON DYMOND.

"Music has a noble mission in the world. The smallest of its provinces is to amuse."—*Macfarren.*

Concerts.

Obviously not all concerts have an educational character. There are concerts, good enough of their kind, but of "such a mighty poor kind" that it would be absurd to consider them as being educational in any respect. Such a program as the following (I give but a third of it, feeling that more is not to be borne) will serve to show my meaning:

Program.

1. Orchestra (reed-organ and two mouth-organs), "Mocking-Bird."
2. Song....."Let Me Kiss Your Tears Away."
3. Recitation....."Seein' Things at Night."
4. Song and Chorus....."Hello, My Baby!"
5. Orchestra....."Home, Sweet Home."
6. Vocal Duet....."Life's Dream is O'er."
7. Dialogue....."From Pumpkin Ridge."
8. Vocal Quartet...."Come Where the Lilies Bloom."

I venture to say that in many small towns, and in most country places, this is an up-to-date program, productive of general satisfaction and enjoyment on the part alike of performers and audience. I may go further, and say that higher specimens of art would be beyond the comprehension and musical taste of the hearers. But something may be claimed for this program—it presents a harmless and cheap form of amusement, of which no one can complain on the score of want of variety or brevity. But, musically it is not educative.

But we have other concerts; and how thankful we may feel for the advance in musical taste and appreciation which demands a class of concert such as the program extract below will illustrate! It, too, is one of the day, not uncommon this season in any one of our larger towns and cities:

MRS. E. S. DYMOND.

MRS. EMMA STANTON DYMOND was born in Canada where she says, there was no opportunity of receiving instruction in music. Her father, the late Rev. Rural Dean Mellish, and her mother were both musical. Her father found time to encourage and aid her efforts at self-instruction. Mrs. Dymond began to teach the piano in 1881. In 1886 she was one of the first two women to receive the degree of Bachelor of Music at Trinity University, Toronto. In 1887 she was appointed Teacher of Theory in the newly-formed Conservatory of Music in Toronto, and continued on the staff of the conservatory until 1894. In 1888 she was appointed Lecturer of Harmony in St. Hilda's College for Women. Mrs. Dymond traveled abroad in 1897 and resided for thirteen months in Leipzig, Germany, and for five in London, England. During her residence abroad she heard a great deal of good music, and studied with Gustav Schreck, of the Royal Conservatorium, Cantor of the Thomas Schule, Leipzig.

Program.

1. "Sonate," No. 2 (*Grieg*),
   MM. Petschnikoff and Lachaume.
2. "Hymn a la Nuit" (*Gounod*).....M. Pol. Plancon.
3. (*a*) Air (*Bach*),
   (*b*) "Moment Musical" (*Schubert*),
   Miss Ella Ruegger.
4. (*a*) Nocturne,
   (*b*) "Etude," G-flat,
   (*c*) "Ballade," G-flat (*Chopin*),
   M. Mark Hambourg.

CONCERT-GOERS.

In spite of the increasingly large number of good concerts given in our cities and towns each year, the proportion of concert-goers is not so great as it might be. When we except those who go because they "must put in an appearance, you know" (which means the putting on of much fine apparel at home, arriving near the middle of the concert, and leaving some time before its close), those who have, unexpectedly, had tickets presented to them "which it would be a pity not to use," those who go out of curiosity to see (not hear) a famous artist, and those who are persuaded to accompany some music-loving friend, there remains a small number who will obtain real benefit as well as pleasure from a high-class concert.

It is strange to think that there are many students of piano and voice who do not avail themselves of attendance at concerts as a means of study; who work away at home at a Beethoven sonata or a difficult aria and never dream of the inspiration received from the hearing of these works as given by a first-rate artist. Of course, there is the excuse so often heard "I really cannot afford it. My lessons and my music cost so much!" Well, here the teacher may do something. He may urge that to hear Sauer play that sonata is one of the best of lessons, and, if the poverty plea is genuine, even put a few dollars out at interest in the investment of seats to give to such pupils. He could not do better work in the cause of good music. And, once initiated, there is no more enthusiastic concert-goer than the eager, ambitious young music student, who soon develops a faculty for criticism.

Let us remember to enforce the principle of concert-study wherever and whenever we come in contact with the musically unawakened, the conscientious student of piano, or even the too-busy-to-go-anywhere teacher, and what a change we shall see in our audiences! We shall not have to go abroad to learn to listen to music, we shall not have to defend ourselves against the charge of non-appreciation of, and indifference to, good music, but we shall be helping to build our Temple of Art in America so that posterity will bless, and not curse, us.

WHEN WE BENEFIT BY CONCERT-GOING.

Now, to put two and two together, and make, not four, but one,—viz.: the relation of study to concert-going.

Given the opportunity of hearing some such concert as the above, whether it be song-recital or piano evening, oratorio or symphony orchestra, let me say that enjoyment will be in exact proportion to the pains

taken beforehand to understand what we are going to hear.

"He that hears musie without the ability to discriminate its constituents resembles one who witnesses a dramatic performance in an unknown foreign language; who may be charmed by the gestures and the elocution of the actors, and even understand the course of the action, but, understanding not the words that are spoken, must be dead to the poetry of the work."—*Macfarren.*

It is hard to make some people understand that there can be a greater or higher enjoyment of musie than they already possess. They are so content to bathe themselves in waves of musical sound, and to receive purely sensuous impressions, impressions which fade as soon as received, that we are informed after a missionary appeal to their better feelings: "Oh, I don't believe that these very critical people do really *enjoy* music! They are so occupied in thinking about it they have no room for sensation of any kind." Of the intellectual enjoyment which comes only after the study of form in music, of the history of music, and by the cultivation of the art of listening to music they are satisfied to know nothing.

We must not fail to recognize the good work done in this direction by the many music clubs which have sprung up everywhere. "The study of the lives of the composers and their works" forms the basis on which such clubs meet, and to many bring added knowledge and wider culture as the result of the season's work.

But individual effort is needed before the real benefit of hearing good music is obtained and lasting impressions secured. We are too prone to ascend the hill of science in a sedan chair, and to do our thinking by proxy. Let us read for ourselves how music is made, and who made it.

"The necessary laws of musie are few and simple. We can easily acquire the rudiments of harmony, counterpoint, and form, and when we possess them we shall learn more from hearing the great composers than from all the lectures and analysis in Christendom. To obtain a mastery over the practical application of these laws involves, no doubt, the work of a life-time; but this is not what we want, it is appreciation, not production, that we have in view, and our object demands more of the charity that edifieth than of the knowledge that puffeth up," says a recent English writer.

This is surely not too much to ask of us, and when this has been accomplished we shall have more intelligent listeners, more intelligent critics at our concerts. Instead of merely admiring the color of Mr. P.'s hair as he sits at the piano, or the agility of Mr. J.'s left hand in "runs," or the high notes of the new tenor, and the bow arm of the latest importation in violinists, we shall in addition be capable of hearing and feeling the power and beauty of music itself.

The practice of following a performance of a large concerted work with score in hand is advocated by some, discouraged by others. If there should be time for sufficient study of such a work before its performance, it would perhaps be better to leave the score at home. But where only one performance is given, and very little time can be had for study, score-following at concerts is no doubt useful and instructive.

Listening is always more concentrated when the eyes are closed, or when one is in a dark room. From which it need not be inferred that the ideal concert-room should be darkened, nor that the ideal concert-goer is necessarily blind! There is often too much to distract the would-be listener in his surroundings. To say nothing of talking and whispering, the glare of overlighting, the rustling of programs, and, *why* does no one protest against the barbarous practice of hand-clapping by way of approval of what has just been enjoyed? Surely, if the truest form of applause is silence, we might be allowed to express ourselves in that way, if in no other. The sudden transition from musie to noise is nearly always abominably startling.

THE TEACHER'S EQUIPMENT.

BY HARVEY WICKHAM.

It is of the teacher's equipment as it should be, not as it too often is, that I wish to speak; and I purpose to ignore that obvious essential—knowledge of subject. He who attempts to impart that of which he himself is ignorant is quite outside the pale of discussion. There are, however, other requisites in the cargo of those who set sail as instructors (if the figure may pass) which are less self-evident, but no less worthy of attention. First to mind comes

Critical Skill.

Clumsy criticism is responsible for more harm than many worse-appearing things. Fault-finding, when not guided by intelligence, is always useless and usually pernicious. If you cannot tell a pupil what is wrong to the minutest detail of its wrongness, you can only breed distrust of himself and dislike for you if you tell him that he is wrong at all. Once in a hundred times you may induce some one to analyze the fault or go to another preceptor to have it analyzed for him, while occasionally a complacent soul is to be met from whose duck-back intelligence reproof rolls like water; but none of these exceptions is practically worth looking for. "He who cannot build would better tear not down" is a good adage.

Criticism, to be skillful, must first of all be intelligent. It must be understood by the teacher, who should know exactly what he is taking exceptions to. In listening to a performance he must not only know that it differs from the ideal, but *wherein* it differs from the ideal. If a run is not according to note, he must observe exactly what mistakes were made, instead of indulging in general grumbling remarks. I once overheard a teacher criticising a performance of Chopin's C-sharp minor waltz. The player carried the chromatic passage of the run with which the second

movement concludes one note too far, playing C for C-sharp.

"That is not correct," said the teacher, and he repeated the remark no less than five times without telling what was amiss. It is such teaching as this which is not worth the fee.

Skillful criticism must also be intelligible to the student. If one calls the attention of a rather dull pupil to everything that is ill in his playing, a helpful impression will not be made, no matter how exact and well-chosen the language may be. A mind which has not learned to distinguish between the accented and unaccented parts of a measure cannot for the life of it conceive of an even *ritardando*. What is the use of mentioning the latter before a clear idea is formed of the former? If a familiar text may be altered a trifle, "when a mote and beam are both in the same eye, by all means remove the beam first." To cite a case in point, let me relate a studio experience of my own.

The subject was a boy of about fourteen. He had been given up by three other teachers as a musical ignoramus beyond the reach of pedagogics. I received him more out of curiosity and as an experiment than for any other reason. He had no conception whatever of rhythm or pitch. That is to say, he paid no intelligent attention to the sound of his performance. The number of his other faults may be imagined easier than enumerated. In his general studies he was rather bright, and he had been a student of music for three years!

The first thing I did was to play simple rhythms for him on one tone till he could tell by ear whether a tone was prolonged one beat or two. Then I had him play similar exercises himself, then simple tunes (execrable ones they were, the trashiest I could find) till he could go through them with tolerable rhythmical accuracy. When he began to have a clear idea of the meaning of "swing" when applied to music, I called his attention to the subject of pitch. Heretofore, I had said "Very good," if he went through a passage without interrupting the movement, even if fifty per cent. of the notes were wrong. After much difficulty I taught him to distinguish the difference in sound between C and C-sharp. Then the difference in sound between a major and a minor triad. Then the difference in sound between the right note and a wrong one when he was himself playing them. Later, we took up the subjects of fingering and touch; and so on until he was really not a bad performer of simple compositions, and learned to enjoy his lessons and delight his parents. I cannot say that it is altogether worth while for such as he to study music at all, though the slough in which he was found was mainly the fault of his first teacher; but I do think it a good thing for the instructor occasionally to accept a case of this kind. Many things are learned in trying to force ideas into unaccustomed brains. I myself gained much besides the art of criticising from my relations with this boy, as will appear in the course of this paper.

The average teacher does not appreciate the darkness which surrounds the pupil's intellect. Things, obvious to the educated, are hard sayings to the ignorant, simply because things yet more obvious to the one are dimly comprehended by the other. As a general rule, we do not strike deep enough to get at the root of mistakes. A famous animal trainer once told me that the secret of his success lay in his ability to put himself in the animal's place and see the world out of the animal's eyes. "A horse," said he, "cannot lift himself to the intellectual plane of a man. If they are to establish a connection, the man must lower himself to the intellectual plane of the horse. In so doing he will discover what it was which prevented the horse from doing what was wanted." This brings me to another item in the ideal teacher's equipment,—

Sympathy.

I dislike to use the word in this connection, for it is so hackneyed that it conveys little meaning to many. Sympathy is the putting of one's self into the place of another. It is the stooping of a man, for example, to the level of the horse's mind. It must always come from the higher creature to the lower, never from the lower to the higher. Knowledge in itself is insufficient for the sympathetic teacher—knowledge of music, I mean, for that merely implies that he has overcome the difficulties which beset his own path. In the path of the pupil may lie many stumbling blocks which the teacher never personally encountered. No two ever climbed Parnassus by the same route, and it behooves the instructor to familiarize himself with all the highways and by-ways and the difficulties and dangers of each. He must know the approach to every hardship from every direction. He must, in imagination at least, have dashed his head against every tree in the forest of perplexity and have done it from every point of the compass. This is the price of insight and the origin of sympathy.

So-and-so fails to play two notes against three—but every beginner fails here. Why has So-and-so this trouble, and is it the same trouble which What's-his-name has? Is it the same trouble that the teacher has had, or is it a trouble which So-and-so has pre-empted all to himself? These are questions which sympathy alone can answer. What's-his-name may have an undeveloped left hand which requires so much attention that none is left for the right; while So-and-so may have equally-developed hands, but no mental conception of the effect of two notes played against three. What *he* needs is illustration, while the *former* needs technic. I do not think that a dullard makes eventually the best teacher simply because he has stumbled over every conceivable difficulty himself, but *I do* think that the gifted will not find it lost labor to give some time to the study of the anatomy of inferior minds. Yet sympathy is powerless if it cannot inspire a receptive mood in the mind of its object. Pupils close their hearts to those they do not like, and the teacher must have the faculty of—let us call it

THE FACULTY OF INSPIRING CONFIDENCE.

The dull boy I have described above made no progress until I had been at some pains to remove a barrier which at first existed between us. In the beginning, he looked upon his lesson very much as an ancient heretic must have looked upon the rack. He paid no attention to what I said, for the reason that he did not believe it could mean anything to him. He had no ambition to improve, because he did not see any sense in music. I think the boy's attitude was an altogether rational one. He really had never listened to music, and the burden of proving that it was worth listening to certainly fell justly upon the shoulders of those who compelled him to study it. I began by getting him to talk of himself and of the subjects he was interested in. His respect for me greatly increased when he found I was "up" on the rules and gossip of foot-ball. There is no difference, save in degree of development, between the mind of a child and that of an adult, nor any reason for treating one radically different from the other. At first the boy was shy—mentally shy, I mean—unwilling to give his ideas and opinions, and backward in laying bare his interest in things. This was because he was a stranger to sympathy and unused to having his intellectual being respected by an adult. I succeeded in making him confess his dislike for music and I convinced him that he had not given it a fair trial. From that time, he began to be *interested in me*; and to think that what I said might be worth listening to. In fine, he had "sized me up" and pronounced me, probably, "not half bad."

Few realize the profundity of the intellectual contempt which a child often feels for its elders, because the latter demand that their sayings be accepted on authority and will not take the trouble to demonstrate the reasonableness of their commands. The teacher who deals with the young (and all pupils are so in many respects) should not mistake the questioning attitude of a darkened mind for impertinence. Convince a child that you are wise, indeed, and his respect flows toward you as naturally as a river flows toward the sea,—a respect far different from that hypocritical deference which experience has taught him to pay to those having power.

MUSICAL BUSYBODIES.

BY CHARLES A. FISHER.

HE flourishes in every musical community, does the musical busybody, and should there be some obscure hamlet still happy in the early stages of blissful artistic innocence, be assured that sooner or later the musical busybody will appear on the surface of events to assume the reins of government and show people how these things must be done.

In the larger communities he has been long in vogue, and he may be easily recognized by the feverish activity and frantic zeal with which he labors for the good of the cause.

He is the bane of editors and the scourge of the busy world of commerce and finance. The harassed railway official, the much-occupied lawyer, the distracted physician of many patients,—every man of any prominence,—is subject to his perpetual importunities,—none can escape him. The seclusion of the study, the privacy of the home, the sanctity of the church present no barriers that cannot be surmounted by this indefatigable propagandist of a self-appointed mission.

His energy is stupendous and his persistence undaunted. He is impervious alike to snubs, to sarcasm, or to personal expulsion *a tergo*.

People observing this, and being themselves, for the most part, averse to any great individual exertion *pro bono publico*, modestly submit to his regency.

Rival busybodies do indeed occasionally arise who, for the sake of a position in society or in politics, or for some other the like unmusical but warmly cherished ambition, are anxious to bear aloft the banner of artistic progress; but after a few attempts ending in failure the futility of their efforts is impressed upon them and, overawed by the crushing invincibility of genius, they furl their colors and drop into inglorious obscurity.

The palm of acknowledged superiority is now firmly grasped by the great and only musical busybody, and his sway becomes imperial.

True, he must continue to be active, but he glories in activity; this perpetual motion is to him even as the breath of his nostrils. He feels, too, that the price of imperialism is eternal vigilance.

He is up early and late, and his slumbers are fitfully disturbed by the pale spectres of rival busybodies from the limbo of musical oblivion, or by the dread amorphous apparitions of upstart busybodies yet to be apprehended. His visage becomes drawn and anxious, and he flits nervously about within his fortifications like a commandant burdened with cares and responsibilities, perpetually examining the weak spots in his breastworks with a view to beating back an expected attack of the enemy.

Some poor, sparsely-rewarded society reporter of the daily "Intelligencer," snatched rudely from peaceful routine labors and forced to write a criticism on some concert bossed by Busybody, fails to speak in terms of superlative adulation of the singer or instrumental virtuoso or chorus, as the case may be.

Immediately the Busybody rushes into action by calling on the editor.

One of the enemy writes a letter to the morning paper. The Busybody at once bombards him with a reply.

Ever and anon there is a lull, the enemy probably considering it a hopeless case. But this state of quiet and heavenly rest is not to the liking of Busybody, who, having now arrived at that pass where (like "Mad Anthony" Wayne) he never sleeps, brings his

worn-out old muzzle-loaders to the front and bombards the newspaper sanctums promiscuously with his wads of platitudinous manuscript. Nor does he stop for breath until he has goaded some of the less philosophical of the enemy into retort, whereupon the battle wages more fiercely than ever.

The Busybody now proceeds to pile upon himself further cares, duties, and perplexities.

He is omnipresent. You see him at all receptions, at all social gatherings, at all public functions, and from one week's end to the other he is in continual evidence,—in speech, in letter, in person,—everywhere. Of course, this sort of thing is telling on his constitution. He is getting sallow and dyspeptic and neurotic; but though the hand of death gripe him he will not release his hold.

The sweets of power are not so easily relinquished. For he is now become a great authority in the little local musical world. He makes and mars reputations, he dictates programs to directors, the tone of criticism to the press, deportment and methods of instruction to the professional musician and to the teacher.

Without his certificate, signed, sealed, and publicly delivered, no singer or player or teacher need hope to go about his business nor raise his voice above a whisper in the town, except to his own dire undoing. As to these wretched creatures, there is nothing for it but to crawl contritely within the fortifications and help Busybody load his cannon.

And here it is that the frantic zeal and misdirected energy of the busybody call for attention on the part of the profession. The question of general detriment to the cause of music may perhaps be safely left to take care of itself, for, though the musical busybody may labor under the fond delusion that all musical progress in his community will come to an abrupt stand-still as soon as he is laid beneath the sod, future generations will probably prove him in error on this point.

In all musical undertakings of a public character, especially in larger enterprises such as choral associations and the like, somebody has got to do the errands. There is a great deal of detail business work that must be performed, work that requires attention and activity. But seeing that there are so many people in the world whose intelligence lies mainly in their heels (people, as Fielding tells us, bearing their heads only by way of conventionality and so as to have a place to hang their hats), would it not be well for musical organizations to hire some one for the energetic hustling at so much per hustle?

The musical busybody would be admirably adapted for such a position, for, in addition to his other qualifications, he is, as a rule, not a person of means, and a proper pecuniary stipend would probably induce him to accept. By this plan he would doubtless be relieved of the strange hallucination under which he labors that a long career of leg-activity has made him capable of judging as to the comparative value of musical compositions, and that protracted exercise in "sprinting" in the musical field has entitled him to pass upon the merits of professional musicians and conscientious teachers.

The busybody has here been referred to exclusively, and rather unfairly, perhaps, as "he." Very frequently, however, ungallant as it may appear to say so, he is of the feminine persuasion, and, to the glory of the "restless" sex be it said, has proved quite as formidable behind the musical artillery as did ever the most valiant "he"-busybody in Christendom.

The remedy suggested above calls to mind an admirable singing society in one of the larger Eastern cities, established years ago and still in existence, which had adopted some such plan. The president of this society has always been some lady of leisure, taste, culture, and means, who conducted the affairs of the chorus in a quiet, dignified manner and furnished money when it was needed, the "sprinting" being relegated to help, glad to do the work. The director was left free to make his own programs, not even the president arrogating to herself the right of interference. The doings of the club have rarely appeared in the papers, but the best of the musical public in that city goes to its concerts year after year to hear the best works well performed.

Of course, such ideal conditions are not to be looked for everywhere, but let us not forget that, generally speaking, the remedy as against the unholy activity of the busybody lies, to a great extent, with the cultivated amateurs and in the hands of the respectable teachers of a community.

Among other valuable things there comes down to us through the wisdom of the ages an ancient dictum reading thus: "The gods hate busybodies and those who do too much!"

Let our friends, the cultivated amateurs and all those earnestly interested in the dignified development of the art, remember this. And as for the professional musicians and the music teachers, let them ponder well that other trite and precious guide of conduct, to the effect that "The gods detest a coward!"

THE FIRST AGE OF A MUSICIAN.

BY MABEL WAGNALLS HULL.

At first, the infant prodigy, whose mamma says: "He can pick out any tune he hears," an ability, by the way, which argues little of future greatness. Many a household harbors one of these youthful piano-pickers, and tales are told of his earlier achievements: how, as a baby, he would jump up and down at the sound of a hand-organ, and all the family had to remark "How much he loves music." High hopes are entertained, and as soon as the general council deems it expedient he is initiated into the mysteries of "Do-re-mi." But this does not appeal to him as deeply as his mother had hoped, and he dismisses the whole rigmarole by declaring he prefers to "play what he hears." This is accepted as one phase of genius,

and, as he does have a clever knack of remembering melodies and rhythm, he is allowed to bang away at his own sweet will and the listener is expected to bestow all the more praise because "he has never taken a lesson in his life, plays everything by ear, and doesn't know one note from another."

The unmusical are deceived by this statement, for they themselves do not know a melody from a chord, and therefore accept as fact that this phenomenon can play, in its entirety after one hearing, a piece that another must work long to learn. This reputation sometimes follows a person through life if he does not correct the impression or know enough to be ashamed of it.

Rhythm is the first and lowest form of musical appreciation, and, indeed, it has little to do with the ear; stone-deaf people can enjoy the rhythm of music, savages beat their tom-toms with admirable regularity, and so when a child "keeps time as the soldiers go by" do not imagine he will one day wield a baton. Melody is a somewhat surer indication.

But harmony is the test. If the child cannot endure a discord; if, when his little fingers by chance fall on C and D, he quickly lets go till he gets hold of C and E or some other pleasing combination, which he plainly prefers, then know that he is "one who hath an ear that can hear." The piano as a piece of furniture fascinates him, and he is always sidling up to it; but he never "bangs" on the keyboard; no child should be allowed to do this under any circumstances; but the musical one never needs to be told. He watches intently and listens when anyone plays, though this is not always a sure sign of the divine spark, as some children will stare immobile during a long performance just because "the lady has spangles on her dress." The dawning musician also evinces a fondness for music books; and, before his mother has decided to teach him the notes, he asks her and is impatient to find out what they mean. Another peculiarity of such a child is that he hears whatever is said in his presence about music, and remembers it in his own way.

The following is a true story of a five-year-old boy who in after years became a well-known organist: One day his mother thoughtlessly suggested that he "go traveling." As they lived in a small town near the depot, he knew what "traveling" meant. So, after filling his pockets with buttons for money and taking a big umbrella, he proceeded to the depot, where he was, by chance, helped into a train, under the impression that he belonged to some passenger. No one noticed him until the conductor asked for his ticket, whereupon the child solemnly presented buttons, and said he was going to his Uncle John's, who lives in "a big white house with glass all around it." There was much commotion in the train over the lost child, who was soon thoroughly frightened and could give no further information about himself.

But it so chanced that one of the trainmen had occasionally noticed a large white house peculiarly surrounded by a conservatory, which could be seen from the cars. So the child was transferred, and late in the night carried to his astonished relative, where his first words were: "I come to hear the big organ!" No one had suspected that the child ever listened when they talked of the new church organ; but it seems that this was on his mind all the time, and had prompted the whole adventure.

It would hardly be fair to assert that the musical child so loves the piano that he prefers it at all times to the dinner-table, but it is a fact that his ambition can easily be aroused and practice made interesting.

If the idea is suggested he will enter heartily into the plan of memorizing a Mozart sonata for "Papa's Christmas present," to be performed for the first time on that occasion. He can be kept busy all the year round making birthday presents in this way—if the recipients are thoughtful enough to *show appreciation.* This point, by the way, cannot be too strongly impressed. The budding musician is a tender plant—too easily nipped by the frosty atmosphere of indifference. However fond he is of music, no child can supply the enthusiasm for a whole household. Skates and kites and young companions are potent attractions, too; and, unless his spirit is sustained by loving encouragement, the years of promise will slip by all too soon, and there will be cast upon the world another "misfit," grieving and pained all his life because he cannot express the music that is in him. People seldom consider the fact that nearly every great musician had not only a good teacher to begin with, but some music-lover in the family who furnished the needed inspiration. Some one who always had listening ears during the practice-hour, who even sat at the piano or ran into the room every minute or two commending a phrase, or checking some fault overheard or humming with untiring pleasure the much worn melody.

To send a child alone to an unused parlor to practice on a piano that has its legs tied up and keys cold to the touch is nothing less than musical infanticide. Likewise for any member of the family to ever complain of the "noise" or evince dislike for a certain much-practiced piece is, to a young, sensitive nature, the death-knell to ambition.

The child once launched upon the study of music is never too young to enjoy, in his own way, a grand opera. He has no idea of the plot and does not need it. The stage is, to him, a square piece of the sky cut open and showing the wonder-workings of another world, where beautiful creatures in glistening array disport among colored lights filled with music. He catches a melody here and there, a chord or a phrase that fills his young heart near to bursting—that joyous pain that only the true musician knows. Returned home, he rushes to the piano and tries to rescue the fleeting memories. He pieces together some bits of melody with the glue of his imagination—and then asks you to listen. But you fail to enthuse over single tones rather jerkily presented, and wonder why he is so delighted. This indicates one fundamental

difference between the musical and unmusical ear. He hears what is *intended;* the holes in the harmony do not bother him, nor the uneven rhythm, because he can insert with his mind all of the missing tones. The wise parent tells him of all the great musicians, and the incidents in their childhood, and he soon has dreams of being like them. His life is usually apart from other children, for they cannot enter into his enthusiasm, and he is seldom understood. To him "a song" means the music; to others "a song" means the words. The world may be divided into these two classes.

SUPERVISING THE HEALTH OF PUPILS.

BY FANNY MORRIS SMITH.

It is very difficult to train a hand the skin of which is in bad condition. Now, the skin is one of the three organs of excretion, the other two being the lungs and the intestines. Nine young girls out of ten put nearly all the work of the intestines and lungs on their skin, and the result is a chronic disturbance of this all-important organ. Anything more sluggish than the typical school-girl (especially the typical boarding-school girl) when physical exercise is demanded of her it is impossible to imagine. She will conspire for weeks to get out of gymnastics that ought to be a delight; when sent out for the morning ten-minute walk she will shiver motionless in the winter sun when she should be romping and frisking. She behaves exactly like a pussy-cat that longs to lie supine in a warm corner all day and only wake up at night when mousing expeditions are in order. The result is a chronic decrease of functional activity throughout the entire intestinal tract, and all the soluble matter which should pass out by the digestive processes is forced out by improper channels. The lungs are the first sufferers; but the lungs themselves—unused and not expanded by deep breathing and free motion in the open air—do not do their work either. The skin is thus the vehicle of extrusion. What piano-teacher fails to recognize that unhealthy, overworked skin; or has not been made to realize over and over in her teaching the difficulty of putting music into these clogged-up systems drowsy from their own poisonous secretions, or else hopelessly nervous and unhinged? Yellow or disfigured by eczema, morbid, cross, inert or feverishly overexcited, neither mind nor body are fit for the prosecution of the art of music, which is based on the rhythmical motions of health. In such cases the beginning of art must be a prescription from the family physician for the choked and inert liver; a vigorous prosecution of exercise, gymnastic and walking; a careful drill in the principles of breathing. Whereupon health, beauty, and musical advancement will occur simultaneously.

It is not the province of this paper to meddle with the duties of the family physician; but on the subject of breathing much remains to be taught. It is usually asserted that women should breathe from the upper part of their lungs and men from the lower. True, the majority of women do breathe in this way This is the cause of their weak physical condition. Singers do not; and what pictures of rosy health they usually present! The true way to breathe is from the bottom of the lungs. Let the anemic girl go every night to her open window in a loose dress and standing with her hands on her sides just above the waist-line, slowly fill her lungs from the very bottom in such a way that the sides are consciously expanded first and the upper part of the chest last. Let her count slowly as she does this so that the action will be rhythmical, and the exhalation take at least as much time as the inhalation, and also be felt first at the bottom of the lungs. Let her begin with half a dozen inhalations at a time, and proceed carefully to extend the number and the length of time required to complete the action. In three weeks she will experience a new sense of life and elasticity. In six she will be a renewed woman. With elasticity comes technic. It is the root of technic.

The increase of the lung-cells and their greater efficiency is an increase of the blood-cleansing process of respiration, and at the same time an increase of the vital and electrical energies of the nervous system. If the nervous system is enfeebled or disarranged, progress in technic is utterly impossible, for technic is, primarily, a correct action of the nerves, beginning with the nerves of the skin. For this particular system of nerves a good rub daily from head to foot with a flesh-brush will often do wonders. It is often better than inordinate bathing, as it stimulants and does not drain off the vital force.

The activity of the nerves of the skin at the finger-tips and along the course of the muscles which control the hands and arms is one great object of piano-practice. A large part of piano-technic consists in identifying, recognizing, and correlating the peculiar sensations occasioned by the motions involved in technic and along the line of muscular action. The action of the nerves is reciprocal. The will excites the motor nerves to action. The nerves of feeling telegraph the sensation thus caused to the automatic ganglion, which sets up a responsive automatic action by which the cycle of motions is completed and repeated. A familiar example of automatic nervous action is seen in the British method of recognizing deserters. At the word "strap" the finger of a British soldier automatically seeks a certain part of his uniform which, when in the army, he is in the habit of adjusting at this word of command. The fact that there is no uniform does not alter the correlation in his mind between the command and the motions of his hand. He cannot help doing it in spite of will and reason. All the normal motions of the body are the result of such automatic correlation of nervous action, and the art of piano-playing comes under exactly the same laws.

If the skin becomes so diseased as to interfere with or weaken the familiar sensations, the technic suffers

correspondingly. The better the bodily condition, the better the nerves will learn their work of automatic action and the more infallible will be their response to the play of the eye, the ear, the mind, and the emotion.

Nothing is better for flabby skin, skins hardened by bodily disorders, chapped and roughened with exposure or caustic soaps than lanolin (extract of wool-oil) rubbed well into the pores. Where the skin is not nourished from within, as often happens in cases of non-assimilation of food, it may be fed in this way with excellent result. Where hands are tight knit and must be stretched, lanolin will impart the necessary elasticity, or, better still, the "skin-foods" to be had of reliable manicure establishments.

Pupils vary very much at different times in the condition of the skin of their hands and arms. In certain forms of nervous and assimilative disorders the skin of the palm of the hand hardens and thickens, and when the difficulty is removed recovers its softness and elasticity. Pupils with very thin-skinned palms, with faint, red lines are usually very emotional and sensitive, but they are also frequently too weak to play the piano successfully. The more feline the qualities of skin and muscle and nervous action, the better the technic will be. If you watch a cat about to spring, it is certain that the nerves of her spinal column are in intense activity long before she consummates the action. A similar nervous activity may be detected in the back of a concert-pianist in full swing in his piece. His whole spinal column is excited, and in full rhythmical activity. In moments of climax he even springs up and down in his seat. But this capacity for rhythmical excitability does not necessarily imply a noble or sensitive imagination.

The action of the imagination on the secretions and thus upon the skin cannot be overestimated. The cold, clammy hand which leaves a slimy track on the keys is the peculiar property of the young girl whose emotional nature has been cultivated out of all proportion to her physical development. Fear affects the heart and bathes the body in cold perspiration; and these self-centered, self-conscious self-tormentors literally exude their thousand fears through the pores of their skin. Piano-playing, by furnishing an outlet for their pent-up imaginations, is often a means of cure in itself. Unfortunately these delicate constitutions are peculiarly liable to colds, and, by an easy step, to catarrhs. Deep breathing and fresh air are a cure for their woes, but they will seldom take it. They pride themselves on their "sensibility"; but this sensibility is a bar to great success in piano-playing. Clammy hands are often the result of anemia; and anemia is as dangerous as it is common. Fear is a prime cause of anemia; and so is the desire for a slender figure.

There are various peculiar manifestations of stupidity in music which are largely physical. Stupidity in combination with a brown skin and a sticky hand indicates a sluggish liver; stupidity with pale cheeks and hollow eyes, anemia; stupidity with insomnia may very likely be the result of malaria or an interesting love-affair. There was once a teacher in a country-town whose unfailing remedy for thick-headedness in her pupils was a course of wheat-phosphates. She said it never failed.

Low spirits and consequent relaxed muscles make progress in technic impossible. You cannot train an organ that is in disorder. Moreover, when mind and body are out of order the action of the muscles is not co-ordinate. The flexor muscles are contracted by an overwrought mental condition, and when the extensors are, in turn, contracted to reverse the motion of the joints in any given cycle of muscular action the flexors do not relax in time. In such cases the two opposite muscles pull against each other, and clumsiness and in severer cases cramp result. As vitality decreases the power of prompt relaxation also decreases. Grace, nimbleness, and precision depend on the exact co-ordination of the action of the opposing motor nerves. In the majority of cases a special course of relaxing exercises is of great use in developing this power. When depressed in spirits, or weary, sight and hearing are less keen. Children who read very well when fresh and very poorly when tired are a part of every teacher's experience. Thus, at every step in the giving of piano-lessons the work of teaching grows more complex. At the bottom, temperament is the cause of clumsiness of all sorts. Laughter in large doses, fresh air in heroic doses, a pleasant book, a cheerful subject of hope, a course of dancing-lessons, salt baths, in combination, often work wonders.

The nerves of the public-school child who undergoes monthly examinations should, however, be considered apart from all foregoing statements. In the case of this most disappointing of all pupils the effort is being made to establish a co-ordinate system of mental nervous action to the exclusion and detriment of all other. Perception, sensation, emotion, and muscular activity are each forcibly held in abeyance for many hours each day while the brain is stimulated to incessant activity. The result is that the activity of the functions named is weakened, impaired, and disorganized. The blood goes to the head instead of the back when bodily action is called for; they are utterly unable to pass to that condition of bodily poise where perception and feeling work together in artistic expression. Neither technic nor tone can thrive under such conditions.

I have spoken of the causes of an unduly moist skin. There are some pupils who have an equally pernicious fever and dryness. Some pianists have a way of getting skin-cracks when they are practicing. Sometimes these cracks are deep enough to make playing impossible. They may often be traced to dyspepsia, which may or may not arise from gout. Court-plaster (*not* moistened with saliva) is the handiest thing to close them temporarily, but the cure should be sought in restoring the digestive functions. Anxiety, jealousy, rivalry, homesickness, and petty bickerings upset the school-girl's stomach, create a fevered skin, and entail skin-cracks.

The nails of people in health are rosy and smooth, not brittle nor unduly thick nor thin. White nails imply anemia; fluted nails almost always indicate a

disease of the matrix of the nail; but heart disease or other disturbances of the circulation will cause fluted nails. When the conditions become at all marked it is worth while to consult a physician.

Finally teachers who consider the physical conditions of their pupils will be wary of giving young girls on the verge of hysteria the passionate nocturnes of Liszt or the tragedies of Beethoven. The emotional life of the growing girl should be sweet and wholesome. She has no business with emotions that belong to maturity either in music, literature, or social life. Sufficient to the day is the suffering thereof.

ORGANIZING A VOLUNTEER CHORUS-CHOIR IN A COUNTRY CHURCH.

BY EVERETT E. TRUETTE.

THE pastor has announced that a volunteer chorus-choir will be organized to supply the vocal music of the church services, commencing on the first Sunday of next month, and has given out a general invitation to all who sing and care to join the chorus to come to the church on a certain evening. It will be your duty as organist and director to organize and drill this chorus, and if it is your first experience you know not what awaits you.

When the evening arrives you may find the total number of aspirants is eight—seven sopranos—old and young—and one "wavering tenor" with a much-curled blonde mustache; or, better, you may find fifteen people ready to join the chorus, some of whom "sing a little" and some of whom sing "not a bit"; or, best of all, you may have forty people who would like to join the chorus, many of whom have fair voices.

What will you do first?

The most business-like thing would be to have each one sing to you individually, singing part of some representative hymn-tune and a scale to show the power and compass of the voice. You would thus be able to jot down the name and capabilities of each one; but if you should announce such an intention a large number of those present would immediately have engagements elsewhere. One might think that this indicated their incapacity, but such is not always the case, for quite a number of chorus-singers with fair voices are overpowered with a false pride which will not permit them to have their capabilities examined. Oftentimes a roundabout way is the quickest and surest way to town.

Without any further ado, ask those who sing soprano (you, of course, mean those who *think* that they sing soprano) to sit in the front row at your left, facing you, those who sing alto to sit in the front row at your right, and place the tenors back of the sopranos and the basses back of the altos. You will thus learn the first wish of the singers without putting the question to them directly, viz.: that perhaps eight ladies wish to sit in the soprano section, whether they sing soprano or not, and only two or three care to grace the alto section. The gentlemen are less particular with regard to seats, except that Mr. A, who has a large bass voice, wishes to sit behind Miss B, a soprano, because of some kind of attraction other than the music. Do not criticise, at first, the lack of balance of parts.

Ask them to sing one or two very familiar hymns. This will clear their throats and awaken their interest in singing. As there are only two or three altos, have them sing over the alto part alone two or three times to "gain strength." Most likely a couple of the would-be sopranos will take pity on them, remembering that they used to sing alto themselves, and will decide to change to the alto section. This will help balance the division of the ladies' voices. Never mind if the tenors are weak and off the key. That is to be expected at first.

Try over the hymns several times, calling attention to one or two points of rhythm or intonation which you know they can correct easily, and possibly sing over the individual parts separately, unless you find that they do not try to sing when you ask them to sing alone. Then bring forth a very easy and tuneful anthem, one which is free from difficult leads or complicated rhythm. Have them sing it entirely through without stopping, if possible. If they lose their places keep on playing and get them to come in with the next phrase. This will encourage them in sight-reading and give them an idea of the whole composition. If they cannot read it at all, play the anthem entirely through while they listen and watch their parts. When you have finished, perhaps some of the singers will say "pretty." If so, you can score one.

Returning to the beginning of the anthem, make the chorus sing over the first phrase several times, correcting the errors in any of the parts, urging them to sing together and to avoid dragging. After improving the first phrase treat the second likewise. Go entirely through the anthem by phrases, after which have them sing the whole anthem. Return to those passages which they sang poorly, and try them over separately several times. Sing whole anthem again once or twice. By this time the chorus should have a fair idea of the piece. Do not expect anything approaching perfection at first, it requires constant and continued work. Collect the music of this first anthem and induce sociability while you are selecting another.

Select a second anthem which shall be a contrast to the first. Treat it the same as the first, remembering that the first point to be gained is to awaken a genuine interest and enthusiasm among the singers for the work of the chorus.

At the close of the rehearsal, after thanking them for their attention, announce that you need a few more altos or basses, as the case may be, and ask those present to invite others who may be able to strengthen the weaker parts. Then, in the most delicate manner possible, state that it will be for the interest of everyone individually and of the whole

chorus collectively, if each one would sing to you individually, to show you just what the material of the chorus is, which will enable you to select music which is best adapted to their capabilities, etc., etc., etc.

Announce that you would like to hear each one sing his or her individual part of a certain hymn-tune (inform them which one, so that they may practice it) and a slow scale to show the compass of the voice, before the next rehearsal.

If you have succeeded in arousing some degree of interest in the singing, the members of the chorus will be less apt to object to singing to you individually than if you proposed it at the very outset.

At the second rehearsal you may find that a few who were present at the first rehearsal "have resigned." This will save you more or less trouble, for anyone who cannot (or will not) sing his or her part of an ordinary hymn-tune before the director of the chorus would not be an acquisition, as harmony among the members and sympathy between each member and the director are just as essential to the success of the chorus as vocal ability. It must be remembered that one obstinate singer with a fair voice can retard the progress of the choir more than two amiable members who have only indifferent voices.

Having heard each one sing, you know just what material you have to work with, and can locate your singers to the best advantage. Insist on seating the chorus yourself, and insist that they sit in the same seats each time (barring, of course, the vacancies caused by absentees). You find that you have three strong clear sopranos. Have them sit together. Two sopranos flat badly; hence, place them as far apart as possible. One sings sharp when singing above E. Place her beside one of those who flat. Distribute the other sopranos according to the seats left. So on with the other singers.

If you have a chorus of 16 divided into 6 sopranos, 4 altos, 3 tenors, and 3 basses, and have only room for sixteen chairs in two rows in the gallery, you will have to seat the chorus thus:

S S T T T B B B
S S S S A A A A

If you can get ten chairs in the front row have all the ladies sit in the front row. If you have three rows of seats with six in a row and have in the chorus 6 sopranos, 3 altos, 3 tenors, and 4 basses, arrange them thus:

B B B B
T T T A A A
S S S S S S

With a chorus of 24 or more and sufficient room, it is always best to place the sopranos at the left of the first two rows (as you face them) and the altos at the right of the same rows, dividing the tenors and basses in a like manner in the two back rows.

Ten sopranos, 8 altos, 6 tenors, and 8 basses, 32 in all, with four rows, eight seats in each row, could be arranged thus:

T T T B B B B B
T T T B B B A A
S S S S S A A A
S S S S S A A A

The singers should be placed as compactly as personal comfort will permit, as the parts blend better. Four short rows of at least six in a row is a better arrangement than two very long rows.

In a volunteer choir it is seldom possible to balance the parts by a numerical rule, as there is generally quite a number of weak voices, and, unless these are equally distributed, they will weaken the balance of tone provided a numerical ratio of the number of singers in a part is preserved. When the chorus is singing *forte*, if one part is always weak the only thing to do is to secure one or two more strong voices for that part.

Your choir is now organized and seated, and you are ready for regular work. Suggestions in drilling the chorus are beyond the scope of this article and will be given at another time.

MAKE A COMPANION OF A BOOK.

BY W. J. BALTZELL.

THE student who is earnest cannot neglect the help of books, and the student who feels that he needs some outside stimulus to keep him keyed up to the steady working pitch should seek that inspiration from some helpful writer; not necessarily one who writes about music; indeed, rather not. Books that deal with the problems connected with life and how to make the best of it are indispensable to the young student. He who has an active, inquiring mind will be sure to ponder over the relation which he sustains to others, to the conditions which surround him, and, above all, to his own abilities and possibilities. Most of these problems have been thought out by others, and the student will save much time and energy, and greatly profit, by reading such books as contain the observations and conclusions of great writers. He will find that these books give him a clear, simple expression of the thoughts he has tried to shape in his own mind: *a practical, concrete statement of some of his vague conceptions.* What a gain it is to make a companion of a book of this kind!

There are some problems connected with the reading of books, the choice of books, and—subjectively—the results on one's own character and intellect that should be sought. I wish to suggest two books to the readers of this page: "Books and Culture" and "Work and Culture," by Hamilton Mabie. These books are not expensive; they are convenient in size and can be carried in the pocket. I hope that everyone who does not know these books will get copies and study them, and make a constant companion of each one. They are full of thoughts of the most permanent and profound bearing upon everyone who is in earnest to make life what it should be, to reach that kind of life and character everyone should aim for, culture, which can only be reached by a life of earnest work, loved and appreciated for its own sake: a life of service.

THE RELATION OF MASTER AND PUPIL.

BY W. J. BALTZELL.

A NOTED historian has written that back of every great man there is always another, sometimes equally great, sometimes known, often unknown, without whose work the success of the great one had never been possible.

This statement is as true in music as in war, statesmanship, and literature. The great men in music all had predecessors who prepared the ground for their successors, each contributing something of permanent value to the art, making our present store of knowledge and practice the result of a cumulative process, in which no single factor could have been spared.

This thought was particularly impressed upon the present writer during a study of the development of the two principal forms of music: polyphonic and homophonic. Each was the product of special conditions, and was carried on toward completion by a chain of workers, each contributing a share to the total, the various members of this chain in nearly every case sustaining the relation of master and pupil.

In those early days of music the relation of master and pupil was a most important one. Printing music from movable types was not begun by Petrucci until about 1500, and the engraving of plates was a slow, laborious process which made music expensive. Pupils did not have a multitude of works of the first rank to consult and to study for precedents, but had to be content with such manuscript copies as were available. Text-books upon counterpoint and the practice of composers were but few, and even these were written in a scholastic style and in Latin rather than the vernacular.

It is plain to see that the master thus represented both text-book and the example of great works. He gave to his pupils the principles he had learned from his predecessors with whatever he himself had been able to add to it. His office was both conservative and inventive. He must preserve all that was good in what had come to him, and he must be in search of newer and broader truths and methods.

It is an inspiring picture to us, at this day, to look, in fancy, into some room in one of the buildings belonging, say, to St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, and see the master, Willaert, surrounded by his pupils, telling them of his famous teacher and expounding the rules of his practice, perchance emphasizing some obscure point by a reference to a treasured manuscript which the young pupils reverently and admiringly studied, not one of them, perhaps, conscious that he too formed a link in the chain that was being forged to connect the art of the previous century to that from which we, four hundred years later, call modern music.

To-day when education proceeds by wholesale measure, when colleges and institutions of learning are legion, we have, perhaps, grown away from an understanding of the relation which existed between the masters of the olden times and their pupils, and it may be from this very cause that the teachers of to-day, in some cases at least, never stand in as intimate association with their pupils as they should. Our theory has changed and, perhaps, not for the better.

It is an oft-repeated saying that the music-teaching profession is a noble one, but it is for us to ennoble it, to raise it to its rightful place, and to show its true potencies. We are but one link in the chain that is growing in each generation. It is a duty upon us to see that our link is as strong and enduring as those that go before, and that we transmit to our successors the pure metal that shall be forged into links without flaw. The record of the teacher of those early days is full of inspiration to us.

Let us look for a few moments at the list of these great teachers and musicians who passed on from one to the other the canons of the art which developed into our strong and glorious system of to-day.

Prior to Okeghem, who lived from the early part of the fifteenth century to the beginning of the next, musicians were mainly occupied with the invention and development of counterpoint, and had little sight of the subject as comprehending beauty of melodic motion and harmonic contrast.

With Josquin, 1450-1521, pupil of Okeghem, comes in the era of mastery of the resources of counterpoint, which had been laboriously studied, experimented upon, and systematized by his predecessors, together with an attempt to understand and to use the expressive possibilities of the art.

One of his disciples, whose work so nearly resembled his great teacher's that the same compositions have been ascribed to each, was Mouton, who lived 1475-1522.

The next great name is Willaert, 1480-1562, whom some writers claim to have been the pupil of Mouton, others, of Josquin. Very likely he may have studied with both. As the organist of St. Mark's Cathedral, in Venice, he occupied a position of authority, and the school which he established produced a large number of musicians of great prominence. He was the first composer to write double choruses, and has been called the father of the madrigal. Of his many pupils one of the most famous was Andrea Gabrieli, 1510-1586, also organist of St. Mark's. He was the master-contrapuntist of his day, was the first to compose real fugues, and, as an organist, to attempt to develop the composition of instrumental music, thus opening the way to emancipate it from the domination of vocal music.

Prominent among his pupils was Sweelinck, the Dutch organist, 1562-1621. It may be said that some authorities deny that Sweelinck studied with Gabrieli, and ascribe his training to Zarlino, who was one of Willaert's most distinguished pupils, a man of splendid intellect, thorough education, and the greatest theoretician of the early history of music. Others

claim that he was simply a diligent student of the works of these masters. Sweelinck was the originator of the organ fugue developed from a single theme, gradually adding counter-themes and welding them all into that complex whole which has made it the highest piece of artistic workmanship in music. His compositions present the first known examples of an independent use of the pedal, as in a fugue. His pupil, Scheidemann, 1600-1654, handed down the teaching of his master and the Italian predecessors to a number of pupils, prominent among them being Reinken, 1623-1722, one of the greatest virtuoso organists of his time. Bach studied with him when a boy, and visited him in later years. Froberger, Kerl, and Frescobaldi, whose works exercised so much influence upon Bach, were subordinate links in this chain.

Thus is completed a chain of master and pupil, great musicians as well, the greatest of their times, covering a period of about three hundred years in which was developed the art of counterpoint and its apex, the organ fugue of J. S. Bach, who united in himself all the excellences of his great predecessors.

Another interesting line may be traced leading to different results and also culminating in one of the great lights of the art.

Carissimi, 1582-1671, contributed much to the development of the monodic style of composition which began to make itself evident at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The source of Carissimi's early training seems in doubt, but there were many excellent musicians in the larger Italian cities, pupils of the great teachers mentioned before. Some writers have indicated a connection between Carissimi and Galilei who wrote the first Italian opera. Galilei was a pupil of Zarlino, who was previously mentioned. Carissimi's claim to prominence rests on three points: perfecting recitative, the development of the sacred cantata, and great improvements in the character of accompaniments.

One of his greatest pupils was Alessandro Scarlatti, 1659-1725, the true founder of later Italian opera; if not the originator of the old Italian school of singing, nevertheless the composer who aided wonderfully in forming it, since he himself was a finished singer and the greatest writer of his time for the voice, his works showing great advance in the demands upon singers. His position as head of the Naples School of Music brought him many pupils, the most prominent being his son Domenico Scarlatti, 1685-1757, who had a large share in the development of the sonata and harpsichord technic, and was Händel's great friend. There is also evidence that Händel studied A. Scarlatti's works very diligently.

Another famous pupil of A. Scarlatti was Porpora, 1686-1766, whose education has also been attributed to Greco, one of Scarlatti's pupils, and his successor as teacher of composition at the Naples Conservatory. Porpora is celebrated as the greatest teacher of singing in his time, and was a thorough master of contrapuntal science and a popular composer of operas.

The story of Haydn's connection with Porpora is so well known as not to need repetition in this writing. From the latter Haydn received the only systematic instruction in musical science that he ever had, and thus a chain is made between Carissimi, who broke away from the fetters of the rigid polyphonic school of writing, to Haydn the "father of the symphony," the predecessor, and to some extent the teacher, of Mozart and the precursor of the magnificent chamber-music and unequaled symphonies of Beethoven.

ON THE VALUE OF THE STUDY OF INSTRUMENTATION TO THE PIANIST.

BY E. R. KROEGER.

By the term "instrumentation" is meant the knowledge of the various resources of the orchestra. The earnest student of a particular instrument is very apt to become so interested in it that he is liable to be one-sided. For instance, comparatively few amateur (and, indeed, professional, also) pianists are to be seen at chamber-music recitals. Let a well-known piano virtuoso perform, and behold! all the piano-students in town will be sure to be there. Singers, also, are too prone to attend song-recitals, operas, and oratorios at the expense of piano, chamber, and orchestral concerts. In the line of study, every serious student should acquire some knowledge of form, harmony, counterpoint, the history of music, etc. And yet an instructor of piano-playing or singing will tell you that the number of his pupils studying theoretical branches is comparatively small.

It is difficult to understand why there is so much superficiality in musical education in this country, where there are so many really good teachers, but it seems to arise largely from a desire on the part of the student to "make a show" as soon as possible. Young ladies of ability wish to appear before music clubs when they are by no means "full fledged," and young men announce piano-recitals with programs ranging from Bach to Liszt when they are but half-ripe. The principal feature to admire in their performances is a uniform amount of finger dexterity. Of musicianship, there is none,—unless there be a reflection of the ideas of some well-known instructor.

If the average piano student is thus deficient in the branches of harmony, counterpoint, and composition, he is even more so as concerns instrumentation. And yet, unless he is born with a great feeling for "tone-color," he can profit greatly by a thorough study of orchestral instruments and their resources. Such a knowledge will cause him to invest his playing with thousands of *nuances* which otherwise he would never employ.

If merely to play notes were the Parnassus of a pianoforte performance, the pianola would do so well that human competition with the machine would seem weak and ineffective. But the many varieties of touch and dynamic shading, and the effects produced by the proper use of the pedals cannot be obtained on any

machine. There the human being is essential. Therefore, to invest his performance with the utmost interest, and to avoid letting it lapse into monotony, he must constantly strive to obtain tonal variety.

The study of instrumentation will greatly aid him here. In certain passages the influence of the broad singing quality of the violins, or the crisp staccato of the same instruments can cause him to try to obtain something of the same effects on the piano. The melancholy of the viola, the sonority of the 'cello, the gruff tone of the basses, the crystal clarity of the flute, the limpidity of the clarinet, the pungency of the oboe and bassoon, the brilliant fanfare of the trumpets, the solemnity and majesty of the quartet of trombones and tuba, the veiled beauty of the horns,—all can be kept in the mind of the player and can have a great influence upon his interpretation. Even the kettle-drums, long and short drums, and harp can be imitated to a certain extent.

That instrumentation has influenced some of the greatest composers is proved by the common belief that Beethoven and Schumann thought orchestrally when they wrote for the piano, and everyone knows that Liszt almost turned the piano into an orchestra. Indeed, it is said that of all great composers for the piano, Chopin was the only one who consistently wrote a pure piano style. Many excellent piano pieces have been transcribed for orchestra with great success. Merely to cite an illustration,—Berlioz's arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" is considered one of the most effective small orchestral pieces in existence.

Now, in order to develop this sense of tone-color to the greatest extent, it will be necessary for the student to take up a course of instrumentation in order to know the character and capacity of each individual instrument in the orchestra, and then not only to study scores, but also to do some transcribing of piano pieces for orchestra. This will not be so difficult as may appear at first, for let his imagination become excited, and give him a fair acquaintance with the different instruments, it may be predicted with certainty that an acceptable result will ensue.

To mention a few examples, let us first take a portion of the last movement (prestissimo) of Beethoven's "Sonata in F-minor," opus 2, No. 1. The first three chords may be given to the wood wind band, above a rapid figure allotted to the violas and 'cellos. The next three chords will be played by the violins. The repetitions of the first two measures in measures 3 and 4 will be treated as at first. In measure 5 the melody can be taken by a solo clarinet. In measure 9 the first violins can take the melody. In measure 22 the melody in the left hand will be suited to the violoncellos, while the upper strings may play the rapid accompaniment.

Let us now take the largo of the next sonata, opus 2, No. 2. The first measure opens with the stringed quartet, the violoncellos playing the low notes pizzicato. In the eighth measure the clarinet announces the new theme,—accompaniment by the second violins and violas. Many charming effects can be introduced in the following measures, especially where the climax is worked up in measures 17 and 18. Later on, when the D-minor episode appears, the full orchestra will be essential.

Take the finale of the "C-major Sonata," opus 2, No. 3. The delicate staccato theme with which it opens will sound most charmingly if given to two flutes and a clarinet. When the figure-work begins it will be found to be very acceptable to the violins. This entire movement will make a most brilliant effect if scored for orchestra.

Now, we will look briefly at the opening of Schubert's lovely "Sonata in A-minor," opus 42. The first theme will be rendered by the first oboe and first bassoon. The sequence of this theme will be treated likewise, and then followed by strings and afterward the full orchestra. In the tenth measure the alternate E's will be played by the horns, the strings coming in in the twelfth measure. The alternate E's later on taken up by a horn and a clarinet, the strings and the full orchestra following in order.

A good example for orchestral arrangement is the andante which precedes Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso." The first four measures, which are a kind of prelude, may be played by the strings. Then comes the principal melody, which is delightfully suited to the first clarinet. In measure 9 the run may be divided between the clarinet and the first flute. The clarinet resumes its solo in the next measure. In measure 12 the little questioning phrase may be played by the first violins, and the full orchestra follows in the following measure. In the fifteenth measure the E's in the left hand will exactly suit the horns, while the violins play the figures above. In measures 18 and 19 the full orchestra is employed. The solo clarinet again appears at the end of the twenty-second measure, with figure-work below, divided between the violas and violoncellos. The stringed instruments close the andante in a series of ascending *arpeggios*.

In the rondo part, fine effects of light and shade can be had by judicious treatment of the strings, wood winds, and horns.

The above examples are merely selected to give the student an idea of the orchestral possibilities of certain well-known piano compositions. Now, the writer does not wish it to be understood that he recommends an orchestral transcription to be made of every piece which is studied. Nor does he think that every piece for the piano contains material for such transcription. But the point he wishes to make is that by a thorough study of instrumentation the player's "color-scheme" will be greatly extended, and that he will be able to create much more interest in his performance than he will without such study. His range of different kinds of touch will be increased; his feeling for new contrasts and for effects of light and shade will be intensified, and his use of the pedals will be much improved.

He will also find a knowledge of the orchestra to be valuable to him when he takes up the study of the

great piano concertos, and his performance of them with orchestral accompaniment will be better with such knowledge than without it.

THE REPRODUCTION OF ORCHESTRAL EFFECTS ON THE PIANOFORTE.

BY E. R. KROEGER.

In an article in THE ETUDE for September, 1900, the writer recommended the study of instrumentation on the part of pianists in order to develop tone-coloring in the touch. It was held that, if the player would imagine certain passages to be allotted to suitable orchestral instruments, he could thus awaken more interest in his performance by the different kinds of touch resulting from this plan than would otherwise be the case. Such a statement, of course, is subject to criticism. There are many able pianists who believe that the limitations of the pianoforte are so decidedly marked that all efforts in the direction of producing orchestral effects upon it are useless and absurd.

Nevertheless, there exist a large number of pianoforte compositions which are transcriptions from operas or orchestral works. Indications are frequently found in them as to the instruments for which certain melodies were originally intended. These indications naturally arouse in the player a desire to approach as nearly as possible the tone-quality of the instrument mentioned. Should he be a student of instrumentation, and especially should the feeling for orchestral coloring be strong within him, he will strive for it all the more.

The horn-tone differs from that of the oboe; the violin differs from the clarinet. Is it possible to indicate by the touch such differences on so positive an instrument as the pianoforte? We have the statement of Berlioz that Mendelssohn played for him his overture to "Fingal's Cave" on the pianoforte, and invested his performance with so much color as to give Berlioz an excellent idea of the manner in which it was scored. There are accounts of similar performances by Liszt, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, and d'Albert.

The touch is mainly responsible for different color-effects upon the pianoforte. Can different varieties of touch, representing, to a certain extent, the instruments of the orchestra, be so indicated that the student may make an effort to obtain them, and achieve a reasonable amount of success? It is the purpose of this article to try to do this, as nearly as is possible.

STRINGED INSTRUMENTS.

In the case of the stringed instruments, it is practically impossible to produce on the pianoforte the penetrating, vibrating tone characteristic of the violin. The most earnest efforts to imitate it are unavailing. All that can be recommended is that the player follow upon the customary lines of securing as fine a singing tone as he can, by means of a clinging touch. Should figure-work appear in the composition, the ordinary legato touch should be employed. Pizzicato effects may be imitated by a quick, snappy plucking of chords. A good example of the last mentioned may be found in Saint-Saëns's transcription of themes from Gluck's "Alceste."

The middle section of the keyboard has more in common with the viola than the upper section has with the violin. There is here something of the veiled character of the viola if the melody be played without a strong clinging or pressure touch.

But if the pressure touch be used in a melody combined with "syncopated" or "after" pedaling, a fair imitation of the violoncello may be had. In this case it is best not to use the soft pedal, as it would produce a muffled effect. If the pianoforte is not quite new, the resemblance is even closer than if it be a new one. The second subject in the finale of Henselt's "F-minor Concerto" is a beautiful example of a melody which is truly 'cello-like in character. For pizzicato effects, a short, springing hand action can be used. The opening measures of the largo from Beethoven's "Sonata in A-major," opus 2, No. 2, contain a bass passage which may be considered as having the effect of a pizzicato upon the 'cello.

WOOD WIND.

To obtain a tone resembling the flute quality, a short, detached, purely finger staccato-touch is necessary. A composition which demands this touch is Mendelssohn's "Caprice in E-minor," opus 16, No. 2. Liszt's transcription of the overture to "William Tell" contains the flute obligato to the celebrated pastorale.

The imitation of the oboe may best be had by playing with a rather stiff hand-action, entirely without the clinging touch, and without the aid of the soft pedal. Should the hammers be worn to some extent, the effect will be even more satisfactory. Occasionally, the hammers of a grand, which has been in use for some time, can be so moved by the soft pedal that the edges of the grooves in the hammers will strike the strings in such manner that a "sandy" sort of tone will result. This may be considered as being somewhat similar to that of an oboe. A fine example is Reinecke's transcription of the andante from Schubert's "C-major Symphony." The melody was originally written for the oboe.

In endeavoring to secure a clarinet tone, the wrist should be held very loosely ("devitalized") and the damper pedal used with extreme care; indeed, as little as possible. The slow movement of Beethoven's "Sonata in B-flat," opus 22, offers a fine opportunity to get a clarinet tone on the pianoforte. This lovely melody is well suited to the clarinet, and the player may fancy it as having been intended for that instrument.

Although the bassoon is considered to be the bass of the oboe, yet it has a great deal of individuality. It is much more difficult to imitate the tone of this instrument on the pianoforte than that of the oboe.

The principles given for the imitation of the oboe-tone will apply to that of the bassoon: stiff action and a clear-cut finger stroke. Liszt's transcription of the scherzo from Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" will prove a good example for study.

Brass, etc.

In regard to the horns, the directions given to securing the clarinet tone may be followed, excepting that the damper pedal should be used after each single note or chord, and the soft pedal held down almost constantly. The beautiful melody at the commencement of Liszt's "Les Preludes" is first given to the violoncello. In the pianoforte transcription, this should be played with a clear touch and without the aid of the soft pedal. Shortly after, the same melody appears a third higher, and is allotted to the horn. Here the soft pedal should be employed, and the touch should be very clinging. In this same work, an exquisite passage for the horn-quartet follows, the 'cellos playing the accompaniment. The wrist should be held as loosely as possible, and a "boneless hand" with pressure touch will come near to obtaining the desired effect. The nocturne from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music gives another charming example of this kind.

For the trumpet tone nothing better can be recommended than the fanfare beginning Liszt's transcription of Wagner's "Tannhäuser March." Play with a rigid arm-action and firm finger-stroke. Use the damper-pedal only after the longer notes. For a powerful theme by trombones, the same touch may be used as that recommended for use in the case of the trumpet tone. When a fine sonorous effect of combined trombones and tuba is sought after, a full and fervent pressure may be used, similar to that recommended in obtaining horn-quartet effects,—but somewhat broader.

The arpeggio runs, characteristic of the harp, are easily imitated on the pianoforte. A quick sweep of the hand is essential, and the soft pedal may be used, —but not the damper pedal. If played in this way, the arpeggios in Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" will have a great charm.

Short, soft kettle-drum strokes may be imitated by playing with a firm finger-touch, and with the use of the soft pedal.

For full orchestral effects, no specific instruction can be given, unless it be that the player should play with great breadth and power. Such transcriptions as those of Liszt of the Beethoven symphonies, of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture, and of Rossini's "William Tell" overture will give some idea of what may be done in this direction. Anyone who has heard, for instance, Mr. Leopold Godowsky play the "Tannhäuser" overture on the pianoforte, will know to what extent a reproduction of full orchestral effects can be made.

As before stated, it is not every pianist who will consider it truly legitimate to seek to imitate the orchestral instruments on the pianoforte. The writer, however, favors it to the extent of obtaining greater varieties of touch, and in that way investing one's performance with such contrasts in tone-color, that the interest of his audience will not flag, even during a long recital.

It is no easy matter to convey exact information in such an article as this, as to the methods of imitating the various instruments. A more exact way is to personally show how they can be done. But if some imagination be linked to these instructions, the student may secure results which may agreeably surprise him.

COMMON-SENSE IN MUSIC.

BY J. S. VAN CLEVE.

We learn from physicists that the atmosphere which we breathe day and night, waking and sleeping, is composed of one-fifth the vitalizing, fire-breeding oxygen and four-fifths of dull, quieting, stifling nitrogen. Were this atmosphere all oxygen, we should soon burn out our lives with a mercurial, but destructive, rapidity. If the atmosphere were nothing but nitrogen, our lives would endure only long enough to produce smothering.

We may find here a metaphor of our lives as musicians. He who has no quick, inflammable spirit, no sensitiveness to emotional temperatures vivid enough to make him appear eccentric to the more prosaic and phlegmatic classes of men should not be a musician; yet, on the other hand, he who is a mere bundle of impulses, fancies, vagaries, moods, will never attain to that which is high and noble, will never round out to the grandeur of a true musician; for a true musician is also a man.

This curious law of opposites, counteracting each other, yet effecting, by their vigilance and mutual distrust, a wonderful and smooth operation of progressive life, we find pervading the universal frame of things, both things material and things spiritual. Thus, day and night, waking and sleeping, sunshine and cloud, seed-time and harvest, birth and death, joy and sorrow, high tension and relaxation, all forever chase each other in ceaseless rotation.

Many foolish or at least idle questions are asked by musicians as to why their lives are not thus or so as might better coincide with their desires, and still more questions still more foolish are asked by the surrounding world of non-musicians concerning them as to why they are not this or that or some other imagined thing. The first rule never to be lost sight of either by musicians in judging themselves or by the world in judging them is this: The musician among the children of God is unique, but not exceptional; he is blessed, indeed, with much peculiar happiness, but he, like all others, cannot be said to exist for himself alone, certainly not alone for the ends of

self-gratification. The regnant influence of nonsense in the lives of many musicians from the highest to the lowest has been at times deplorable, and worst of all, when we read of the eccentricities and foibles of our great masters, the tendency is to copy them faintly in our own lives and doings. Thus, that which was a pardonable weakness becomes, in the grafted form, a deadly branch bearing poisonous fruit.

Common-sense is often said, in a spirit of paradox, to be the most uncommon thing in the world. However this may be, it is the most desirable of things to make the inner substance and frame-work of a human being. By common-sense is meant that sort of judgment as to values and relationships which will save one from chimerical and visionary estimates—such as will work disaster. The supreme figure in literature which symbolizes the opposite of common-sense is the sad-visaged knight of La Manca, Don Quixote. His redoubtable squire, Sancho Panza, is usually taken as the type of common-sense, and so in a certain low and material and prosaic way he is, but if we should say that he embodies vulgar sense it would be more accurate.

A musician's common-sense may be illustrated and exhibited in many ways. For instance, if, because he has a sensitive temper, easily stirred into vexation, he should, therefore, put little or no restraint upon that disposition, justifying himself by the example of Beethoven, whose sudden and violent geysers of rage were phenomenal and proverbial, he would be lacking in common-sense, for, by such a foible, he would never suggest Beethoven to anyone but himself, and he most certainly would sooner or later plunge himself into some gulf of childish anger where he would flounder as pitiably and as helplessly as a fly in a treacherous goblet of sweetened poison.

Again, we often read of the arrogance of Liszt, who at times made an assertion of the dignity of his art, and of himself as a representative of it which was noble, and even sublime, but at other times, especially when stung by petty irritations, gave way to childish ebullitions of small irritability and to displays of vanity not in the least calculated to arouse our respect. That Liszt was a poser does not justify you. No doubt the power to catch the wondering admiration of the general public has a market-value, but it is a value which is only operative in rare instances, while the attempt to attract success by any poor, diluted imitation of the skillful poser can only cause the musician to be still less respected by other people of intellect than he is now.

It is a lamentable fact that our art is but faintly and dimly recognized as yet among the great forces which work for the betterment of mankind. As a vexatious case in point it may be recorded that a few days ago, while reading an article by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, called "A Little Journey to the Home of an English Poet," I found this: while telling us how wonderful was the year 1809, he said in this year were born Alfred Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Abraham Lincoln, Charles Darwin, W. E. Gladstone. How about Felix Mendelssohn and Frederic Chopin?

When starting out to make a career as teacher in any American city, great or small, but especially the latter, a young man should say to himself: "I will ally myself with the educated and well-behaved people of this place, and I will eschew the ignorant and ill conducted, except so far as I may be of value to individuals striving to climb out of those disadvantages."

We, as representatives of a most mystical and most beatific art, ought to cultivate a sense of high-minded self-reverence, which is as different from self-conceit as the Koh-i-noor is from a cheap lump of cut glass. The musician should, first of all, strive to impress everyone he meets with the idea that he is a man, a man with ballast, a man with something to do which he believes with all his heart to be worth doing, and then he should insist upon having the respect of the community. To do this, a few simple and obvious rules are needful.

First, he must carry himself as a man of culture, avoiding equally a pedantic display and a slangy vulgarity of conversation.

Second, he must be sedate without gloom, and genial without frivolity.

Third, he must show a becoming diligence in attending to all his engagements, whether it be to give a lesson which has a fee attached to it or to contribute a gratuitous solo at a charity concert.

Fourth, he must be business-like in all his dealings, making his agreements clearly and definitely, then presenting his bills with urbanity, but with neither undue haste nor with a slack carelessness. It may, in some minds, seem very, very artistic to be careless as to the money one is to live upon, but the dreamy genius who fails to collect, and who gives a pet pupil six times the time paid for is nearly certain to be so er or later borrowing money from his friends and to annoy other pupils without cause. The banker whose daughter you instruct will respect you for presenting your just account on the day when it is due. There is nothing unworthy of Beethoven himself in treating the business side of your work in a business-like manner.

Fifth, he must present the appearance of a gentleman, and that means neither a silly, effeminate dandy nor a slovenly, vulgar rowdy.

Sixth, he must have all the wisdom and self-command of a clergyman in his relations with women, and must walk a bridge of distinction betwixt the proper and the improper which is often as narrow as the bridge over which the Mohammedans say the soul must pass into paradise.

Seventh, he ought, if possible, to ally himself with some church. In the boundless variety of modes of religious exercise and worship permitted in this land there must be some form of higher thought and spiritual culture with which he can get himself into

sympathy. There are two good reasons for this, one exoteric, the other esoteric. The esoteric one, which is the higher, is this: He will thus secure that constant stimulus toward serious and high living which he needs, not more than other men, but just as much. The exoteric reason is: That nothing so soon stamps a man as a serious and worthy member of society as connection in a regular way with some religious body.

INDIVIDUALITY IN TEACHING.

BY E. B. HILL.

We all recognize that it is individual method that makes the successful teacher, but it is seldom stated wherein that individuality consists.

To begin with, it is manner of presentation rather than startling novelty of truths that is the essential quality of such individuality. Perhaps the most striking method of piano-teaching of to-day, that of Leschetitsky, does not pretend to discovery of vastly important and brilliantly novel ideas, but is rather the simplest possible exposition of such fundamental truths as have always underlain the methods of the greatest players and teachers.

It remained for Delsarte to formulate the laws of muscular relaxation that must have held true for the well-poised men and women of all ages. The Grecian civilization—with its symmetry of life and perfect balance between body and soul—did not, in its lack of self-consciousness, need to be warned against the dangers of spasmodic muscular contraction. It knew instinctively that true power lay in self-possession. It remained for modern times to pile up mountains of self-conscious complexity and hyper-analytical difficulties, which could only be leveled by Delsarte's epoch-making discoveries.

What Delsarte has done for every-day life, Leschetitsky has done for the piano, in simplifying and going to the root of difficulties in piano-technic, mainly psychological. There are few of his fundamental ideas which are not either openly expressed or hinted at in Czerny's "Letters to a Young Lady on the Art of Playing the Pianoforte," but in their manner of presentation and point of view they are wholly novel.

Doubtless there are other ways of teaching exactly what Leschetitsky teaches, if one could see circumstance and material in the proper light of inspiration. Truth is so various and many-sided that one need never believe that one has come to the end of the ways in which it may be set forth. The facts of piano-teaching are well established, the fundamental principles are well recognized (better perhaps to-day than they have ever been), but that does not prevent one from being ever on the alert to perceive new channels through which they need be diverted to suit the needs of individual temperament.

The successful teacher must be sensitive in his observation of the pupil's temperament. He must endeavor, if possible, to formulate the pupil's life outside of music. In general the temperamental faults come to the surface, in music and in daily life alike, even if the interest in music be quite superficial. Often the musical faults can be reached and remedied through the influences of life itself. The great composers have often achieved their greatest work when most oppressed by the complexities and tragic elements of their daily life. The moral force which these difficulties call forth involuntarily makes possible greater conquests in their artistic territory.

Try, therefore, if possible, to arrive at some knowledge of the general mental habits of the pupil, her literary tastes, her idea of the aims and ends of social existence, the extent to which religion enters into her life. Let the pupil feel the privilege of individual expression, be it ever so slight. Encourage her to seek for the "message" which each composer conveys, and not to be content with feeling it herself, but to make the teacher realize her conception of it.

In many cases the "individual" interpretation will have to be modified; but a tactful teacher can do much to inspire a pupil to feel the value of the freedom and self-reliance which such a method inevitably brings, and, what is more, makes the actual overstepping of limits only a path to the surer perception of the true essence of interpretation.

To the successful teacher the gospel of musical truth can find almost as many outlets of expression as there are varieties of temperament. That does not mean that a teacher must have as many methods of instruction as he has pupils. His observation must be keen enough to lead him to accurate classification of temperaments. He will soon discover that one method may be used to handle a certain class of temperament, with only slight modifications in individual cases. Such a habit will facilitate getting a real grasp on the calibre of pupils, while at the same time enormously increasing command over the teaching medium—one's own ideas.

Above all, the successful teacher must be unsparing of himself, must be spontaneously outgoing in his sympathy with the musical and temperamental problems of each pupil. He must, with simple humility, be willing to draw on the struggles and problems with which his own early career was beset, the personal trials and agonies with which he caught and harnessed his own musical Pegasus. He must show a standard at once relentlessly high, yet tactfully sympathizing with the absence of opportunity or education that the pupil may suffer from. Such an attitude will certainly lift teaching above mere pedagogical routine, and make piano-lessons something more to the pupil than disconnected, dry problems of technic and automatic interpretation and harmonizing.

The teacher with such ideas must find his horizon, musical and personal, enormously enlarged; the pupil will awake to the realization of more than a casual connection between music and life.

HOW TO BEGIN THE STUDY OF BACH.

BY EMIL LIEBLING.

To the Editor: Will it be possible for you to publish an article on the necessary requirements for a student desiring to play Bach's fugues in an intelligent manner? Is the aptitude for playing Bach more likely to be inborn than acquired? I am a member of a small club of pianists who are interested in Bach's music, and any information would be most helpful. —A. D. B.

The above inquiry, which has been referred to me, is interesting and significant in many ways. I venture to say that ten or fifteen years ago it would not have occurred to anyone to make Bach study the subject of serious thought or investigation. Since then, however, music as an educational feature has advanced wonderfully, and the interest in serious lines of thought has deepened materially. Aside from the pleasure derived by musical students in the accomplishment of a beautiful art, or the satisfaction gained in professional success, it may justly be claimed that musical study finds a legitimate place alongside of algebra, geometry, and other sciences as developing the reasoning faculties in a thoroughly definite manner, and from this practical point of view it should be encouraged irrespective of specific musical talent. As one of many means of mental and artistic culture music fully ranks with other specialties, such as literature, art, and history. Many study at our art-schools, who never expect to paint pictures, and other interesting subjects are seriously pursued by earnest workers without expectation of later utility.

Bach study, more than any other, calls into play the greatest multiplicity of demands and requirements. In order to succeed one must be guided by an experienced hand; it will not do to have a smattering of a few inventions and fugues. The pedagogue who presumes to teach Bach properly must be master of the subject in its entirety. A critical selection of a definite and systematic course is indispensable, and involves the ability to execute all the works. To teach Bach without being able to play the works in question is to attempt and perpetrate an absurdity. It goes without saying that this selection of the fittest material will differ with different authorities, but unless a teacher has definite artistic convictions in regard to the selection of material and the phrasing and interpretation thereof, the work will always be diffuse, prolix, and nothing will be accomplished in the end in spite of the time consumed.

Even the simple Bach invention involves much of interest. The leading of the voices in imitation can be followed; then there is much of interest in analyzing the musical form and various modulations; proper phrasing, which necessitates perfect independence of fingers and hands and ready ment l activity, is to be studied. In the suites we find the various dance-forms cleverly exploited and the difficulties, technical and otherwise, multiply. Many sins of omission and commission are committed in the execution of the old embellishments, the proper rendering of which seems to be a *terra incognita* to most teachers.

As to the necessary requirements for a proper rendering of Bach's fugues in an intelligent manner, they are distinctly technical and intellectual both. To master them technically presupposes a course of study, including Czerny's opus 740, Cramer, and the Clementi "Gradus." The intellectual feature consists in being able to analyze each fugue according to its thematic development, and the magnitude of this task can readily be appreciated when one reflects that, while the form is seemingly perfectly set and definite, yet such was the fecundity, genius, and inventiveness of the master that each fugue presents different treatment, novel problems, delightful surprises, and convincing evidences of endless musical ingenuity.

The devoted studen' will also learn to recognize the melodic features of the work. To be true, they are somewhat austere, but their charm will last centuries, where others vanish after decades. The fourth, eighth, and twenty-second preludes from the first book of the clavichord are masterpieces of melody, while nothing can exceed the ingenuity displayed in the fifteenth fugue of Book I, or the cleverness of fugue No. 24, Book II, in which a rollicking gigue theme is put through its paces with inimitable humor. In fact, Bach presents so complete a compendium in the "Clavichord" alone of almost every phase of musical thought and emotionality (always tempered by his surroundings) that many ages will pass before anything can take its place. No one can lay claim to musical proficiency who has not mastered his Bach. No more delightful pastime can be enjoyed than the reading of his "chorales" (Peters edition), in which a never-ending melodic interest and contrapuntal effect prevails; the latter feature is an integral part of the whole, never obtrusive, and simply a means to produce effect or climax. The elimination of foreign matter is the distinctive feature of Bach's thematic art; when he presents his theme and answer he finds sufficient material therein to work out the fugue; in this regard even such masters as Beethoven and Mendelssohn fail to preserve perfect unity. Handel, however, is a close second, and Scarlatti has done some clever writing; the works of these two great contemporaries of the great Leipzig cantor can be used to advantage as illustrating evidences of great contemporaneous musical ability. Great painters use few pigments, great composers few modulations, and this is the case with Bach, and yet the "G-minor" and "Chromatic" fantasies include enharmonic features which would not be out of place in Wagner's works. A minor and yet noticeable feature of Bach's ingenuity li s in the unlimited variety of his endings, and it will pay the student to study the final measures of the fugues with especial interest.

As to the aptitude for Bach playing, I would hardly consider it inborn; there may be a predisposition with some musical intelligences which would facilitate the

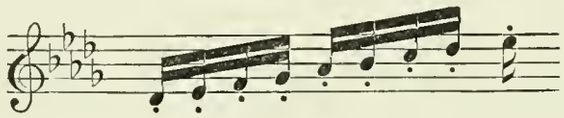
more rapid acquirement of the necessary ability, but, in a general way, Bach study will find its proper and definite place at a certain development of the student.

THE DIFFERENCE IN FRACTIONS.

BY WILLIAM BENBOW.

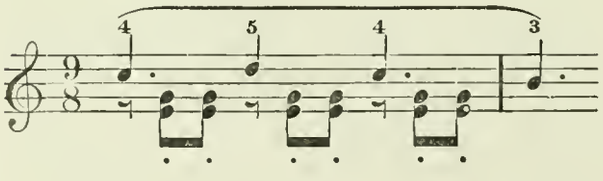
"The smallest hair throws its shadow."—*Goethe.*

RECENTLY a city engineer had to survey a line for water-connection with a river a mile beyond the mountain north of his city. Looking through his instruments and watching the operation, you would soon find the reason for his extreme care about every $^1/_{100}$ of an inch. For a difference of $^1/_{100}$ of an inch in the angle at his instrument would mean an expensive failure at a distance of three miles.

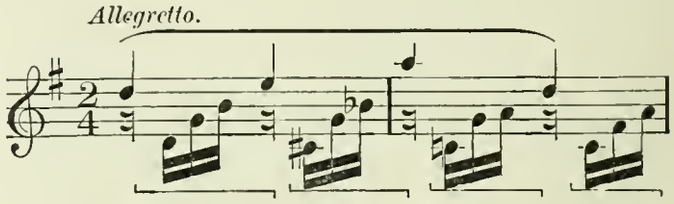
Have you ever stopped to consider the tiny fractions of time with which we musicians must deal? What a difference a fragment of a second makes in the character of a staccato-run! Take, *e.g.*:

Let us take it at a speed of eight sixteenth notes to a second. If at that speed we give each note one-half of its length-value, the little gaps between the separate staccato-notes would each have a duration of $^1/_{16}$ of a second. Put a slur below the dots, and thus give each note approximately three-fourths of its value, and we have little rests amounting to $^1/_{32}$ of a second.

And yet it is just that slight difference of $^1/_{32}$ of a second between the gaps in the first run and the little rests in the second run that makes the difference in character between a sparkling staccato and a delicious non-legato under the hands of an artist. That is an important trifle. For, if you cannot make the difference, you lack by so much the power of characterization. And it is this power that the modern development of art demands. A blurred and indefinite effect means mediocrity nowadays. Stop to ponder the fact that the artist works for years and years in order to acquire control over these infinitesimal silences that give character and color to his interpretations. He gives lavishly of his time to learn how to use its smallest tidbits.

These diminutive sections of time also claim our attention in connection with the singing touch.

Take, *e.g.*:

Here the difficulty is the direct oposite of our first problem. There the question was: "How shall I regulate the length of the little gap?" Here, in playing the melody, it is: "How shall I suppress and prevent it altogether?" As most frequently happens, the melody here is sung by the highest and most easily followed voice. Yet every teacher knows how often and much he must insist upon a perfect legato, and how easily the little gap will slip in just the instant before each following melody-note is taken. And here it must be watched all the more closely because the accompanying chord-notes are to be delivered staccato and the upper finger will almost always rise from its melody-note sympathetically with the last of the two chord-notes, instead of holding firmly for the last fraction of a second till the next melody-note falls due. And so common is this fault that composers have to caution the would-be performer by using repeatedly the indication *ten.* for *tenuto*—to be held. For it is absolutely certain that the *last fraction* of the second between two contiguous melody-notes is the one that makes or mars the smoothness and fluency of cantabile playing.

Another example calling for nice discrimination in subdivisions of time is brought out in connection with the use of the pedal in bridging intervals too long for the hand.

For example:

This is not an unusual or difficult passage, and yet it requires a most delicate precision and accuracy of pedal management. The pedal here helps us from two stand-points. First, it gives the melody-notes roundness and fullness by allowing the other harmonically-related strings to vibrate sympathetically with each note. And again it holds the melody-note and thus bridges over the jumps the hand must make in order to reach the accompanying sixteenth notes.

A double difficulty is here presented, because, in proceeding from one melody-note to the next, the pedal must be held to the very last instant of the first note; in fact, until the very moment when the finger is in the act of striking the next key. Now, the problem is to prevent one particle of break between the melody-notes and at the same time to prevent one particle of blur or overlapping of the underlying harmonies. In other words, the release of the pedal must not be made one fraction of a second either too soon or too late.

But no sooner is that difficulty passed than another comes upon its very heels. Now the task is to put down the pedal immediately on the instant the finger has struck the succeeding melody-note. For as soon as this second melody-note is struck, the lower sixteenth notes require the hand to jump down for them

in order to fill in the harmonic background with unobtrusive smoothness.

A few trials of this jump from the high *a* down to the *c* natural will show you that it is absolutely necessary for the pedal to be down during the last half of the instant the finger is on *a* before the jump is made. For if the pedal comes down one semi-moment too late, the melody *c* will have what the Germans expressively call a "dumpf" effect—the feeling of a dull, unresponsive thud, instead of the full round ring of the cantabile.

When we consider these very important relations of the tiny bits of time to clearness and smoothness of expression, we are not surprised that so few of the thousands of piano students ripen to that pink of perfection which we recognize and demand in an artist. Because the mastery of these minute details demands two important qualities in both teacher and pupil.

First, a nice perception of the intrinsic and relative value of these moments of time. This article is intended to emphasize their absolute importance. And the illustrations and problems cited may help us to a more careful and accurate appreciation of these values. It is true that the genius is guided in these matters by his intuitions, but as only one in a hundred thousand is a genius, we who are only more or less talented must not leave anything to hap-hazard impulse. So success requires of us a close and exact analysis of effects, so that we can work up to that habit of precision and sureness which will finally operate as smoothly and unconsciously as the artist's intuitions.

Further, teacher and pupil must have infinite patience or they will never acquire this nice perception and this habit of precision. And here is one great American shortcoming, in spite of the repeated warnings great European teachers have given us about this very failing. We are so accustomed to think that we must "get over" so and so much each lesson—mere bulk. We come to think we are "losing time" when we stop to dwell deliberately upon such minutiæ as the bits of a second and upon such trifles as the momentary blur of the pedal effect. Yet we know and acknowledge that in every other line of work the mastery of detail is absolutely necessary to success. Indeed, it is the one essential of modern success. Armour's immense fortune was built up from the profits of the by-products made from the waste-material that butchers usually throw away—every scrap of the cow and every drop of its blood is taken account of.

Who would have heard of Darwin or Pasteur if they had not for years patiently investigated germ after germ with the microscope? The most fruitful part of Darwin's life was the period of eight years he gave to the study of the cirriped—a wee bit of a thing a tenth of an inch long.

What distinguishes the artist from the artisan? His finer sensitiveness to details and a more sympathetic responsiveness in his use of them. And surely nothing will help more to bring us nearer the standpoint of the artist than the study of these significant trifles. It will inevitably educate and refine our own sensibilities and responsiveness. We must first *feel* these little delicate distinctions, or they will not be manifested in our interpretations.

HOW TO MEET THE NEW IN ART.

BY CONSTANTIN VON STERNBERG.

Did it ever strike you, when you heard people speak of a person unknown to yourself as being "conservative," that you at once imagined that person to be of middle age, or past it? Why do we not imagine the unknown conservative to be young? Because youth has certain privileges, like enthusiasm, generosity of sympathy, trustfulness, the energy to face difficulties, the hope in the new, all of which must be, to some degree, outlived before a person can possibly prefer things as they are, and oppose the new on principle. A young man who is conservative is a hypocrite, either by disposition or by force of circumstance; or he has the disposition of a clam, or he is so narrow-minded as to view the world solely from the egoistic stand-point of his personal and material gain.

I am not blind to the charm of what is called "settled circumstances." Ah, life grows smooth and easy under them; the days, weeks, and years pass pleasantly; care and worry grow to be almost strangers, and from the comfortable retreat of self-satisfied repose and abandoned doubts the whirling world looks like a noisy, bustling, hustling, but safely-distant fair-ground. If, however, settled circumstances are accompanied by settled, or "set," ideas,—which is sometimes the case,—then calmness turns into torpidity, rest into dullness, and repose into stagnation, which is a symptom of decay.

Ah, we wish to remain young, and rightly so. That vain and shallow people resort to paint, powder, and enamels in this desire does not make the desire itself ridiculous, but only their low conception of youth, which stops at and stoops to the merely physical aspect of it. The desire to remain young is legitimate; it is one of those blessed wishes which carry their fulfillment in themselves, and I hope this beautiful wish is common to all of us. But we must realize the sternness of Nature! It cannot be cheated! However skillfully the lotions, potions, paints, and powders be compounded; however adroit and well contrived be the sophisms by which we turn our sins into necessities, expediencies, mere foibles, or innocuous diversions —*Bios Logos* is inexorably just! He insists upon payment with large interest for every debt our self-indulgence may have incurred, but he metes out a high reward for every virtue we have made our own. Thus, if we aspire to the prize of life-long spiritual youth,—and this is never totally separate from a partial physical reflex,—we have to renounce certain privileges of old age, while still heeding and discharging its obligations.

This may be done, or it may not be done; it is left

to our own sweet will and pleasure, I believe. If it is done, our environment will be happy while we live, and will regard our final demise as a much lamented and regretted, but purely physical, incident. If it is not done, our environment deserves no reproach for regarding our death as the means of removing a traditionally-revered obstacle in the path of spiritual progress.

Let me illustrate this by my own three masters.

Moscheles.

When I met Moscheles, he had lived about sixty-five years. Yet he was so old at that age that he regarded Beethoven as the absolute, irrevocable, and final end of all music. To his mind Beethoven himself had proved it, because the works of his last period, which we regard as the prophetic one, were senile and confused, — so Moscheles said. Of Schumann he thought that he was "not without talent," but people who can technically master his "things" "may as well play something better." Chopin was, in his opinion, "gone daft," talented beyond a doubt, but completely crazy! Moscheles was a dear old man in many respects, a lovable old man, but distinctly an *old* man.

Kullak.

My next master was Theodor Kullak; he had the strange peculiarity of getting old every year about the end of March, when the season's work began to tell on him. Then it was Bach, Bach, Bach, and some Mozart, at times even Hummel that we had to play. But when we returned from vacation and most of us brought some new work by a new or little-known composer, along, to obtain Kullak's well-weighed and just opinion,—why, we found that he knew them all, mostly by memory, and that he knew and recommended some other work by the same man, which we had never heard of. He was always years and years ahead of all of us. One sad day, when Moszkowski told me of Kullak's sudden death, my first words, after the violence of the unexpected shock had subsided, were: "and so young!" And it was not until we found it in the cyclopedia that we realized his age to have been—after all—sixty-four! Ah, what an enthusiast he was for the new in art, as well as for the old masters! And how closely this enthusiasm has brought us together, the master and his worshipers,—I say: his worshipers,—how we loved him, and how we to this day instinctively regulate our musical doings by the thought: What would Master Kullak say? He is not dead, he is merely absent.

Liszt.

Coming to Liszt, I met the youngest person I ever saw. He was so young that old people did not even interest him, lest their age, like his own, was a mere concomitant, a physical incident, say, like a shorter limb, or differently-colored eyes. He was conversant with the oldest of the old, with the newest of the new, in music, in books, in the achievements of science, in all art. He had the widest circle of interest of any man, I believe, in all history. He spent his cigars and his money among his poorer students with the light-hearted generosity of a fellow-student. He was the brightest and wittiest among us, the noblest, the loftiest, the most lovable, sympathetic, co-rejoicing, co-suffering friend one could yearn for; he was deeply interested in our little *affairs de cœur*, in our student-pranks,—ah, he was *young* despite his nearly seventy years, and he remained young to his death.

Now, what kept the latter two masters so young, while the first one grew so old? It was their willingness to renounce that tacitly-admitted privilege of old age to *prescribe to youth* how things should be done, instead of merely advising. They both realized the fact that each time has its own spirit; that to share this spirit means to live in that time; and that to retire from it, or oppose it, means death, spiritually first, and literally soon after. They chose the former.

Opposition to Wagner.

When Wagner's art began to claim attention, it encountered a perfect cyclone of opposition, a cyclone which did not stop at the art-works, but threatened the master's person as well. His works were not declined by a tacit denial of approval, as was and still is the customary mode of public refusal or discouragement, and as we can see it practiced every season on a considerable number of operas, plays, concertists, etc. No; Wagner's works were vilified, abused, scoffed at in most reprehensible terms; the opponents wished Wagner to be sent to a lunatic asylum, to jail, to the penitentiary, and what-not!

But who were the enemies? They were men whom the French would call "*arrivées*," which means that in one way or another they were safely landed in sinecures, offices, reputations, settled circumstances, *plus* set ideas. They ruminated what they had learned thirty to forty years before, and had never understood that a thing need not be bad, just because it is different from precedent. There were, of course, also those who merely joined the chorus of invectives because circumstance had made them dependent upon one of the leaders of the chorus, and not to join it might—I cannot say: should—have caused the losing of their jobs.

It never occurred to Wagner's enemies that an idea cannot be killed, except by its own progeny, and then only if the original idea is imperfectly formulated, which, however was not Wagner's case; for he embodied his views and principles in works of such stupendous artistic power, of such philosophical weight, and of such masterly workmanship as to entitle them to a place of honor among the world's most exquisite and enduring spiritual enrichments. His enemies, however, had moved so long in the ruts of conventional traditions that they could not free their minds of preconceived requirements, suppositions, and expectations, however unjust and unwarranted they were; and this is an unequivocal symptom of old age, mentally speaking.

Wagnerites.

Young Germany, however, and the thousands of young foreigners—like myself—who studied in Germany, they embraced Wagner's art with such fervor as to quickly break down the board fence of prejudice, erected and, of course, defended by the old fogies. Ah, it was a great fight! A fight that meant expulsion from a safe position, or from the Royal Institute, with its consequent struggles and misery, to many; a fight which called into action the best that was in a man; a fight for an ideal, than which there is no nobler cause; it was a fight for the rights of the living generation against the, surely not intended, tyranny of the dead! And while the decrepit enemies may have seen nothing but disgrace in their defeat, the younger side of the participants have learned a lasting lesson from their victory! I have remained in more or less close touch with the "crazy fanatics,"—as the old fogies used to call us,—and therefore I speak knowingly when I say that we all learned a great lesson in this fight; a lesson which bore the fruit that, in spite of our enthusiastic love and admiration for Wagner, we did not regard him "as the absolute, irrevocable, and final end of all music"—as Moscheles regarded Beethoven—but that we kept our minds and hearts just as widely open for Brahms, Tschaikowski, César Frank, Richard Strauss, and for the rising generation, among whom I noticed quite a number of "whelps" that bid fair to convince us some day that they were "lion-whelps."

Truth is but one, but its expressions are many. The more of these expressions you grasp, the nearer you come to Truth. If you wish to avoid the gravest of all mistakes in this matter, the one most pregnant with disastrous results, you must not judge a new thought from the stand-point of your own material interest; rather try to reconcile your material interest with the new thought, for this will keep you young! In facing a new art-work do not expect it to tell you the story which you know already, or which you believe to surmise, or which you should like to hear; but try to get *en rapport* with the artist, *to understand what he wishes to convey to you.* It will be better than what you expected, in most cases. If he tells his story well, he is a master! But if you think that he did not—the fault may not be his. It may be that his new way of telling it bewildered you, and that *you* may need a repetition or two before you understand it. Remember that the best things of life never fling themselves at you, but that you must woo and win them.

And now—God speed your way into Wagner's art! Just keep in mind that this master's name is Wagner, not Beethoven! Do not express your opinion before having reflected that the world, your whole contemporary world, has judged. This need not intimidate your judgment any more than it did Wagner's own; but it must govern your mode of *forming* an opinion, as it did his, and that of all truthful and sincere people. How I envy you, those who face Wagner's works for the first time! To be sure, they have not paled on me; but the thrill of delirious rapture which the first touch imparts is something which, in all substantial things, must give way to a more earnest and penetrating appreciation. Still—I envy you, I covet this delirium! Whenever I hear one of his works after a pause of a few seasons, I experience a pretty fair echo of this condition, and hence I know that this thrill of joy, of intoxicating exuberance—or as I said: this delirium of rapture—is well worth the envy of an appreciator.

THE ESTHETIC QUALITIES OF WAGNER'S MUSIC.

BY H. A. CLARKE.

This is a perilous subject to approach, for two reasons. First, that to the unflinching partisan of Wagner it is little short of profanity to even hint that he is sometimes wanting in the esthetic quality. Second, that the realm of esthetics is sadly lacking in a universally recognized code of laws by which to judge of the work of artist in music. Still, it is possible to lay down certain broad principles to which every work of art must conform before it can establish a claim to rank with the world's great art-treasures.

It is universally recognized that form is an essential in all art, which is only another way of saying that art has certain limitations.

Limitations of Music.

One of the most necessary limitations of music is rhythm, using the word in its widest sense, so as to include, not only the primary conception of rhythm as the recurrence of accents at equal intervals, but the balance of motives, phrases, etc., that make a melodic form—the order and succession and regulation of themes that make a cyclic form, and the gradual piling up of climax on climax until the supreme climax of an opera or oratorio is reached. Each one of these rhythmic links is necessary to the construction of the chain; the loss of one will vitally affect the whole structure.

Melody conforming to rhythmic laws is an essential of music; that is, melody so constructed that the mind recognizes proportion and balance among its various phrases, a definite relation and sequence of its parts that satisfy the instinct that demands that the beginning, the middle, and the end shall mark the perfect whole, a condition of things that the so-named "continuous melody" cannot fulfill. "Continuous melody" is a sort of musical panorama. Like the pictorial panorama, it presents a series of rapidly-vanishing impressions that have neither beginning nor end, but only "middle"; that is, the fragment that at each moment occupies the ear, in the one case, the eye in the other.

Among the things that make form so necessary in music, its evanescence stands foremost. When looking at a painting the eye can rest at will on any point

and return to it as often as desired, but the "art whose essence is the flight of time" does not permit of this deliberation; hence in its "forms" it has been found necessary to make large demands on memory and anticipation, and has restricted the number of its themes—or parts—so as not to overtax memory—and to arrange their sequence as not to disappoint anticipation. Of course, there may be people—doubtless are—to whom a panorama will give more pleasure than the most perfect specimen of the painter's art. "Continuous melody" may have some qualities that make it valuable; but these qualities, whatever they may be, are not musical, or, if they are, it is only in the sense that Walt Whitman's writings are poetry; that is, the ore is there, but it awaits the smelting and refining processes and the craft that can impress it with beautiful forms.

Poetry, Painting, and Music Combined in the Wagner Drama.

Much has been said and written about the Wagnerian opera being a fusing together of the three arts of poetry, painting, and music, which, like many chemical compounds, "exhibits" qualities that cannot be found in the elements. It may be safely asserted that, in such a combination, all the component arts are bound to suffer; that is, the highest qualities any art can exhibit are only possible when it alone claims the attention. The arts are impervious mistresses who brook no divided allegiance. The conditions of the stage are such that the realization of such an idea is impossible.

First as to the painting. No one will pretend to say that there is anything in common between the art of *scene* painting and the art of painting. Their aims and methods are so much at variance that there is not one canon of the one that will apply to the other. Therefore painting, as a *great art*, cannot be brought into partnership with poetry and music, at least on the stage.

Next as to the poetry. It may sound treasonable to say that there are certain ranges of poetry that could only suffer loss by being joined to music. The fittest poetry for music is the lyric. Now, although we speak of the opera as the lyric stage, there is a vast amount of so-called "poetry" sung in it that can hardly be called "lyric" by the most violent wrenching of the word. It may be didactic, or hortatory, or minatory, or declamatory, or a dozen other things; but, in even the best librettos, there are long reaches of the most prosaic prose that it is impossible to do without, owing to the exigencies of the story—the action, the situation, and so on; therefore the union does not offer the highest possibilities to the poet, except, perhaps, in "spots," and the possibilities it offers are at best lyrical, which is universally admitted to be *not* the highest range of poetry.

Last of all, the music. If this is great music, it, like Aaron's rod, will swallow the others, so they will never be missed. There is nothing very striking in the "words" of Agatha's soliloquy, nor need the scenery be of exceeding effectiveness, with "practicable" clouds sailing across the moon. Yet who, with any sense of music, or romance, or sympathy, has not been stirred to the depths by this wonderful scene, in which emotions ranging from quiet melancholy to exultant joy are expressed in music—so true to the passions it portrays, yet so instinct with beauty, melody, and form that, forgetting the stage and its painted accessories, the imagination erects and furnishes a stage beyond the skill of the carpenter and scene-painter.

I will not undertake to say that there are not in Wagner's operas scenes that can fire the imagination like the great scene in "Der Freischütz." It may be my misfortune, but I am always painfully conscious of what is going on on the stage—possibly a little ennuied by it, but never "rapt" away from all other considerations by the music. Of course, this may—very likely is—only a "personal equation." Still, as this form of opera is deliberately constructed on the theory that these three arts must be subordinated each to the other, it is evident that the combination does not offer the highest possibilities for the composition of great art-music.

An Esthetic Error.

If the foregoing deductions are true, they may serve to establish the contention that this attempted fusion is an esthetic error, because it precludes each one of the arts from reaching its highest plane, owing to the necessity of mutual subordination.

There are many minor points of which the esthetic value might be questioned, but they are rather matters of personal taste than questions about which any appeal to recognized principles may be made; such, for example, as the feeling of monotony that results from the too frequent employment of certain forms of accompaniment, and tricks of instrumentation—like the tremolo of the strings, punctuated by blasts from the brass.

Gurney, in his celebrated work "The Power of Sound," quotes a long passage of "endless melody" from "Lohengrin" which is sustained by a tremolo of the strings on a diminished-seventh chord. Then he inverts and otherwise changes the intervals of the "melody" to show that it is so utterly wanting in design as to sound equally well one way as another.

It cannot too often be insisted on that no great work was ever wrought as the result of a theory. Great art-works justify themselves and are very careless as to theories of art. The theories get themselves made afterward when men try to account for the portents of genius. It is very doubtful if Shakespeare could have written any one of the commentaries on his own works that have appeared since his time; indeed, it is likely he would be very much astonished to discover what profound theories of art he possessed without suspecting their existence.

After all that may be said or written, the fact re-

mains that to many this art-form devised by Wagner is full of meaning, and that it marks a distinct advance in the art of, at least, dramatic music. Those of us who are here fifty years from now will be in a much better position to judge than we, for "Time is the old justice that tries all offenders." He takes a long while to make his decisions, but, when made, there is never any appeal from them.

FOR WOULD-BE CRITICS.

BY RICHARD ALDRICH.

As the most popular of the arts, music implies a wide-spread need of intelligent and vigorous criticism, always a proper and necessary accompaniment of an art that appeals to the people at large. So the desire to "write for the papers" about musical performances is sure to come to intelligent young men and women, music-lovers, in towns and cities, large and small, where music is heard. It is a wholesome sign and a thing to be cultivated; and most newspapers recognize the advantage of including music in their daily or weekly review of the local history.

The great journals in the musical centers employ men of authority, whose opinions carry weight with musicians the world over, to review the concerts and operas, and a few of them are exclusively so employed. The number, however, of such professional critics must necessarily be very limited. The newspapers of smaller towns are often glad to find persons of sufficient knowledge, and judgment and ability to write, who will perform for them a similar function, of necessity on a smaller scale. Unfortunately, it is too often not on a smaller scale, but in quite the wrong way, resulting in a positive injury instead of the guidance and stimulus that such work should be.

The Etude is constantly in receipt of press-notices of concerts that have no value either to the performer or to the public. While it may not be possible to set such a standard of excellence as is maintained in the best metropolitan papers, there is no reason why the reviewing of concerts in smaller towns should not have, in its way and in its degree, helpfulness and stimulation for the musical public. What is the trouble, and where should the remedy be sought?

Qualifications of a Critic.

The successful reviewer of music must have a somewhat uncommon combination of qualities. He who attempts criticism must, first of all, know whereof he speaks. Now, "knowing" in this connection is sometimes a misunderstood word. It is occasionally brought up against critics that they cannot themselves do the things upon which they are expected to sit in judgment, and that for this reason they do not "know." Nothing could be further from the truth. The knowledge that a critic must have is an entirely different knowledge from the performer's, though it may overlap it at some points.

He must have heard much music under many different circumstances, from many different sources, that he may have the foundations on which to base his judgment—criterions with which to compare. He must know what are the elements of true beauty in the different departments of music; what fine tone is on the piano, the violin, the human voice, the orchestra; what ought to be expected in the way of technic; what the higher emotional and intellectual qualities of true art and fine interpretation are. He must have a well-stored mind, a ripe and many-sided culture, that he may draw from full resources. He can obtain these things only by much experience, large reading, reflection, and by thought about what he has heard and read. Here is one of the reasons why so much criticism is valueless. The writers of it seem unable to think clearly and logically; or, at any rate, show that they have not done so. They must not only have formed an opinion, but must explain why they formed it. They must give the reasons for their belief; and to do that they must have reasons.

A critic, when he sits down to write, should have some definite point of departure—some clearly-conceived central idea. Even if it is not a world-moving thought, he can do something with it, if it is definitely shaped in his mind. If not, if he has but a vague and formless series of impressions, what he writes is likely to be mush. Let the reviewer say something clearly, definitely, and decisively, even if it be but the most modest statement of fact.

What Criticism is Not.

Criticism is not fault-finding. Many think they are synonymous terms. This is another disastrous error. Criticism is judgment, an estimate of the value of an achievement in art, an interpretation of it. The highest critics have always taken more pleasure in praise than in blame, and are happy when they are confronted with what merits praise. Let the critic not begin with the idea that he is to be a picker of flaws.

Criticism is not rhapsody, but the reasoned and reasonable utterance of a sane mind. It certainly seems as if, when intelligent men and women take their pen in hand to write about music, they often take leave of their good sense. They start in upon a wild career of turgid and involved nonsense, high-flown poetical figures, exaggerated comparisons and metaphors which, when closely examined, fail to yield any meaning whatever. It is such kind of writing that is chiefly to be avoided. Young men and women who desire to write criticisms of music, take the advice of every newspaper critic of distinction who has ever freed his mind on this subject, and avoid "fine writing!"

Charm of style is not given to many, and even to the few who have it it comes generally only after long and incessant hard work, study, and practice; but everybody who has an idea to express may put it into clear and cogent language if he has the skill of writing at all. Use the English language as a vehicle for expressing your thoughts, not as a cloud to conceal

them. In proportion as you have ideas, develop them; but stop developing them when you are at the end of them.

Criticism is not an exposition of the critic's personality; of his emotions and affections; his comings and goings and doings. The music and the performance of it are the subjects of discussion, and let it be confined to them. Keep yourself in the background. There is a school of "clever" English critics who, in their search for the unconventional, have hit upon the plan of exploiting themselves, laying bare their hearts and describing their actions and the processes of their intellects when they go to a concert or to the opera. Fortunately no critic of influence has as yet brought this into fashion in this country. Don't try to start such a movement yourself.

Standards of Judgment.

In the formation of a judgment the critic must have a standard. Naturally, standards must vary according to the circumstances; the reviewer must clearly see the circumstances and take account of them, setting the pegs of his judgment high or lowering them in accordance with what is right. New York submits the applicants for its favor to the severest ordeals and applies the highest standards of judgment. But in towns smaller and more remote, where opportunities are fewer and demands are less exigent, the grade of public performances must necessarily rule lower. Then the critic would naturally be less exacting, though this need not signify indulgence for the mean and vicious and inartistic in music. There are different degrees of goodness.

Fairness and honesty we presuppose as a matter of course. Anything more despicable than one who undertakes the high calling of a critic, in however unassuming a sphere, and is moved in the expression of his views by unworthy motives, cannot be imagined. With all sincerity and uprightness, the critic will find it difficult enough to maintain the proper mean between generosity to and sympathy with the artist and his duty to his public. He should remember that he is the servant of the public, and speaks to them, not to the artist, primarily.

And finally, with all the advice and instruction that can be offered, and with the best intentions in the world, the beginner in criticism will find a difficult task ahead of him. Labor and thoughts must go into it, as well as natural gifts. His duty is to write what is worth setting before others, to interest, instruct, and guide them, and so to work for the elevation of art. It is a difficult, perilous, and—above all—a responsible undertaking.

As there are twelve months in the year, so are there twelve semitones in our scale. For our keynote let us take sincerity of purpose; for our dominant, fidelity to the cause of music. Forgetting our petty ambitions and desire for personal aggrandizement, let us be sincerely true and faithful to our art.—*Horace P. Dibble.*

MUSIC AND MONEY.

BY F. W. WODELL.

The financial outlook of the young professional music teacher, compared with that of the young business man, is meager. There is no probability that the young teacher will become even moderately wealthy by the practice of his profession. This is true of him who practices in the large cities, as well as of him who dwells in the provincial towns. The larger fees of the city man are matched by the legitimate and necessary increase in his expenditure. Life in the city is more varied, and richer in opportunity than life in the small town, but the drain upon mind and body is severe, and the bank account grows slowly.

One reason for the state of things first mentioned is that the musician works alone; he receives only that which he earns by personal effort; whereas wealth usually comes because a man has been able to employ many others at a profit on each to himself.

The professional musician may occasionally receive a large fee or royalty, and a few grand-opera "stars" may receive, in this country, sums sufficient, if properly husbanded, to give them modest wealth for their declining days. But practically no professional music teacher can look for the acquisition of wealth from the practice of his profession.

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It is a favorite preachment of essayists upon the music-life that he who enters upon the practice of music teaching with the desire to make money therefrom is unfit for the profession; that he is a priest of Baal—one who follows after false gods. And many have apparently come to hold that if a man endeavors to create "new business," is prompt in calling for his fees, and in paying his bills, he is therefore not "musical," and no artist."

As has been pointed out, the young man who seeks for wealth, or who loves money for its own sake, is foolish to go into music teaching, for he cannot thereby satisfy the desire of his heart. Yet there is nothing reprehensible in carefully planning and carrying on the profession of music teaching in such a way as that its proper monetary returns may be earned and collected. This involves the use of "business methods"; that is to say, putting into music teaching, as a profession, intelligence, honesty, energy, persistence, and kindliness. Out of these grow foresight, system, punctuality, concentration, patience, and courtesy.

* * *

It is not *money*, but the *love* of money, that is said to be the "root of all evil." The love of money is certainly fatal to the genuine success of the music teacher. But the music teacher needs money for what it will bring to him, when wisely used, of opportunity for the care of his body and the development of his mind and heart. No man can continually "give out" and do his best work. He must have a time when he can cease to "give out" and, by contact with the best of other minds, "take in." In other words, he must be

free from care as to the necessaries of civilized life, and have leisure and opportunity for the companionship of cultivated men and women, the study of good books, and for hearing the best that the pulpit, lecture platform, symphony and concert-room, and operatic and dramatic stage have to offer.

In the old days the professional musician was often "patronized" by the king or petty prince, and so had leisure and opportunity for study, creation, production, or performance. In these days and in this country the princeling does not exist. We have, instead, the "coal" or other "money baron." And some musicians hold that these modern "princes," the leaders of "society," possessing great wealth, really owe it to Art to give of their abundance for the support of the artist. All that these musicians wish to do, of course, is to give to the "unco-rich" an opportunity to discharge the obligations of said rich to Art with a capital A.

The self-respecting musician takes care to *earn* all that he receives—in which case no question of "patronage," in an offensive sense, can arise.

Frequently the young musician holds the belief that merit is bound to win, and that he has only to do good work and have the rest.

In America there is in common use an expressive slang word, namely: "pull." And "pull" is found operating not alone in politics, but in social, religious, and musical circles. Modest merit and powerful "pull" are often in conflict and, alas! merit is not always the victor. Now, what is "pull," in the best sense, but the operation of friendship for the furtherance of a particular cause? Hence, if merit can make friends, it is likely the sooner to obtain due recognition. Obviously the music teacher had better cultivate the public,—make as many friends as possible. That is "business" again? It is common sense applied to music teaching—a not too common thing.

Let it be understood, however, that, for the music teacher, nothing will take the place of genuine knowledge and skill in imparting it to others. And, further, that the teacher who puts himself completely and enthusiastically into his work, without thought of the dollar while teaching, is laying the real foundation for pecuniary as well as artistic success.

METHODS AND METHODISTS.

BY EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

We all hear far too much of this question of *method* in piano-study, of the *special method* of this or that great teacher and his pupils.

To the initiated the whole subject becomes wearisome to the point of disgust. Yet, "our method" is the rallying cry of countless sets and cliques; the watch-word by which numberless teachers and schools gain and hold a certain celebrity, the dreaded bugaboo with which young, hopeful students are intimidated and discouraged, parents mystified and browbeaten, rival teachers threatened and anathematized. Above all, it is the favorite hocus-pocus by which the American public is indulged in its inordinate desire to be humbugged, to the financial prosperity of the humbugger.

Let me say at the outset emphatically, unequivocally, for all who choose to hear, in the interest alike of students and teachers, as well as of common honesty and common sense, *there is no such thing as one correct and complete method* of playing the pianoforte or of teaching the pianoforte. Any teacher, great or small, who claims to have invented or discovered or otherwise to hold a monopoly on such a method is either a deliberate fraud and charlatan, or, what is more likely and more common, is merely a conceited, narrow-minded, meagerly-informed, self-deluded crank. Beware of both! Even more dangerous, perhaps, are the numerous sincere and enthusiastic pupils and disciples of such teachers—less blamable because less originally responsible, but not less injurious to musical progress.

They belong to the third of the three great classes into which the German novelist, Spielhagen, divided the human race, viz.: the Deceivers, the Deceived, and the Deceived Deceivers.

What is Method?

But what then is this *method*, about which so much dispute rages? In what does the work of the various rival teachers and schools differ? Surely there must be a right and a wrong method of doing everything, and where there is so much smoke of controversy there must be some fire of truth. Yes, but the fire is very small and clear enough; most of the smoke, or rather mist, that clouds the subject arises from the befogged brains of the disputants.

There are, of course, a few fundamentals of correct piano-technic which are the only safe and proper basis for pianistic development; but they are not to be found exclusively in any one method, nor are they the private property of any one teacher. They are the foundation of all so-called systems, and have been known and used by all good musicians in all lands for the last half-century at least. Then there are certain special tricks, or rather mechanical means of obtaining given results in particular cases; certain kinds of touch, or ways of applying the force to the key, when peculiar qualities of tone are desired; certain positions of hand and wrist to be maintained, or substituted for others, in given passages; in brief, certain *best ways* of arriving at wished-for ends,—certain easiest, best means of producing effects, about which opinions may differ somewhat in minor detail, but which are, as a whole, pretty generally known to, and used by, all good teachers and players of the present day. Be sure that no one teacher knows them all, or covers the whole ground; and be equally sure that no one man or woman has a monopoly on a single one of them.

Speaking of merely-technical equipment, he is the greatest player or teacher who commands not only the general fundamental principles referred to, but the greatest number and variety of these special means, and who, above all, displays the greatest tact, discretion, and insight in their application to individual cases. Every posted musician knows that in a single program the pianist needs a dozen or more different touches, and must use his hands, wrists, and fingers in a dozen or more different ways.

To claim that any of these is the only correct method of playing, or that any is at all times incorrect, is as absurd as it is erroneous.

Exaggeration of Special Points.

It is over just these little special points that most of the discussion arises, and it is usually by emphasizing or exaggerating some *one* of them that a reputation for having a peculiar method is gained. One man has a hobby which he calls relaxation, another idolizes a straight little finger, a third believes in the *pressure* touch and seems to think he invented it, and so on, and behold a man with a "peculiar method," the "only true method" forsooth, simply because of this dwelling on one particular feature which is used by all other good teachers, though perhaps not always in just the same places, or quite so often. I know one teacher in Boston who achieved a great reputation as instructor in octave work, merely because he never talked about anything else.

Question carefully several of the loudest advocates of any one of the alleged methods now in vogue, and you will find that no two of them agree as to its exact nature, and that most of them radically differ as to many of its important features, while the great teacher from whom they derived this very method would be the first indignantly to deny its existence.

I purposely mention no names, but I confidently assert that all the really great teachers of our day are agreed in this, that, as Kullak once said to the writer: "We study not a *method*, but the *pianoforte*."

Believe me, the musical *methodist*, when sincere, is one who sees but a very small segment of the circle, and whose brain can hold but one idea at a time.

The question to be asked is not "what method does a teacher use," but "with whom has he studied," "what general advantages has he enjoyed," "how does he rank mentally," "how well does he play," or perhaps better still, if he has taught some time, "how well do his pupils play," and "have they any intelligent ideas of music in general," which is even more to the purpose.

Music is not a mysterious realm of hidden secrets, only to be revealed to those specially initiated by the mystical rites of some occult system, or armed with the spell of some one magical name.

It is a branch of education, a rational, wholesome, every-day medium of expression, and must be taught with common-sense and an intelligent application of general principles to individual needs.

Real Value of So-called Methods.

To sum up: a few of the *methods*, so called, which are in print or private use to-day are totally valueless, made up of rank nonsense, impracticable pedantry, and utter ignorance of the real requisites of a player.

These are the ones about which most talk is made, partly because they differ most widely from most others (for the best of reasons), partly because such talk is needed to keep them alive.

But the great majority are well enough, and usable as far as they go, being merely compilations, more or less complete and systematic, of well-established principles, in the main familiar to all good musicians, with the addition of some special personal ideas of the author, which may or not be of value, and in either case are rarely new.

In fact, the points in which these methods differ are usually their weak points, pet cranks, or purposeless exaggerations.

Anyone may invent a new and original way of spelling "cat" by prefixing a score of silent letters, but is it better than the old way? And ideas on piano-technic that are new and at the same time of any use, are as few and far between as in spelling. It is not the existence of these compilations referred to that I condemn. It is the name "method" as applied to them, and the idea that one is materially better than another, and that any of them is original

True, knowledge in this as in other fields is open to all who seek with diligence. It is not the private property of any individual or school, nor locked up in any particular system; and, I repeat, there is no really good and great teacher living who is not too intelligent and too honest to claim to possess a "special method."

COLLATERAL EDUCATION NECESSARY TO MODERN MUSICIANSHIP.

BY JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

The time when a musician was merely a wonderful machine, or a naïve automaton, turning out pleasant and orderly sounds of no especial significance, has long since passed. It is often said that the nineteenth century is the king of centuries; and in no particular is the life of our epoch more peculiar or more characteristic than in the development of the great art of music.

When the word "music" was spoken in the year 1800 it had a very much more restricted and shallow meaning that it has when spoken in this year of 1900. The musician of our time can no longer ensconce himself in a little shell of personal eccentricities and radiate a mysterious impression of unfathomable genius. The musician now is beginning to be recognized as one of the manifestations of the human spirit informed by the Divine Spirit; one of the manifestations which must give account of itself because it has relation, a

definite and ascertainable relation, with all that is best in life.

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In the quiet and restricted life of our venerated founder, dear old John Sebastian Bach, there was nothing of modern unrest and the modern many-sidedness; but his spirit developed itself like a deep, crystalline well, wherein the stars of highest truths and most imperishable beauty mirrored themselves.

When we reached the time of Mozart, and close the epoch of the eighteenth century we still find music in its semi-naïve state; it was still merely a structure of sounds, agreeable to the nerves, and moving within the threefold symmetries of rhythm, melody, and harmony.

But with the mighty Beethoven, who saw the beginning of the nineteenth century when he was a young Jupiter of 30 begins a totally new spirit. He sought to utter in music what Goethe sought in poetry, what the frantic strugglers of the French Revolution sought in political life, and what the great saints and martyrs sought in religious life. Beethoven believed that his art was one of the great forces, one of the great windows through which the Divine floods in its light upon this lower life of man; and Beethoven, though not in the modern sense a highly or broadly educated man, was unquestionably a man of deep, strong intelligence and of wide tastes. Certainly a musician whose recreation consisted in reading Plato could not have been a frivolous person or a shallow-brained weakling.

The musician to-day, as he exists in America, is bound practically by all the laws which regulate the character, conduct, and attainments of the professional man in any other field.

The lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman, the teacher have all of them recognized places in the world and in the system of human things; and though the musician is not quite so definite in his relation to life, he is nevertheless regarded scarcely as inferior. The time when, in this dear country, a plentiful lack of good English, with a plentiful abundance of long hair and a general disposition to be irritable in temper and untrustworthy in money matters, constituted the conception of a true musical genius has long passed. To-day the young man preparing himself for a career as a musician may well be startled or even stand aghast at what he ought to essay. Let us consider what are some of the things outside of his art which the musician should know.

"One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

Thus wrote the great English epigrammatist Alexander Pope; and in our art it is pre-eminently true that the attainment of virtuoso skill on more than one instrument is practically impossible; even reasonable proficiency cannot be attained on more than two, or at the farthest three. It is necessary, then, for every musician to select a specialty; and yet, right here arises one of the most fatal traps into which we and our students are inclined to fall.

The ambitious flock of piano girls will hammer away on the vexed ivories until blisters come on the ends of their dear little finger-tips, six hours, seven hours, eight hours, a day—nothing is too much for them; all in order that they may attain in a phenomenally short time a phenomenally large command of digital dexterities, and those wondrous sleight-of-hand performances which M. Browning, in a sly spirit of satire, calls "fine slights of hands and unimagined fingering, shuffling off the hearer's soul through hurricanes of notes to a noisy Tophet." Nothing can be said in disparagement of the intense ambition of our American students; but it is not always tempered with wisdom or diluted in the preservative alcohol of common sense.

So, then, the first thing a musician should do after having selected a specialty is to get away from that specialty, not in the spirit of the Scotch preacher, who said that a text was a "point of depairture," but that the specialty should be placed in vital relationship to everything else in music.

We find an analogy in nature. The highest type of animal is the vertebrate, and the essential peculiarity of all vertebrate animals is this: there must be a series of bones articulated and containing a nerve-cord, or marrow, from which all the other organs proceed in various degrees of nearness or remoteness. Now, for the pianist, the keyboard is the spinal marrow; for the violinist, the tiny brown shell of his exquisitely graceful instrument; for the organist the solemn giant in the church-loft; for the vocalist, it is the throat. And there is nothing strange or ludicrous in the intense care which every specialist takes of his own chosen instrument.

But right here comes the vital mistake. In order to play the piano well, one must know more than piano. The singer should attend piano recitals conscientiously, and become at least partially familiar with the works written for that instrument. The violinist should not think himself excused from knowing the singer's art; and whatever may be the specialty there is always a series of fields contiguous to the special demand on every side, into which he must make excursions and frequently explore. Chopin used to tell his piano students that if they would learn to play the piano they must go and hear Malibran sing; and Schumann advises young pianists to seek the opportunity of playing accompaniments for vocalists. So the many other citations which might easily be made would show that our great men saw the necessity of knowing the art in a general sense. But we will leave this head by merely saying that every performer must know music as an art, must understand not merely its science, for theory is a matter of course; as well might one ask whether a man can be cultivated and be ignorant of grammar and rhetoric, as to ask whether it is really necessary to know harmony and theory. Of course it is; but there must be some

general acquaintance, more or less complete, with every field of musical production.

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Again, the musician who wishes to be complete master of his art must cultivate his mind in fields that lie around the art itself. Of these there are many; some difficult of attainment; others easy. And first I would mention Nature. The great and inexhaustible fountain of inspiration for the poet, the musician, the painter, is God's great world, that we call Nature. And some of Nature's greatest wonders are her cheapest. What human being ever yet exhausted the wonders of the sky? There is absolutely nothing in Nature so sublime, so exalted, so human as the sky; and those of you who know Ruskin remember his eloquent paragraphs on this topic; and how much does it cost you to lift your eyes to the sky at noon, or at sunrise, or at sunset, or starry midnight, where there awaits you an inexhaustible source of uplifting and stimulating thought.

There are many objects in nature which have suggested the starting-point of musical compositions. Of all the thousands, great and small, which arose from such an origin, nothing is more beautiful than Beethoven's "Sixth, or Pastoral, Symphony." But it may be that you cannot afford to visit Niagara, or the Mammoth Cave, or the Yosemite Valley, or to see the ocean each summer with all its sublime and solemn mysteries. There is, however, for everyone, especially in these days of cheap travel, the opportunity of seeing much that is beautiful, sublime, inspiring, and suggestive in Nature; and the musician who is callous to such impressions is certain to reveal that callousness in a cold, coarse, and oftentimes blatantly vulgar interpretation of music.

There are not lacking musicians who rise but a few degrees above the level of the orchestrion and the mechanical piano. We have all had this experience—at one time we hear a beautiful work played and merely hear notes, are scarcely moved or even interested in it. The next evening another artist plays the same work, and the tears start, and cold shivers thrill us, while the pulses quicken. Where is the difference? It is in the man. Unless there is love of beauty in the soul, it can never be expressed through the fingers; and when not expressed through the fingers the audience can never receive the uplifting Water cannot rise higher than its fountain, nor the audience above the spiritual and mental level of the interpreting artist.

* * *

Again, a source of collateral instruction and stimulus for the musician is literature; and this is very nearly if not quite as cheap and accessible as Nature. In this day of marvelous efficiency in the printer's art, when the day laborer, if so minded, by a reasonable amount of economy can have the wit and wisdom and learning of all times and all nations ranged about his walls, the musician should cultivate literature for two chief reasons; first, as a relaxation or change from the overstrain of those mechanical and mathematical labors which are necessary to the training of his thinking and performing powers; secondly, that he may find in literature images, characters, thoughts, emotional groupings which will excite his own creative power. The multitude of examples of the effect wrought upon musicians by poets and novelists is bewildering. One or two must serve. Beginning with our dear Beethoven, whose giant hand knocked on the golden morning gate of our century and opened it wide for the divine effulgence to spread over the world, we find him even among his juvenile compositions taking that poem of Schiller's based on Homer's parting of Andromache and Hector, and paraphrasing it in a sonata. Later we find Beethoven constantly groping after definite expression, or at least after a purposeful underlying *raison d'être* of his music.

This spirit has gone on increasing and multiplying until to-day it at times becomes fantastic and extravagant, as in the case of the six symphonic poems of Richard Strauss. These are all, or nearly all, based on literary works—"Don Quixote," "Thus spake Zarathustra," "Don Juan," and the rest. Liszt, again, has given us a symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," suggested by some eloquent paragraphs of Lamartine, commenting upon human life. He has also brought before our minds in another symphonic poem the romantic character and life of the great Italian epic poet Tasso. Berlioz has illustrated the story of "Faust," and the drama of "Romeo and Juliet." Tschaikowsky, as also Schumann and Reinecke, have turned the gloomy story of Byron's "Manfred" into music; and a hundred other instances rush over mental vision illustrating this one thought, that novels, poems, and literary works generally have set the creative ferment going in the minds of musicians. It thus admits of no cavil that the musician should be a dear lover of poetry; in fact, we know that poetry and music in the primitive ages went hand in hand, and it was many thousand years before they were at all separated, or there was any independent art of music. Wagner has maintained that Beethoven in the choral movement of the "Ninth Symphony" struck the death-knell of purely instrumental music. This is doubtless a fallacy, but it shows how profoundly subtle is the interplay between the poetry of tones and the poetry of words. Let every musician then be an ardent student and enthusiastic lover of the poets of all lands, but especially of his own language.

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Again, a source of collateral stimulus and education of great value may be found by the musician in the study of the plastic arts. The painter, the architect, the sculptor, are working, though with different materials, from the same root-impulse as the musician and the poet, and we have the power to feel this message as it is spoken again in another language, refreshed by the change which our feeble humanity demands and yet reinforced by making the old voice come back in an eloquent echo.

A comparatively small number of the musical pro-

fession, of this country at least, can spare either the money or the time to see Italy, the land of the plastic arts; yet something may be done by reprints, by photographs; but this head I may dismiss by simply saying that the musician should, wherever he can, search for the beautiful, and learn to recognize it whenever it peeps at him with its roguish face, whether from its nook behind the thorn-bush of human sorrow or from the midst of the rose-tree of love and happiness. The musician, the poet, and the artist are all the children of the same God, and are speaking to the same humanity.

* * *

Thus far we have spoken of the musician's duty to his art, of the necessity for his mastering a just conception of the various fields and departments, and their relative values; second, of developing his esthetic power by contact with Nature, and with those varied forms of humanized beauty which we call art; but, again, the musician's collateral training must deal with the physical. It is a wide-spread fault of the musical profession that very little attention is given by them as individuals, or as a class, to the study of ordinary, sane hygiene. Sometimes overwork, sometimes dissipation, sometimes reckless abandoning of one's self to violent emotion, wreck and destroy the man of genius or of refined talent. The musician owes it to himself never to forget that he is a human being, and therefore has a soul and a mind incased in a body; and while this body is not supreme, and is certainly temporary, a mere machine to be used, it has its sacred rights; and any violation of the laws which control man's fearfully and wonderfully constructed bodily organism will bring a fearful retributive penalty. Let the musician, then, take good care of his nerves and his muscles; let him use wholesome food; let him exercise himself, and in a sane manner; let him avoid excessive labor, and provide himself with as much good, innocent, sound sleep as he can obtain. In a word, not train like a prize-fighter, but train like a gentleman. The good musician must have a body buoyant with health, and as far as possible perfect in its anatomy, for the very instant that even a slight cold or the most trivial indigestion lowers the nerve-tone, that instant the performance grows languid and vague. There is something almost mystical in the way that our feeling, taking its rise back among the mysterious mountain fastnesses of the nervous system, rushes forward through the channel of art, to come out again to recreate a joyous esthetic elevation in those who hear us. Let the musician, then, be as perfect and as fine an animal as he can.

* * *

But the musician, especially the teacher, has a relation to society as a whole. He is a human being, and as such compelled to live and move and have his being as a part of the great texture of assorted human beings, who, with their ten thousand occupations, utilize the world to exchange commodities. He must obey the same laws of commerce and of social ethics as do other men who aim for intellectual dignity, distinction, and respect. The musician does not make himself more highly thought of, or his art more admired, by being careless, or chaotic, or dishonest, in his money-dealings. He need not be, he should not be, a money-grabber, or a money-grub. In fact, in the musician even a slight exaggeration in the money-hunger, that feverish greed which is one of the maladies of our commercialized epoch, even a slight exaggeration in the musician may greatly deteriorate his artistic value. I only mean that we should guard ourselves against using our art as a shield from just criticisms of our character and conduct.

Finally, the collateral education of the musician should concern itself with all the divergent interests of man, viewed from the widest circumference. Let me make a fantastic illustration; the cultivated man must know everything about something, and something about everything. Our knowledge is a series of concentric rings. Here is a circle; in the middle is a golden circle a foot in diameter; that is my specialty; outside of that comes a band six inches wide, entirely surrounding the center, but made of silver—valuable, but not so precious as the other; outside of that is a band three inches wide of brass; and so on in ever-increasing extent of circumstances, but of diminished breadth, must our studies extend or progress. A musician is not excusable if he is totally oblivious of the great central facts of politics and human life; he should know the great thoughts that are upheaving the world like tidal waves. He need not be an expert in the details of party politics; but he should know something of the great questions of state, of economics, of all the things that deeply concern the well-being of man on this planet. No hour that is spent judiciously in thus acquiring collateral knowledge will ever be wasted, for, besides securing a perfect skyful of stirring thoughts and elevating suggestions, the musician in this way is able to put himself at many points in sympathetic contact with his fellow-beings, thereby receiving from them a vitalization of the soul, and imparting it again in his own form.

The musician is one of the collaborators with God in the uplifting of mankind, and we owe it to ourselves, as a profession, and as individuals, to take ourselves seriously, not in a spirit of personal, selfish vanity, or colossal arrogance, but with a just sense of the recompense of reward, and an ever-abiding, though not crushing, consciousness of our duty toward the God who made us, and all things.

To EVERY man and every woman there comes, at least once in life, a crisis. To some it may seem to come early; to others only after years of preparation. It is in the latter case that the value of careful, thorough work is seen. The true teacher aims to do his daily work with such a will to get out of it, not his fees alone, but all that it can do for him, so that, when the time for promotion comes, he is ready to go up higher and stay there.

HOW ART PAYS.

BY CONSTANTIN VON STERNBERG.

I HAVE known that from time immemorial the city of Naples has paid a handsome prize every year to the composer of the best folksong; I have also drawn the inference that the municipality of Naples knew its business in thus encouraging music and fostering the love of it among its people. But what was my surprise when I recently heard a speaker of undoubted authority state, in cold figures, the enormous profits Italy derives annually from its art It is a sordid view of art to contemplate it in its commercial aspect, to be sure; but since, in a young country like ours, the commercial value of art will be a paramount consideration with most of the "powers that be," it may not be amiss to repeat here some of the figures.

The national debt of Italy involves the payment of interest to the amount of $84,000,000. The annual influx of money through temporary visitors, tourists, and students from foreign lands amounts, at the most conservative estimate, to $91,000,000. What brings all these foreigners to Italy if not its art? It may be said that it is its history; but the fact that certain events took place at a certain spot will surely not bring such an influx unless these events are commemorated through art.

This is easily proved by the city of Turin. It has no art-works to speak of, and no tourist ever goes there. Even though the court of Italy was moved to that city some fifty years ago and stayed there for over ten years, it had no effect on travel; for, as soon as the court returned to Rome, the little artificial life of Turin ended as abruptly as it began. The art of Italy thus pays the whole interest of the national debt and leaves a profit toward its amortization.

France and its art are so intimately interrelated that one hardly thinks of one without including the other. Still, here are some special figures, and, though only of one institution, they will illustrate my point rather forcibly. The "*Institut des Beaux Arts*" costs France $18,200 (91,000 francs) annually, in running expenses. Of its 1400 students, only 900 are Frenchmen; the remaining 500 are foreigners. Calculating only $500 per annum for each student,—and this is a very moderate average,—this brings $250,000 every year into Paris, or an excess of $231,800 over the running expenses of the "*Institut*"; and this does not include the contribution of France itself, but only that of the foreign students. It seems as though art were a pretty safe and remunerative investment.

It will be difficult to estimate the profits derived from the Naval Arch in New York City. If, however, the railroad account shows that, while that arch was allowed to stand 3,000,000 people more were transported than afterward or before (not counting the Dewey days); if, furthermore, each visitor had spent only one single dollar during his stay,—outside of his railroad fare,—the investment of $30,000 seems to have paid the city of New York reasonably well.

There are two points to be considered in connection with the foregoing figures, which ought to be specified at this juncture. One is that the plastic-art works would lose a large portion of their attractiveness were they not surrounded by the life-giving atmosphere of music. What the opera, the Lamoureux and Colonne concerts are to Paris, the operas, music institutions, and great church choirs are to Italy. In Germany, Russia, Holland, England, Spain, etc., wherever the plastic arts have left their monumental evidences, music has received an equal share of the financial encouragement from the government. The inference for our country is so easy that it hardly requires words.

The other point deserving mention is a more delicate one, and one on which a debate may be possible. It is the circumstance that the great art-works, which have proved to be of such vast financial benefit to their countries, were not created with any thought of such a speculation. The love of country, the love of beauty, and the fullness of life urging to be expressed, called these creations of the human mind and hand into existence. And it is the very absence of any sordid speculation, the very frankness of heart utterance in them which attracts us, and brings the people from everywhere to those places.

Who could look at the Cologne Cathedral and think of its cost? That unsayable something, inherent to great art-works, that power which carries us upward and away from work-a-day thoughts and feelings, that mysterious quality, the shrewdest speculation will never attain it—it must be genuine! But it could be as genuine here as elsewhere, if art and artists were recognized more justly by the present powers in our land. The American artist is not built for martyrdom; he will give the people what they are willing to pay for; and, hence, when we do come into possession of some great art-work, typical of the United States, it will have been *the people* who, through their artists, have created it! May it come soon, to insure us a place among the cultured nations, now that our place among the merely civilized ones is so gratifyingly prominent!

"GIVE AND TAKE" IN MUSIC.

BY HELENA M. MAGUIRE.

RECIPROCITY.

"Reciprocation—an interchange or alternation of acts; a mutual or reciprocal giving and returning."

IN speaking of the spirit of "give and take" as we find it in the music-life, we need not take up the old quarrel of whether or no musicians have lacked this quality; selfishness, jealousies, and heart-burnings there have been, aggravated and emphasized by the musical temperament, but let them lie; suffice it that you students of to-day, you who are to be

the musicians of the future, can clear away any lingering reproach which perchance remains, by making "reciprocity" your watch-word, and, in your student life, learning well the lesson of how to give and take.

Some one, paraphrasing Shakespeare, has said that "all the world's a market-place, and we're the buyers and sellers." If you think of it, life is a constant bartering, a smile for a pleasantry, an idea received for study given, a friendship for a kindness, and so on, and in Music Town, where you and I are dwelling, there is a splendid chance for a brisk interchange of wares to meet present demands and to create new ones. And what wares have you to bring to Music's market-place? These three: manners, intelligence, and feeling. And whom will you find to trade with you? These three classes: your fellow-students, your music-teachers, and your composers.

With Fellow-students.

You know of the rivalries ever common among music students, of the petty jealousies and meannesses, of the burning discussions as to equal or unequal talent, culture, merit, of the never-ending disputation over mine and thine. One sees much of this when there is an overplus of the musical temperament shut into the close confines of conservatory life; but wherever a number of students are drawn together in the common cause "Music," *there* is formed a market, *there* is a demand for your wares, and the thing to do is to put what you have upon the market in the full belief that you are supplying a necessity.

There is much need of a large and increasing supply of courtesy among students. Music does not choose its vestals from one favored class, but is as apt to bring them from the reek and smoke of the butcher's or the baker's as from the dwellings of pomp or asceticism. You have need to be democratic if you are to be a musician; to stretch out the hand of good-fellowship to genius, in whatever guise you may meet it; to learn to put all questions of caste aside, and—to have a large-enough supply of manners to fill all demands. You know that there are difficulties in the way of every girl who studies music; genius may shine most brightly for the girl who has stepped abruptly from the ranks of labor and toil into the musical sphere, but is she not hampered by the newness and strangeness of it all, by lack of mental discipline, by the necessary alienation from almost all that was necessary and habitual to her, which must be a drag, and could never be of assistance to her?

Consider, on the other hand, the daughter of a gentle house; see all that she has to aid her toward musical development. She has inherited the culture of generations, the refined and correct habits of thought of scores of ancestors. The spiritual, the esthetic are as natural to her as deadly commonplace and coarseness to the other, and, out of her abundance will she not reach across the gulf of inequality and make offering of her wares? But will the other buy? Ah, that is the question! Pride is not of the great alone, and the graciousness which can accept is difficult to learn. So what is too often seen is: one girl drawing back with repellent pride, the other withdrawing with light disdain. Then each wraps herself about with the robe called self-sufficiency, hugging close therein her wares, and excluding all who would barter with her, and this same robe of self-sufficiency becomes the grave-cloth of all it covers. For charity spoils in storage, and thoughts, like flowers, will die for want of an airing. None of us are self-sufficient; there must be a mutual interchange of what we are and what we have if we would accomplish anything. You are bound to meet all kinds and all classes in studying music, and a frank exchange of courtesies will result in an equal gain on all sides. For the daughter of culture has not all to give. She who comes newly into the student-life brings with her a virile vigor, a passionate enthusiasm, which her more cultured friend would do well to barter for.

So, then, the key to genuine good-fellowship is courtesy. Manners are not character, but they are the dress of character and are all that we see of a girl for a long time. Musicians have been unpleasantly noted for rude, shrewish manners; and many failures, together with many ruptured friendships, may be traced to this unhappy cause. Therefore, if you are going to cement the musicians of the future into a strong and powerful fraternity, begin by giving attention to the manner you bear toward your fellow-students, to the way in which you learn to take as graciously to give, to give as humbly as you would receive. Let there be no question of "mine and thine," but a mutual interchange of a common abundance.

With Teachers.

We have spoken before of the intercourse between teacher and pupil, of what one owes to the other, of knowledge gained for attention given, of the ideas which spring to meet the demand as soon as it is evident. Between some pupils and their teachers there is a quick sympathy and an ardent understanding, and where this is the case a splendid musical growth is the sure result. But where this is not the case, and there passes between the teacher and pupil only a dry exchange of facts and generalities, there cannot be good results, for, as Pope said:

> 'Like buoys that ne'er sink into the flood,
> On Learning's surface they but lie and nod."

Don't hoard. Don't stack up your thoughts and impulses into dark corners. You have them, as has all the rest of mankind; but how is your teacher to know of them except as you take them out and show them to her? Open your mind to your teacher. Let her know all that is there, even your precious secret thoughts, for which you are so afraid of being laughed at. She will not laugh; but do not mind if she appear a little surprised at first, for, truly,

youth is a perpetual surprise to those who have lost it. Keep on bravely with your self revelation and see how, when once your teacher understands, she will weave all that you have given her into your music, so that in trying to give and take with your teacher you will have brought back a blessing upon your own head. In your teacher's studio you must learn to give patience to difficulties, to give your difficulties up to the concentrated thought which can dispel them; to give good work in order to obtain appreciation, and a ready gratitude for gentle sympathy.

With Composers.

How can there be reciprocity between you and the composer long dead? Has he nothing to barter with you? There is his work, the best of him, all that was original and instinct in the man, which made him different from all other men, which never was before until it had its birth in his imagination. There it lies now in lifeless black and white. How are you going to obtain it for yourself except by offering him your ability to work, together with the whole breadth of your imagination. Rendering another's music is, in a sense, a *re*creating, and how can there be such without a fertile imagination, a tender fancy and high ideas?

"Tell me, where is Fancy bred?
In the heart or in the head?
Where begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply."

We cannot, you or I, and yet we know that it is this evanescent quality which joins the present with the past, which defies the dry light of *fin de siécle* practicality and quickens our understanding of the thoughts and emotions of those long dead. This, then, is what we must offer the composer if we would receive in return the spirit and meaning of his music. By projecting yourself, in fancy, into the lives and activities of the masters, music will cease to be a mere system of notes and sounds, for therein you will read the comedy or the tragedy of which the music was a part, and the rhythm thereof will be as the pulse of a strong and ardent nature. So you may live again the story of a life long spent, and dapple your own thoughts and feelings with the products of a mind and heart at rest.

"We cannot live, except thus mutually;
We alternate, aware or unaware,
The reflex act of life."

In teaching resolve to make haste slowly. A single sandwich thoroughly digested will make more healthy blood, and give more strength, than a meal of rich, indigestible viands, if the digestion is not strong enough to cope with them. A simple exercise in music perfectly learned will make a pupil stronger than a difficult piece which is hopelessly above his capacity.—*Robert Braine.*

CRITICISM AND PRACTICE.

BY EVA HIGGINS MARSH.

Wise criticism, a teacher's prerogative, is of great importance in a pupil's study, it object being to obtain a higher grade of practice and thus a higher standard of excellence. But it does not constitute teaching. One other factor of equal importance is to teach a pupil to criticise himself.

The Teacher's Criticism.

Perpetual fault-finding under the cloak of criticism has doubtless lost teachers many a pupil. Such a course proves a hindrance and discouragement. To point out a failing kindly, giving the best possible way of correcting it; to note only important faults; to show how to overcome fundamental imperfections—this constitutes wise criticism. Many faults are self-corrective, many at lesson-hour are due to nervousness or hasty preparation. Instead of noting each individual one, seek the cause for each and direct all efforts toward that. Is it from rigid muscles, a stiff wrist, fast playing, or incorrect fingering? Discover each underlying fault.

Does a pupil come with a stumbling, stammering manner of playing? Be sure of one of two things: he has either practiced too fast or has been repeatedly stopped during the rendering of a piece for a teacher's criticism.

Nothing will induce a halting, jerky style of performance more than such a way of correcting mistakes, the pupil losing confidence in the presence of a teacher and all the inspiration with which he commenced playing. The proper place for criticism is at the close of the exercise, where the pupil should be taught to see the mistakes for himself as much as possible and to correct them himself. Only thus can a pupil be made independent in his study; only thus can his playing be fervent and heart-felt at lesson hour.

The majority of pupils by their own confession do not play so well before teachers as in the privacy of their own rooms. The fault may rest partly with them and partly with the teacher who does little to induce their best efforts, but, on the contrary, hinders it by unwise criticism. A teacher should not feel obliged to do everything himself; but his mission is to lead and guide along lines of study and practice. The best thing for a pupil is to teach him to do for himself and then let him do it.

So much for teacher's criticism. When is the time for the exercise of the pupil's prerogative, self-criticism? Manifestly during practice-hours. To do this there are underlying principles which a teacher must faithfully instill.

The Pupil's Self-criticism.

I. A pupil must learn to listen to his own playing. "But," says one, "I always hear myself play. I am not deaf." Do you? Do you know every time you

play incorrectly, or phrase incorrectly, or play jerky or not clear? One can only listen truly when listening for certain things, with mind intent upon them. Such a habit of concentration must be established before criticism begins. The best results come from watching for one thing at a time. Repeat a passage or brace half a dozen times listening:

1. To notes and note-values, that they are correct.

2. For clear and smooth playing, that not two or three notes are held down at once.

3. To pedaling, that no blurred tones result.

4. For relative importance of themes or phrases; for proper subordination of accompaniment and development of climax.

5. For analysis of piece, the progression or resolution of chords, if you have studied harmony.

6. Strive to crystallize all this into an artistic performance.

II. A pupil must have ideas about practice.

Because he is of age or advanced in his studies, it does not follow that he knows how to practice. These principles are old, but bear repetition.

I. Slow practice is the first requirement, and must precede fast work. One good authority says: "Remember that the hardest thing to do, as one gains in execution, is to go slow enough; and the easiest thing to do is to play so fast as to spoil every piece." Hummel says: "It is well known that an adagio is much more difficult to perform well than an allegro." By fast practice one loses everything needful for good playing, accuracy, clearness, but most of all does he lose in repose of manner and certainty of touch.

"Repose is the emblem of power." Even as a child's first steps must be taken slowly, so first practice must be slow, with exactness, loose arms, wrists, and hands, if ever a faster performance with good effect is to be hoped for. Never go faster than the mind can grasp the details of the music, except after much slow work. Such a high rate of speed brings the stumbling performance and lack of repose. "Fast practice, slow progress."

2. Hard passages require repeated practice. Consider it waste of time and money to practice easy passages as much as hard ones. True practice aims to bring each part of the piece to an equal degree of perfection. Hence work on harder parts is essential. To nothing can the axiom "A chain is as strong as its weakest link" be more aptly applied. A piece is judged by the rendering of its hardest parts. If the difficulty is passed by without conquering, it still remains to trip once more.

3. There is a ripening process in all practice. One hour in the gymnasium each day is worth more than four hours in one day. To repeat a passage ten times a day for ten days accomplishes more than one hundred times in one day. There is a developing and ripening in ten days that comes not in one.

A teacher's criticism requires concentration of one's thoughts and a judicious and clear choice of words in its expression. It is not always an easy thing, but a trait that teachers should cultivate, wise and discriminating criticism. Teachers and pupils will not always be co-workers. Pupil, be independent as much as possible of a teacher's criticism. Do not ignore it, but learn to think, see, and criticise for yourself. Thus, true development and sturdy growth are to be attained. Make "Watch" your watch-word and "Faithfulness" your motto.

HOW TO MANAGE A TEACHER.

BY H. C. MACDOUGALL.

I.

A PUPIL is often concerned, and rightly so, about his teacher's punctuality, his teacher's interest in the lessons; a pupil who does not get an hour's lesson (if the teacher states that he gives hour lessons) or forty-five minutes (if the lesson ought to be of that length) has some cause for complaint. A teacher who listens to the pupil's efforts with a scarcely-concealed air of boredom, or who is ill natured, or who plainly has given little or no thought to the lesson of the day or planned for lessons in the future—such a teacher can give little satisfaction to his pupils, and his faults are beyond their correction.

There are ways in which a pupil may get a good deal out of a teacher, and I wish to point out some of those ways in a simple, practical fashion. The first rule for the pupil's guidance is this: *When you finish playing or singing your piece, say nothing.* If your teacher has anything to say in correction or praise or reproof, give him a chance to say it. As a general thing, pupils, the moment they finish their piece, are voluble with excuses or descriptions of previous performances of the same thing at home or other autobiographical details of no earthly interest or importance. If your teacher has nothing to say, your silence after performing will compel him to say something. The few still moments after the voice or instrument has ceased are wonderfully potent in stimulating keen mental reviews of the minutes of performance. In my own experience as a teacher there is scarcely anything so annoying as the habit of pupils to which allusion has been made.

II.

The second bit of advice to pupils is antithetical, in some respects, to the first. I cautioned pupils about talking to the teacher immediately after the performance of a piece. I now say: *At the proper moment ask intelligent questions.* The common-sense of the pupil must be responsible for the determination of the "proper moment," but, in general, it may be said that a "proper moment" is immediately after your teacher has made a correction or explanation, or any time when there seems to be a point of rest in the lesson. Intelligent questions are those referring to the author of the piece, his life, place in musical history, etc., the harmony of the piece, the fingering, the form, and

other constructive details, questions regarding the technic and answered in the text, and so on. It is not a bad way to write the questions on a slip of paper or on the edge of your music.

III.

The third bit of advice to the pupil is this: *Do not ask too many questions of the teacher nor argue with him.* It is as true as anything can be that a real teacher likes to be of use to his pupils; his experience is at their service much as a well is at the service of him who lets down the bucket into its satisfying depths. But a pupil should be careful about taking the lesson into his own hands; a teacher of any gumption will not only not allow a pupil to do this, but will have some ill-will toward him for attempting it. Of course, a pupil asking intelligent questions wishes only to learn, but he should be careful not to ask too many or to ask them inopportunely. As to arguing with your teacher, he will dislike you if you attempt it, or he will be a person of unusual breadth if he does not; furthermore you can have no respect for a teacher with whom you can successfully debate musical topics. To keep your respect for him, refrain from argument; ask his opinion and meditate on it in silence, bearing in mind his greater experience and eminence in music.

IV.

My fourth bit of advice is: *Try a little judicious praise of your teacher occasionally.* Of course, you know that your teacher is a human being, but you practically forget it most of the time. I must own to a liking for praise of myself; at the same time it must be judicious praise. If my back, unfortunately, is humped, I do not care to have some one compliment my figure; if I am ugly, I do not like to be told that I am handsome. But, if I have taken pains with a pupil, I know it, and am delighted when I am told of it; if I have been patient with a trying pupil, I know it, and think it no more than my due to have the pupil acknowledge it. At such times I feel very much encouraged; I do better work in my next lesson, and remember the pupil who has praised me most kindly, saying to myself: "What I do for that girl is appreciated." Your teacher may be the gruffest or most dignified or most self-contained of mortals; rest assured that spoken appreciation of his efforts in your behalf touch his heart. Mind, you are to use judicious praise, not flattery.

V.

Another may to manage a teacher—that is, to command for your own use his best—is to *loyally support him in his undertakings.* If he plans a concert-course, sell tickets for him; if he gives a pupils' recital accept cheerfully the piece and place he assigns you; if he plays, go and hear him, applaud him (generously, if your conscience allow), and say a friendly word to him after the concert is over; do not take lessons one season only, but season after season, until you identify yourself with him so completely as to absorb all his musical wisdom. When you leave him for some one else, do so only for good reasons, and tell him frankly all about it; he will respect you, and you may retain his friendship. All this sounds queer, you may say; yet a teacher is a man, and will be touched by your loyalty, and will reward it by increased devotion on his part; if he does not, he is made of poor stuff. I assume, in all this matter, that your teacher is a man you can respect personally and musically.

VI.

After all, *the best way to manage a teacher is to have good lessons!* And here, where truth is most obvious, is it least practiced. Poor lessons may be brought occasionally, and excite wonder only on the teacher's part; but a whole series turns wonder into worry, worry into abortive endeavor, and abortive endeavor into disgust. After that the teacher tolerates the pupil, spends the amount of time that he considers just, and dismisses him with inexpressible relief. No wonder the pupil finds the teacher dull, uninterested, impatient, fretful, disagreeable. It is not an easy thing for a teacher to tell a pupil not to come back again; it is not always a right thing, nor ever a tactful thing to do. Sometimes a teacher, goaded to desperation, will give a pupil his *congé*, but in after-moments he wonders whether it was the best thing to do. I firmly believe that the financial side of the matter has little to do with the retention by teachers of so many indifferent pupils; while a pupil shows any interest the teacher perseveres—he hopes for better things. A pupil who does what he is told to do, practices faithfully and achieves good results, has very little difficulty in getting out of his teacher all that he has to give.

COURTESY.

BY CHARLES W. LANDON.

What with lesson-giving, the practice of one's instrument, the keeping up of a more or less extended correspondence, now and then writing for the press, the social demand upon one's time, and the necessary attention given to one's business, the well-established teacher may often feel so driven for time as to scarcely take pains to be polite and courteous. Perhaps our country has had few harder workers than Emerson, who gave the following as a maxim: "Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy." To which may be added the following from Bulwer-Lytton: "A man who possesses every title to our respect except that of courtesy is in danger of forfeiting them all. A rude manner renders its owner always liable to affront. He is never without dignity who avoids wounding the dignity of others."

HISTORY OF THE PIANOFORTE.

BY FANNY MORRIS SMITH.

"The arts differ from the sciences in that their power is founded not merely on facts to be communicated, but on dispositions which require to be created. Art is the instinctive and necessary result of powers which can only be developed through the mind of successive generations, and which finally burst into bloom under conditions as slow of growth as the functions which they regulate. Whole areas of mighty history are summed up and the passions of dead millions are concentrated in the existence of a noble art."

So far Ruskin; and thus, with civilization itself for its genesis, has the evolution of the pianoforte been the work of the nineteenth century. This evolution has all the characteristics which mark the artistic spirit of the century. It has exploited to the utmost the possibilities of tone-color, combined, on the one hand, with power, and, on the other, with sensitiveness and delicacy; in harmony, too, with the spirit of the century, the mechanical side of this evolution has been characterized by a rigid application of scientific principles, and consequently a constantly increasing simplicity of the apparatus of tone-production united to a phenomenal perfection of the details of this apparatus. All that the century has added to the scope and flavor of human emotion has found means of expression in its one great musical instrument; all those expedients of musical construction that the skill of past ages had transmitted have, during the last hundred years, been gathered up, reviewed, and reapplied in the construction of the piano of 1901. Of no one thing can Ruskin's wonderful summing up of art be more truly said than of the pianoforte, and in especial of the American pianoforte.

Those who desire to prepare original papers for clubs on the evolution of the piano will do well to keep in mind the following points: The invention of the piano consisted in arranging the construction of the instrument so that there should be firmness enough to resist the blow of the hammer on the string, and in adapting, in the grand piano, an action derived from that of the harpsichord, in the square, one derived from the clavichord—principles radically different. This was accomplished successfully in the former case by Cristofori, in 1711—or earlier; by the Frederici and Zumpé manufactories in the latter.

The next twenty-five years were occupied with problems of stringing, inventing actions, bracing the wrest-plank (which holds the tuning-pins) and the sound-board which, by receiving the vibrations of the strings through the bridge, propagates them in the air; inventing pedals; gradually increasing the size of the sound-board and the length of the keyboard, and slowly, but surely, evolving an instrument which in a very tiny form contains the peculiar artistic properties which distinguish the modern piano. Such as it was, men had already devoted the best years of their lives to it when John Broadwood, by summoning the scientist Carvalho to calculate the tension of the strings of his piano, so as to be able to calculate the necessary strength of his bracing to counteract this tension, gave the key to the work of the nineteenth century.

In 1799 Joseph Smith, of Philadelphia, put an iron brace in a piano which he desired to make attractive with a chime of bells and other attachments. This was the initial step toward our modern iron frame. Meantime the question of space had suggested the upright piano, and Southwell, Warnum, and others were adapting the action to the different relations to gravitation involved. To get room for long strings, which give a better tone than short ones, Thomas Loud, in London, patented a cross-string upright as early as 1802; after this cross-stringing became a favorite

Modern Art Piano.

idea. Babcock (Boston), Theobald Boehm (Paris), and others built pianos where one string-web crossed the other as early as 1835, or even before. All these long string-webs increased the tension upon the frame of the piano, and to meet it the Broadwoods put iron tension bars into their pianos as early as 1808. Alpheus Babcock, of Boston, finally cast an iron frame for a square piano all in one piece, the whole iron frame, and solved the problem of "resistance" once for all. This was in 1825. In the meantime Sebastian Erard had overcome the difficulty in the clean repetition of notes by his system of compound levers, and the Erard action became the model for grand pianos. Pape introduced felt as a covering for piano-hammers about the middle of the nineteenth century. This gradually solved the problem of quality of tone. Thus, by 1850 everything was ready for the modern piano.

Then came the final development of the iron frame, which afforded the necessary strength to hold the immense string-web and the huge sounding-board in equilibrium. The circular scale of the Chickerings,

followed by the fan scale of the Steinways, was the resulting improvement. After this the discoveries of Theodore Steinway led and finally drew the whole art of piano-making after him. He lived long enough to hear his discoveries tested under the hands of Rubinstein, and then left his cycle of inventions to posterity.

Two great scientific discoveries made by Theodore Steinway lie at the foundation of his construction: That the vibration of stretched strings is lengthwise, not transverse, and that the vibration of wood-fibres conforms to the laws of other vibrating strings. To these may be added his masterly treatment of the vibrations of metal; and of the vibrations of air in hollow chambers, which culminated in the cupola iron frame; and his beautiful use of sympathetic vibration in the duplex scale, the preliminary experiments for which latter occupied three years.

In these matters the piano of 1901 is the logical result of the union with science inaugurated by Broadwood just before the dawn of 1800. The century has witnessed the application of experimental acoustics to art. Wheatstone and Helmholtz and their fellow-acousticians are the real brain behind the modern piano; they it was who, summing up the chance discoveries of sympathetic vibration and the like which came out in the crowd of instruments played before the eighteenth century, gave the firm basis of scientific law on which to work. In a sense, too, the modern piano is the expression of the increase of comfort and prosperity among the middle classes consequent upon the colonization of America and Australia. Diffusion of wealth is the basis upon which its factories are built. Its evolution sums up in itself those tendencies and activities of which the past century has most reason to be proud.

Books on the subject of piano-making, historical and mechanical:

Blüthner and Gretschel, "Lehrbuch des Pianoforte Baues"; S. Hausing, "Das Piano"; Rimbault, "History of the Pianoforte"; A. J. Hipkins, E. Brinsmead, each a book on the evolution of the piano; Carl Engel, "History of Musical Instruments"; Spillane, "History of the American Pianoforte"; Fanny Morris Smith, "A Noble Art"; Spire Blondel, "Histoire Anecdotique du Piano"; and Grove's "Musical Dictionary."

THE INTERRELATION OF PIANO-DEVELOPMENT AND PIANO-TECHNIC.

BY FANNY MORRIS SMITH.

THE fingering of the piano was, in the first instance, a heritage from that used on the harpsichord and clavichord. From the former Cristofori developed his grand piano, from the second Zumpe worked out the English square, and the literature of these earlier instruments, now considerable, passed naturally over into the possession of the new invention.

The original method of fingering keyed instruments excluded the use of the thumb, which is very difficult to manage in clavichord playing. This instrument is manipulated by a very tender, but firm, pressure, and the escapement of the finger is inward, toward the palm of the hand. On the harpsichord, on the contrary, nothing interposed between a brilliant style and the development of the necessary technic. Accordingly, the exclusive use of the first three fingers of the hand was gradually modified by harpsichord writers. Purcell, in his choice collection of "Lessons for the Harpsichord" (1700), and Couperin, in his work *L'Art de toucher le Clavecin* (Paris, 1717), each advocated the use of the thumb, not as we use it to-day,—freely, like any other finger,—but as an expedient to facilitate the playing of broken chords or the rapid execution of the scale. In fact, as harpsichord music broke away from the vocal idea and took on an instrumental character, the thumb became necessary.

It is a suggestion of the writer's that this instrumental quality arose from the development of practical dance-music played on the clavecin (instead of bawled by the voice), in which case the effort to reproduce, by the same medium, both the melody (usually sung) and the flute obligato that twined about it naturally developed the characteristics of the early harpsichord music. The directions for adding the flute part to a theme given by old dancing-masters bear out this view.

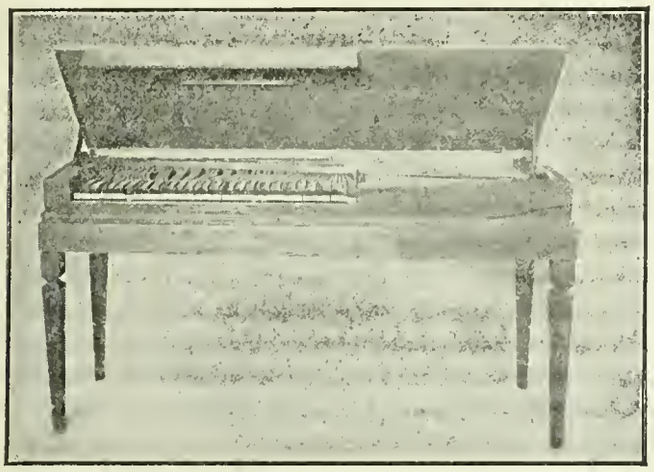
So far, then, technic was at least abreast of mechanical device. Bach's system of tempered tuning, which still further developed the use of the hand, including the thumb, was also an innovation from the side of the composer, though the clavichord for which he wrote the "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues" had been developed from a purely one-voiced capability within his day. To Bach, however, we certainly owe the first scheme of fingering at all approaching modern ideas.

The piano which Cristofori invented in 1711 did not come into use much before the middle of the century. Clementi published the first music written for the piano, in 1773. The twenty-five years during which the piano had been gradually working into notice were bridged over in point of technic by the treatise of Emanuel Bach, in which he formulated a practical fingering for modern keyed instruments which has been the basis of all modern execution. How slow has been the progress of the art, however, may be deduced from the system taught Rossini at the Lyceum of Bologna by Prinetti, which limited technic to the use of the thumb and forefinger. This was altogether opposite to the original scheme of no thumbs at all.

Technic as an art was based, in Germany, on Bach's works. Moscheles played Bach and almost nothing else in his student-days. But Moscheles was nevertheless a bravura player of the first rank. On the other hand, Mozart enumerates the things which he kept in view in his own teaching, and chief among them were clearness, equality of touch, and expression.

With Mozart began the close relations of composer and piano-maker. He was the friend of Stein, the Vienna maker; Clementi, on the other hand, was a

manufacturer himself. Stein's daughter Nanette, a fine pianist, and Beethoven's friend, was a manufacturer on her own account. Ignaz Pleyel, who founded the present piano-factory of Pleyel, Wolff & Kampf, was a pupil of Haydn's, and his son Camille, who, together with Kalkbrenner, elaborated the Pleyel piano, and Madame Pleyel, his wife, were also concert pian-



HARPSICHORD.

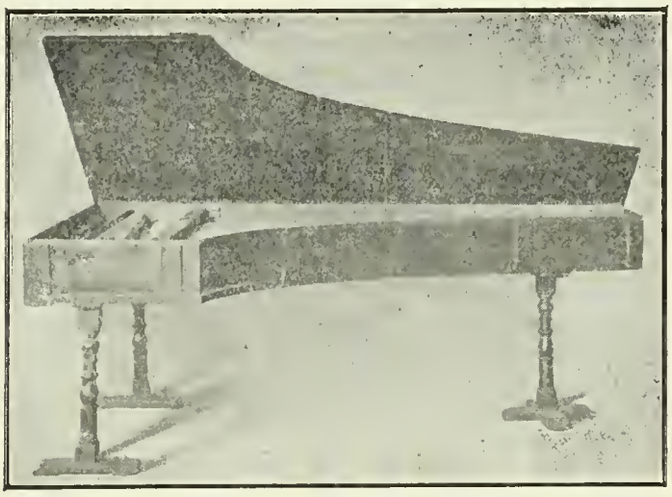
ists. Pape, who first introduced the use of felt in piano-hammers, and Hertz, well known for his upright pianos, were also concert artists. The name of Kalkbrenner is associated, as to technic, with the present method of octave-playing from the wrist. Cramer, the immortal composer of the well-known etudes, was a partner of Chappell & Co., English manufacturers. Chappell, the musical archæologist, belongs to this family.

The man who solved the problem on which depended modern pianism as we understand it, however, was not a musician, but an inventor,—Erard, whose name is linked with the repetition action. With Erard, however, the name of Thalberg is inseparably linked. From the moment when a perfect repetition was secured technic had passed the barrier which had held back its development, and virtuosity sprang forward at a bound. What may be called the artist-maker's ear, as distinguished from the virtuoso's, had contributed one remarkable art-form even before this. John Field, the first piano-salesman to set his mark on literature, created the "Noeturne" in a series of romantic gems which gained their popularity from the timbres he knew how to coax from the little upright pianos he played in St. Petersburg. Chopin, who followed him in perfecting the "Nocturne," had the same fancy for the kaleidoscopic tone-qualities he drew from the Pleyel uprights he chose when Liszt and Thalberg did heroics on the grands in the same *salon*.

The development of the orchestra and the orchestral piano-piece under Liszt in turn stimulated the genius of Theodore Steinway to the evolution of the orchestral grand piano which bears the name of his family. This house has been identified in public mind with the playing of Rubinstein, and later with that of Paderewski, both of whom achieved the height of popular esteem with this piano. Here the connection of the artist with the piano is less evident, especially as Theodore Steinway was himself a fine pianist. Nevertheless, it is true that the development of this piano has proceeded, first, in the direction of the majestic genius of the Russian pianist, and latterly toward the more spiritual qualities demanded by the Polish master.

It may be added that the piano, as the complete work of art it has now become, never dawned a brilliant ideal upon the fancy of its early inventors. In the two hundred years which have elapsed since the hammer clavier was first imagined its gradual progress has been made by small changes and easily-thought-of improvements. Cristofori, who covered the first hammer, never conceived of what the use of felt would make it; nor did the unknown mechanic who displaced the thin brass wire of the harpsichord with a corkscrew string dream of the tons of resistance his little change would ultimately impose upon the piano-frame and thus involve the iron plate that makes the American piano what it is. Nobody thought, when Gieb invented the grasshopper action, that the principle of escapement then introduced would bring forth a Rosenthal, with his lightning speed of repetition, in less than two centuries. When Joseph Smith put an iron brace into a piano-frame so that he could introduce a bell "attachment" he did not dream of the iron frame he thereby initiated. All these people did the next thing to be done, and the hand of the Omnipotent was with them.

Undoubtedly the original technical point in which technic and mechanism went forward together was the prolongation of the tone combined with a perfect sys-



CRISTOFORI PIANO IN THE CROSBY-BROWN COLLECTION, NEW YORK.

tem of damping. Mozart attached much importance to damping. The development of tone long preceded those forms of technic dependent on repetition. At this point the knuckles were sunk below the wrist and phalangeal joints. Plaidy came forward with the curved finger and raised knuckle-joint,—a condition

necessitated by the clumsy actions of his day. Then followed the French system of wrist-octaves made possible by the clean, light touch of the French piano. Kullak, with his great singing tone, made the next innovation. It is notorious that he developed this tone under stress of necessity, since the peculiar mechanism of the piano he was allied with precluded any other; but the school of octaves which, by strengthening the entire palm of the hand, prepares it for the widely-dispersed harmonies of the modern orchestral school, is certainly a blessed outcome of the obscure instrument which was the great teacher's own school of necessity. The evolution of the great tone of the modern piano is summed up in the gradual discovery of the laws of vibration of wood and metal. The order of technical development may then be summed up as: Independence of finger in close positions; a singing tone in close positions; execution in close positions carried to an astonishing point of virtuosity. Second, the gradual schooling of the hand to independence in broken chords, and similar sketches in the quiet position of the hand inaugurated by the two Bachs. Then followed the development of chromatic passages, involving a wrist schooled to supple lateral motions, and, combined therewith brilliant feats of repetition, which also depend on a supple wrist. The era of chromatics waited for a certain purity of tone, which resulted from better knowledge of the art of spreading the string web, and the tension thereof in relation to tuning. It is doubtful if the old pianos were ever in tune more than a day or two at a time. Americans accustomed to the firm tuning of our pianos are in amazement at the shifting intonation of the cheap, slightly-built instruments of foreign lands; but these must be far and away better than were the pianos of Mozart, or even of Clementi.

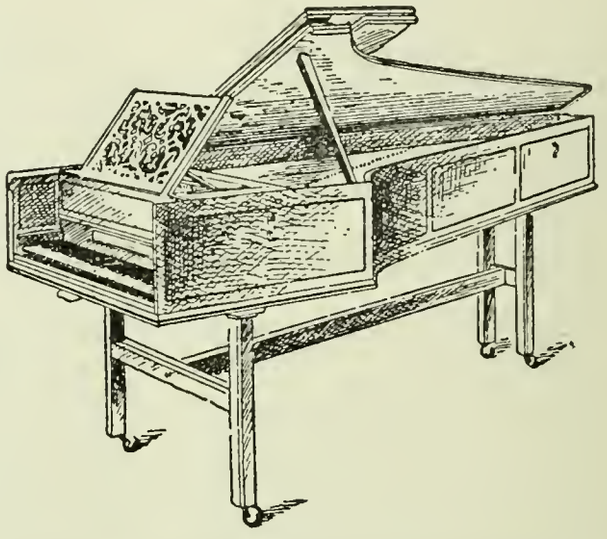
After the Erard piano made its appearance the study of dispersed harmonies in broken chords commenced its fascinating course. This has led gradually to the music of Brahms, in which the thumb plays black keys and white, like any other finger, and which, from its harmonic construction, is the despair of the amateur and the Waterloo of the concertist. In this music a wonderful sonority—combined with lightness of action, purity of intonation, and equality of scale—are the mechanical conditions which furnish the opportunity of a prismatic play of tone-color dependent on double sixths; double thirds; open chords a twelfth in span, in long, swift progressions, and often legato; songful melodies embroidered simultaneously in lace-work of many shades of musical timbre; in short, all that scientific precision of construction and equality of scale make possible. Granted the iron frame, these all depend less on any one specific invention than on exquisite refinement and accuracy of manufacture—on those details which belong to art rather than to patentable mechanical expedients.

So long as the artist only amuses, he is the servant of the public; but when he brings the true, the beautiful, the lofty, he is its master.—*Hiller.*

THE RELATIONS OF MUSICAL LITERATURE TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PIANO.

BY DR. WILLIAM MASON.

The development of the construction of the piano and that of piano-composition has advanced simultaneously, inspired by the same faculty of imagination, the same desire for emotional expression. The desire for expression is the secret of all musical growth. Mencius said: "The master beat the musical stone in Wei, and a laborer passed by and said, 'His heart must be full who so beats the musical stone.'" What Confucius could do with a rude stone dulcimer musicians have done with the piano all along the line. It was a means of expression when its mechanism lay a secret hidden between the clavichord and the dulcimer. It was a means of expression when it was slowly gathering its present principles of construction in the hands of Clementi, Broadwood, and Steinway. It is a means of expression to-day in its superb perfection as America's gift to music during the nineteenth century.



Kirkman Harpsichord, Steinert Collection.

When Bach went to Dresden to compete with Marchand, the French clavichord-player, he held the audience spellbound for hours by his art on this insignificant little box of strings. Beethoven, as a young virtuoso in the *salons* of the aristocracy in Vienna, carried his hearers away in transports playing a piano of six octaves and a tone like a mandolin. John Field introduced his "Nocturnes" (a musical form that he created) playing a little upright Clementi piano that would seem fit for fire-wood to-day. In all these cases the music that so bewitched its hearers remains a heritage to the public. We play it on our grand pianos; and they are none too fine for the perfect expression of its meaning. At least during the first hundred years of its evolution the piano gave little impetus to literature.

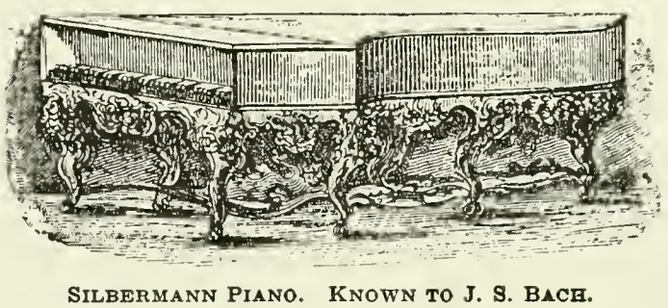
I have often played on Beethoven's piano which

stood in Liszt's house. It was a small, six-octave instrument, with a thin, slight tone, and two damper-pedals, one controlling the bass, the other the treble. I could not imagine how Beethoven could have composed his sonatas on it. But critics got the same class of musical impressions from the instruments of that day that they do in ours. Pleyel heard Beethoven play when he was an old man and said his tone was hard. To us no distinction of tone seems possible on such an instrument.

On the other hand, Thalberg told me that when he got his Erard piano, the tone of which was an astonishing improvement upon all previous efforts of the art of piano-making, there was something so beautiful about the quality that, if he sat down to play, it inspired him with new musical ideas. When I improvise on a good piano the quality inspires me also with musical ideas; the lovely effects lead me on. Rubinstein complains of the decay of talent, in this connection. "Formerly," he said, "the composer gave challenges to and set problems for the piano-maker. When Bach wrote a note to be sustained for several measures it was a challenge to the makers to provide a means whereby it might be sustained. Now, on the contrary, it is the piano-maker who provides by his mechanism the stimulus to the composer." I quote the substance of his arraignment, not the words. Thalberg belonged to the era of virtuosity as an expression of ideas of power,—a modern phase of music and musical literature. He used to play a theme with his thumbs in the middle of the piano in a singing tone which the resources of the Erard for the first time permitted in any great perfection. About this theme, broadly and nobly played, he wove a lace-work of arpeggios so delicate, fluent, and graceful that he gave the impression of a performance at two pianos instead of a solo. This was a virtuoso's modification of literature,—something that came in for technical rather than emotional objects; and since the day of Thalberg the development of piano literature along these lines has been swift and enormous. Nevertheless that quality of music which makes it music lies not in the direction of velocity.

I recollect an occasion in point. Several years ago I was giving a course of lectures in Philadelphia. The hall where I met my students was large, dingy, and gloomy,—a very depressing place; but three or four hundred pupils often came to listen to my instruction. One day, when the weather outside was particularly somber, as I closed my lecture on the meaning of music I had a sudden idea. So I said: "Ladies, I am about to try an experiment which will require your close attention. I shall play with one finger a short piece of music about eight measures long. I will play it several times, and when I have concluded what I wish to do I will hold up my hand. After I had finished playing the little etude for the pedal (now familiar to my pupils) very softly, slowly and tenderly several times, I stopped and looked around the audience to see what effect I had produced. Two ladies were in tears; the others were in attitudes of fixed attention. You could have heard a pin drop,—all produced by a simple theme played with my forefinger. I asked one of the ladies what was the occasion of their emotion. After some hesitation she answered that, after listening a few moments, her thoughts went back to the grave of her mother and she lived again the emotion which she experienced at her loss; then a sense of holiness came over her, and she was caught up in feeling into a higher mood. The others said substantially the same thing. I found then that by this simplest of all means I had fulfilled the object of all music, and touched their hearts.

I will add that musical quality of tone is not dependent on the triumphs of piano-making. My own tone was as hard as could be until I heard an artist named Meyer, who concertized in America when I was a young man. I was so transported by his tone that I tried to acquire it myself by imitating the movements of his hands and arms when playing. My ear was so keen that, when in this process of imitation I reproduced the quality which so charmed me, I recognized it, and then I analyzed the condition of my muscles in the act of production, and so found the



SILBERMANN PIANO. KNOWN TO J. S. BACH.

secret of a devitalization which is yet vitalized. Afterward, when I played in Europe, Dreyschock said to me: "Where did you get that tone? We have nothing at all resembling it in beauty here." And so the system of "Touch and Technic" which I have taught is a phase of artistic expression arising independent of the quality of the instrument on which I have played with pleasure the greater number of the years of my professional life. Music in literature, as in playing, is from within, out. It may be tempted to expand in this or that direction by the artistic or mechanical resources of the piano; but the piano itself is the result of musical inspiration arising from the desire for more perfect expression.

MUSIC, as at present considered in society, is in no adequate sense fulfilling its purpose in the world. For you and me there comes a question of deep import: Is music receiving proper consideration as a sociological force? Are we awake to an appreciation of the utility of the beautiful, as shown in this art? Look at the practical side of it; consider the amount of money spent annually for this, shall I say amusement? Do we seek this art rightly? Are we receiving its full benediction? These questions appear to me pertinent. —*Louis Arthur Russell.*

HOW CAN OUR PUPILS HEAR GOOD MUSIC?

BY EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

This is a question that is being continually asked by the intelligent, conscientious teachers in our smaller towns, who realize more or less fully the woful lack of such opportunities in the communities where they are working, and who feel the importance of the indisputable fact that, to hear good music well rendered, is not only a privilege and a pleasure, but an absolutely-indispensable necessity for music-students. It is just as impossible for one to play really well without hearing much good playing, as to speak French well without hearing it spoken. No amount of individual study and book-learning will take the place of ear-training and unconscious imitation. One of the chief advantages of European study consists in the manifold opportunities it affords for hearing good music and developing the taste and artistic instincts of the student by the process of absorption. The highest results are utterly impossible without some such advantages.

Working up a Concert-Series.

How, then, may they be secured in some degree, at least, by pupils in the smaller towns far from the musical centers? The answer is easy, simple, and practical: by sincerely desiring them, and being willing to work a little to obtain them. Any fairly-flourishing school, or any private teacher, with a good class, in any town of two thousand or more inhabitants may secure a series of good, enjoyable, helpful recitals annually if teacher and pupils will but realize the value and importance of such a series, and be energetic and judicious in arranging for it.

The returns in percentage of benefit from the outlay of time and effort will be almost incalculable. Not only are those directly concerned materially aided in many ways in their own musical work, but a musical atmosphere is gradually created, musical interest in the community is quickened and broadened, the number of pupils is increased, the quality of their work improved, musical standards elevated, and the position of the teacher raised in public estimation, as the educational importance of his vocation becomes more fully recognized with the growth of the appreciation of his art as an element in true culture.

Now, about the practical details of management. First, arouse the interest and enthusiasm of pupils and friends. Impress on them the need and value of the enterprise. Then canvass the town, secure the sympathy and co-operation of music-lovers and of all who represent and are anxious to advance the best culture, the highest educational interests of the community; obtain a substantial guaranty as a basis of operations. Do not depend on advertising for the sale of tickets. It adds to the expense and does little or no good. The people who want classic music are not the kind who read newspaper advertisements or hand-bills. Rely on personal effort and influence, and appeal, not to the masses,—who could not be induced to attend even if furnished with a free ticket, a carriage, and a supper afterward,—but to the best class of citizens, and especially citizenesses, who possess some degree of intelligence in art matters and are desirous of more.

Engage artists who are known to be good, but are not too expensive. The great foreign celebrities are, of course, out of the question; and they are not in the least essential to the purpose. The points in which they do really excel our good resident artists, even granting them to the fullest degree, are not such as are appreciable to the average audience, even with the closest comparison—still less, without it. There are scores of good, artistic American pianists obtainable at moderate figures who, for all intents and purposes, whether of esthetic enjoyment or musical education, can meet the needs of the smaller towns just as well and as fully as the unobtainable star from Poland.

People must be taught to attend a piano recital for and which preceded him to Paris, to which city he They should go, not to see the greatest living pianist, as they would the fastest horse, but to hear a good program well given, and enjoy it precisely as they would a good book well read, even if the reader was not brought from the ends of the earth. The elements of curiosity and wonder must be eliminated before true art-culture begins at all.

Secure men of personal as well as professional merit, men of culture and breadth, who come quietly without fuss or flourish, and impress the audience with the dignity and seriousness of their profession, and do their work honestly and ably, regardless of applause and sensational effect. For audience-room secure a small hall or church, where possible. The opera-house, so-called, is always objectionable, for many reasons.

Often the most successful recitals are given in large private parlors. Keep expenses low, and price of tickets high. You will not get the crowds at any price, though the circus and the dog-show may. Your patrons will be of the better class, accustomed to pay a good price for a good thing, and they will be limited to the intelligent, educated minority to be found in every town, who read the best books, attend instructive lectures, and show some appreciation of a phase of life higher than that of the physical senses.

The Price to be Paid for Artists.

As to the price to be paid for an artist's services, a word may not be amiss, though this is a rather delicate question, especially for me, as I am still in the concert-field, and have many friends in the profession who are also my competitors. However, it is only common honesty to say that the prevalent idea concerning the amount which public performers actually receive is very erroneous, and often ludicrously exaggerated; yet its prevalence places the pianist in a most difficult position. If he asks a large price, the reply comes back, in nine cases out of ten: "We want you, but this is a particularly unmusical town; our

public is small; we cannot raise half that sum." If, on the other hand, the price stated is small, he is judged by it on the scale of the prices which others are supposed to get, is regarded as a cheap man, and no one wants a cheap artist at any figure.

What is he to do? What most of them actually do is to stay at home and teach most of the time, though they would rather play, and the public needs them in the concert-field. Why not face the facts, and admit frankly that a thing is worth commercially what it will bring, irrespective of its intrinsic value. A man who cannot draw two hundred dollars to the hall—and few, indeed, are the pianists who can—is not worth five hundred, no matter how good an artist he may be. The price of a thing depends not only on its quality, but on the demand for it. It is true that a man who is earning thirty to forty dollars a day teaching, cannot afford to lose several days and travel hundreds of miles to fill a single engagement for a small sum. Such men can afford to insist on a high figure, and wait until they get it, playing only a few times a year, when they find some one rich enough to pay for it, or green enough to take the chances and lose money. It is easy enough to ask a thousand dollars per night and stay at home; but it is not easy for anyone to actually play a hundred dates a season for a series of years for a tenth of that sum. If one prefers to live by playing exclusively, he must fix his price at a figure somewhere nearly commensurate, not with his artistic merit, but with the demand for his line of work. But even at that he can earn, if successful, a better income than by teaching.

Great Works more Important than Great Artists.

What the musical development of our country needs is more concerts better attended, not freaks and fads and prodigies on exhibition before a public that comes to gape and wonder; but honest, earnest, modest art-workers who forget themselves in their profession as priests and interpreters of art, and a public that comes to learn and to enjoy, asking not what great virtuoso is to perform, but what great works are to be presented. As the demand for that sort of work, by that kind of a public, increases, there will be no lack of good pianists at possible prices ready and eager to supply it.

Meanwhile it rests with the teachers and music-students in every community to further the cause and benefit themselves by taking the first steps in the right direction, and helping to create at once the demand and the supply. It can be done and is being done in hundreds of towns every season. All that is needed is the will to do it, and some enterprise and discretion in the doing of it.

Art is the effort of man to express the ideas which Nature suggests to him of a power above Nature, whether that power be within the recesses of his own being or the great first cause, of which Nature, like himself, is the effect.—*Bulwer.*

THE TEACHING OF MUSICAL HISTORY.

BY FREDERIC NIECKS.

The state of matters which all serious musicians must deplore, and must wish to be changed, consists in that the history of music is too little taught, and, when taught, oftener improperly taught than properly. Nothing could be more lamentable than the neglect of musical history in music-schools. My remarks apply not merely nor especially to England. In fact, the teaching of the subject in Continental schools is, as a rule, so unsatisfactory that our own schools may be greatly superior to them, and yet far below the level of what they ought to be. In most cases the directors neither appoint a properly-qualified teacher nor exact the attendance of the pupils; or, if they appoint a qualified teacher, fail to secure the conditions that would enable him to impart his knowledge. Few students care for anything but playing, singing, or composing. Theory is irksome to them, and shirked as much as possible; and history they regard as a superfluity and fatuity. Those who are ambitious of becoming virtuosi do not know that being a singer or player is not synonymous with being a musician; they do not see that a musician's training comprises many more things than technic; they have no suspicion that the prodigious vocal or instrumental acrobat may, after all, be but a poor creature as an artist. Rubinstein's words about music-schools not fulfilling their task deserve to be taken to heart. He gives two reasons for the failure. Lack of money is the first; the second, the exclusively technical and too little ideal instruction, with the consequent defective practical education of the pupil. "Thanks to the technical drilling he gets, the latter manages to pass his final examination and obtain a diploma, but rarely is ripe for independent work." Unless a music-student acquires a thorough knowledge of the texture and structure of the art, which harmony and counterpoint, on the one hand, and form, on the other, teach, he will never outgrow the helpless stage of artistic infancy.

* * *

There are many students and masters of music who ask: What is the good of studying the history of music? Of the many reasons that may be adduced in favor of the study, let me cite two given by the historian Ambrose: "I understand the developed art," he writes, "only after understanding its earlier stages and its gradual growth." And, again: "The artist learns from the history of art a serious truth which otherwise he might not often comprehend—the truth that, also in times which the gay world of to-day no longer knows, the noblest lived and labored, and left rich treasures for humanity; that, also, in the domain of art as elsewhere, the sum of our experiences, but not the intelligence and talent, has become greater; and that there can hardly be a worse mistake than the one indicated by the following words of Jean Paul: 'In

the centuries before us humanity seems to grow up; in those after us, to wither away; and, in our own, to burst into magnificent bloom.'" But, after all, the greatest of the benefits derived from the study of the history of music is that it takes the musician out of conventionality, fashion, and individualism into universality; out of technical narrowness and emotional dimness into intellectual freedom and clearness; that, in short, it opens up before him an infinitude of infinite vistas.

The cause of the disbelief should not, however, be wholly ascribed to the evil disposition of the disbelievers. The quality of the usual history teaching is probably, to an equally-large extent, responsible for the lack of faith. This brings us to the common defects of history teaching, which, however, have already been hinted at.

Facts, unless we know their meaning and connection, are as good as valueless; it is of little use to burden our memories if we do not at the same time enlighten our intelligence. There could be, however, no greater mistake than to think that this way of studying history makes the study more difficult. Quite the contrary is the case. Having acquired a knowledge of the great movements and chief stages of development of the art, it is easy to fill in and remember the details; for these are then no longer items in a chaos, but parts of an organized whole.

It is hardly necessary to point out the distinction between history and biography. Fétis, a great biographer as well as a great historian, says truly: "A thousand things ought to find a place in a dictionary of biography which would be altogether unsuitable in a history of the art." The ideal of a history of music may be symbolized by the human organism: the chronology by the bones; the technic by the sinews and muscles; the work and workers by the flesh; the social conditions by the blood; and the philosophy by the mind.

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There is nothing more difficult and at the same time more interesting than the tracing of the origins of styles. Let me begin by laying down the proposition that there are no beginnings in the history of art—only developments. When we meet with a new style, form, or procedure, a little research will soon discover the germ from which it was developed. Now, if there are no beginnings, we ought not to speak of invention in this connection. Harmony, counterpoint, notation, instrumental composition, monody, the musical drama, the sonata form, etc., were not inventions made by ingenious individuals, but developments brought about by the labors of nations and generations. To speak of invention in these and similar cases is either a misreading of the facts or an abuse of language. The assertion of invention is, with comparative impunity, made in early history, where evidence is at best scanty, and often full of *lacunæ*.

Once more I say: There are no beginnings in the history of an art. Mendelssohn, although he first used the name "Songs Without Words," did not invent the thing. We find songs without words among Schubert's compositions, and not only among Schubert's, but also among Beethoven's, and not only among Schubert's and Beethoven's, but also among Couperin's. How often has Haydn been called the father of the symphony! Nevertheless that wonderful child had many fathers. And how often has Wagner been called the creator of the music-drama!

Again, the increasing of the importance of the orchestra was likewise not an invention, but a general tendency. It was in the air. Program-music was in the air and a growing love for orchestral coloring. Review the operas from Beethoven to Wagner, noting particularly those of Weber and Meyerbeer. And who can doubt that Wagner learned something from Berlioz?

* * *

A grouping of the innumerable facts of history is necessary, for without it there will be chaos. We require a system of mental pigeon-holes into which to put a system of pegs on which to hang facts. And we require a skeleton edifice, which we may gradually complete as we acquire materials. To commit to memory the dates of a few important events and of the birth and death of a few of the most outstanding musicians, and group around these the other events and persons with which we become acquainted is a useful mnemonic aid, but it tells us nothing of the meaning of the facts, nothing of the movements, the developments, which are the soul of history. The most valuable and at the same time the most natural grouping is that based on movements. All other groupings are more or less artificial. If we base the grouping on these movements, we base it on internal and essential characteristics, which both bind together the facts of each group and distinguish from each other the several groups; whereas, if we have recourse to any other grouping, we shall have to base it on what is external, inessential, and accidental. Unfortunately, the movements in question are too numerous, and, above all, too much mixed. If the historian makes use of them at all, he can use them only by selection, choosing what seems to him most important, ignoring or subordinating the rest. It is a very interesting study to examine the groupings in the best-known histories of music. Most of them will be found to be artificial, and not only this, but also illogical, being, as a rule, based, not on one, but on two or more principles. This last deficiency, however, is unavoidable. A logical grouping might be possible, but could not be practicable, except in a bare outline. What militates against success in this respect is, on the one hand, a puzzling scarcity of facts, and, on the other, a bewildering superabundance of facts; the former we encounter in the earlier periods, the latter in the later.

Among the possible divisions of the history of music are the following: (1) According to the degree of formal and ideal development—into folk and art music; (2) according to the fundamental ethical nature—into sacred and secular music; (3) according

to the destination—into church, stage, concert-room, and chamber music; (4) according to the elements—into melody, counterpoint, and melody harmonically accompanied; (5) according to the executive media—music; next into solo and choral vocal music; into instrumental solo, chamber, and orchestral music; into keyboard, bow, and wind instrumental music; and, lastly, into music for the individual members of these classes of instruments; (6) according to nationality; (7) according to periods—into centuries, reigns of political rulers, etc.; (8) according to schools; (9) according to poetical, moral, and social tendencies—into classical, romantic, neo-romantic, renaissance, rococo, Catholic, Protestant, etc., music; (10) according to the technical and intellectual qualities of the style—into Palestrina, Lullian, Handelian, Wagnerian style, into Neapolitan, French operatic, German organ style, etc.; (11) according to the branches of the art—into composition, execution, and theory; and (12) according to epoch-making musicians.

Of all these divisions it may be said that they do not go far in covering the whole field. But for all that they are, without exception, in the highest degree instructive, and the historical student who wishes to master his subject must study history from all these points of view. Thus alone it will be possible to obtain an adequate impression and a firm grasp of it, both in its simultaneity and in its sequence; or, in other words, in its totality at any stage, and in the developments of its several departments and national sections.

THE PLACE OF RIDICULE IN TEACHING.

BY JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

It is a curious fact that pupils often love and cling longest to those teachers who sprinkle them most liberally with criticism and ridicule. Further, we often note that the remarks which they quote from their teachers are oftenest disparagements and fault-findings. This would seem to be a contradiction to the ordinary laws of human nature, for, in citing what professional critics say of them, all musicians and music students invariably retail the favorable comment and ignore the stricture.

The key-note to this anomaly is to be found in the fact, probably, that the student, when under the instruction of the teacher, feels that he is imperfect, that he is in the state of formation, but when he places himself before the professional critic he, perhaps unwittingly, assumes the attitude of an artist, of a perfected product; so that the criticism of the teacher is as the touch of the pruning-hook, but the comment of the critic is as the deadly grip of the grubbing-hook. The one lops off a too luxuriant twig, or a withered leaf, the other tears up the living root.

I once heard a minister say that he observed that people remembered the illustrations, but did not so well remember the thought; so that, when he wished to deliver the same sermon again to the same congregation, he preserved the frame-work of the thought intact, but fitted in a new set of illustrations. Now, what we wish to do with our students is to fix certain ideas in their heads so that they will remain as a permanent part of the mental furniture.

It is by no means bad for a student to be told, and that emphatically, of the excrescences and defects in the work done. Certainly we Americans are not like the meek European pupil, of whom we have been told, who is actually glad to be scolded, and thinks it quite *en règle* to be rapped over the knuckles; but it is sure that, as the competition goes on and the struggle for musical existence becomes more violent, we become more thick skinned.

The records of the lessons given by Hans von Bülow are scintillant with his caustic wit, and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to assert that he never gave a lesson without saying something satirical. These drops of vitriol burned deep, but they became mordants in the memory. That teacher who does not send his pupil out occasionally in dejection, or even in tears, or at least with a slightly crest-fallen feeling, must either be very incompetent or have a low ideal or art, or be extremely disingenuous. To be sure, no teacher should utter sharp or disparaging speeches merely to relieve his own spleen, and certainly should never draw the bow too far or grossly exaggerate the blemish, for that would arouse just resentment, and provoke rebellion; but, as St. James said that the Christian should look into the perfect law of liberty and continue therein, that he may know for a certainty what manner of man he is, so we musicians should compel ourselves and our students to take a steady and unflinching look at the ideals of art, that we may realize our real littleness. This is not necessarily depressing, for to comprehend one's littleness is merely to get a glimpse of the vastness of the world, and, when one knows how vast and wonderful the universe really is, he gains a sense of glory in being a part of such a mighty scheme.

Self-conceit is the cutaneous disease of the artist, and every doctor knows how stubborn and troublesome are the diseases of the skin. Even the dreaded and deadly cancer is merely a cell of the cuticle gone wrong, and breeding itself. One of the most valuable lotions for curing this musical disease is the giving of student-recitals where there is sharp competition, and mutual comparison; but that is, in effect, a sort of ridicule.

In certain mechanical devices mail is carried by creating exhaustion of the air on one side, and a pressure on the other side of the matter. So in art, we need to appeal not only to the love of praise, and the enthusiasm for beauty, but to their counterparts: the fear of blame and the distaste for ugliness. One of the most commonplace defects of our American pupils, even of the better sort, is a habit of making a guess at the meaning of a thing instead of looking it up. My various friends have often entertained me

with stories of the quaint stupidities of their students, and I have usually been able to rhyme to their jest with another of the like. Just last week I was told of a young woman who, finding the word "*stringendo*," was asked what it meant, and she replied: "It means to play on the strings." Now, since it was upon the piano that she was playing, it is rather difficult to imagine what she could do that would not be *stringendo*.

This morning a student of mine asked me the same question, since she found the word in her music, and I said: "What do you think it means?" She replied: "Why, to make the notes short, like picking on the violin, does it not?"

I burst out laughing, and said: "With the capacity to read, and musical dictionaries so cheap, you ought to be ashamed to ask me that question, and doubly ashamed to have such a ludicrous notion in your head. Do you not know that short notes are called staccato?"

It is on record that a girl at a certain college of music, when asked what is meant by "scherzo" answered: "Why, frightened and hurried."

Such blundering is not to be treated with gentleness or mildness; it is simply criminal, with the sources of information so convenient and so countless, to have such spots of culpable ignorance in our minds.

There are on record many instances of the keen wit of the great composers, especially Rossini and Liszt; and, while we must sometimes admit that they were at times merciless, and disposed to flash a witticism no matter who was burned, nevertheless there were times when this sting of the whip-lash was wholesome. After all, is pretense and incompetence to have all the charity and leniency? To be sure, a teacher must have and exercise a delicate hair-balance of judgment, and there are those whom one word of ridicule would utterly dishearten, while others need it and need it often.

There may be said to be three classes of pupils in their relation to this drastic stimulant ridicule: first, those whose overweening self-confidence needs frequent applications of the reducing medicine of satire; second, those to whom it may be applied in small drops at rare intervals; and those who can never be touched by it without danger as well as pain. If your pupil is a violet do not treat her to the culture of a cactus. However, do not, on the other hand, forget that the dark, rough, prickly cactus may bear a lovely flower. Few flowers are more silken soft or more sweet breathed than the night-blooming cereus, yet it is of the cactus family. The surgeon must handle sharp tools, and his work is beneficent; but woe to the careless or bungling operator who cuts at the wrong time and in the wrong direction!

As a good illustration of what may be done with ridicule wisely directed, I will cite the case of a musician in Cincinnati. He had a young pupil who had been most conspicuously bitten with the Paderewski mania. He not only began to make himself comical with long hair and affectations of dress, but, what was far more serious, his playing began to be utterly distorted with an exaggerated rubato. This was particularly abhorrent to his master, who was a sturdy German of the Brahms type, and after dubbing this young fellow the Paderewski of America, he one morning said to him: "For the love of heaven do not get so wide of the mark in your rhythms; you make me positively seasick with your drunken rubatissimo!"

A number of brilliant instances of the withering power of sarcasm came under my observation in connection with the work of Mr. Theodore Thomas. Once he was conducting a rehearsal, and in the college orchestra were some rather raw recruits. The concert-master, an artist of distinction and experience, so far forgot himself as to make a mock of the clumsy ones, and was burlesquing them, when Mr. Thomas suddenly stopped the band and addressed him: "Mr. X., shall I come and show you how to play that passage?"

Causticity has been a mark of nearly all the great teachers of the world, and the stories which we hear of Leschetizky, Barth, Kullak, Liszt, Chopin, and all the rest, as well as dear, old, acidulous von Bülow, confirm us in the idea that rebuke, sarcasm, and ridicule, if well timed, are valuable and helpful.

THE COST OF A TECHNIC AND HOW TO REDUCE IT.

BY EDWARD DANFORTH HALE, A.M.

A FINISHED technic, competent to the artistic handling of the masterpieces, is a rare and priceless possession. As much as I have, no mean fortune could buy. No other accomplishment could, for a moment, make up for the loss of it. Godspeed, therefore, to you, whoever you are, that are working hard and dauntlessly for an execution. It is truly worth its legitimate price.

Yet it is terribly costly. Perhaps a thousand dollars in round numbers for lessons, to say nothing of board bills, traveling expenses, and the like, which, also, would have to be reckoned with. But that's not an item. The item is three of your best hours of every day of ten of your best years. An appalling figure! Three golden hours subtracted from every day's brief, precious sum and devoted to the acquirement of mechanical skill! For ten years! That's enough to blanch the stoutest cheek. Spent in judicious reading that would insure the finest kind of all-round culture; spent in science or engineering it would make one an authority or an expert; spent in business, it ought to lay the foundations of a fortune.

But the darker colors are still to be laid on. The ordinary endeavor expended in pursuit of a technic is, in fact, a very active influence in the very face of culture. It is, in a high degree, demoralizing. Let me repeat, I am now speaking of the common performance that passes for practice, which might be characterized as a gradual, painful progress through incalculable blundering to final accuracy and certainty.

There is in this thing no food for thought or for the

imagination. The mind, not held to close, clear thinking, declines to habits of loose, ungovernable meandering.

The very thing in view—the artistic treatment of tone and movement—is commonly obscured by the nearer-by mechanical business. And the end of it? Just that kind of knock-kneed individuality which has brought so much (richly deserved) ignominy upon the musical profession.

Young music students of this year of grace 1901, you want to just wake up to all this! If any of this applies to you, get out your tablet and inscribe it thus: A man may practice and practice and be a bigger fool at each day's end, and I'm one of them.

Having made that wholesome confession, let us get together and see what can be done about it. I have no trite recommendations about system and thoroughness in work. If you are willfully superficial and slovenly in it, be so good as to bestow your attention on somebody else's article.

I am inclined to think I can get all I have to say in a single word: CONCENTRATION. And first of all, obviously, this means intense right-directed application. Get the conditions right; eat well, wisely, scientifically; breathe deep—not carbonic acid and pulmonary refuse, but the highest-per-cent. oxygen your neighboring out-of-doors can furnish; be done with worry and all mean, angry passions; be clean, decent, Christian. In other words (please to keep in view the practical purpose before us), keep yourself at the highest pitch of efficiency, and then, making sure that *each morning finds you at the unabated height of your vitality*, get down and work for dear life!

Again, concentrate the subject-matter of your study. The great mass of etude literature is grossly diluted. It's real function should be to equalize the powers, to bring the weak points in the technical mechanism up to the level of the strongest.

In this it so conspicuously fails that it is no wonder that the progressive teacher is shelving the great bulk of it, retaining, in fact, only the merest fraction, substituting condensed exercises which go straight to the heart of difficulties, substituting also difficult passages taken from the masterpieces, and so chosen that both the pupil's peculiar, approaching needs are forestalled, and the amount of classical literature brought into vital contact with him is actually doubled: an incalculable service.

Just here, for a moment, give me your ear, O young twentieth-century pupil! Do you know that you are really, in the main, your own teacher? Keep an eye on the man you are paying your money too, though he have a name Teutonic or Slavonic as long as the multiplication table. Make up your own mind whether he is up to date and is giving you his very best. If he should chance to sneer at what I have written, ask him what he knows about Raif and Philippe, or, better still, how he will go about to impeach the straight good sense of it. Do not let him tell you that what was good enough for Moscheles or Methusaleh is good enough for you. There may be in your vicinity some plain, quiet thinker with a plain American name who has discovered how to tell a good thing even if it is new. Try him.

Once more, concentrate, economize the actual transaction of your practice. Know what you are about. Do not dare to move a finger until you have thought the movement out and can direct it with absolute clearness. And from the very beginning let the effect you produce be in the likeness of the final artistic effect you are in pursuit of, just as far as your most alert thinking, your most vivid imagination can make it so.

And if you have the gift and the tenacity to do this, you will presently be aware of an inspiring fact: that, in the collateral returns of technic getting, its cost is paid—the returns which are intellectual power and skill, available for any purpose to which the mental faculties may be devoted.

LIFE AND WORK.

BY W. J. BALTZELL.

WE often feel and talk as if happiness is the prime object of life, forgetting that it is only a mental attitude, a relation, as it were, that we establish with the conditions of our lives and the circumstances that surround us. We are also encouraged to be ambitious for success in what we undertake; and yet success, like happiness, is also an intellectual relation which we establish with our surroundings, our standard of measure changing every year, or at every advance we may make. Therefore the pursuit of happiness and the wooing of success are not the things that should occupy the mind primarily. Both are the results of the conditions in which we live and work; hence the latter ideas should engage the attention when we are seeking to understand the problems of happiness and success.

Life and work! Can we truly live without work? The healthy mind and the sound body call for activity, and will not be denied it. It is for us to direct that activity, to control it; not be mastered by it. Conduct and character are far more the things to be aimed at; conduct which tells how we live, and character which shows how we have worked. If we strengthen character we improve correspondingly all the conditions in which we live. It is possible to develop and to strengthen character far more easily than to develop intellect; character has a far more important bearing upon life than has intellect; and character is more evenly distributed, at least in possibility, than is intellect. But to develop it the right force must be applied, and that force is work.

We have had various pictures of Utopia given to us, not to-day only, but years ago. I know of none that can equal a state in which everyone shall be furnished with sufficient congenial labor to keep him occupied for a period each day that will meet the needs of body and the mind for activity. In such case every-

one would come to love to work; in fact, the distinction between work and play would largely be lost, for the reason that neither one would have any possible advantages, so evenly balanced would they be. But we can love to work without waiting for the ideal state, and such will be our attitude toward our work if we resolutely determine that it shall, and then try. The men who are doing the most work and are carrying on great undertakings in the business and political world are those who put heart and head in work, who have reached that point when they have true pleasure in work. They have reached the stage when they value work as an outlet for their activities, not for the results, not for the success, they win the wealth they pile up. Therefore I believe that one should not be dominated by an ambition for success, by the hope of securing happiness from what he may win, but should try to do every day the most effective work possible, should be on the lookout for honorable means of using his mental and physical powers, and then do that work thoroughly, enthusiastically, not from a sense of duty, but from sheer love of doing things effectively, of doing well.

It is simply a matter of reasoning with one's self. The old Stoic philosophers said that one's happiness or unhappiness was simply from within out, and that it was, after all, a matter of indifference as to what circumstances might surround one. So it is, at least in a measure with the young student, with the mature man or woman. The question of work or play merely resolves itself back to the relative amount of energy, mental and physical, expended in either. Play may easily become the most exacting master if we allow it; in fact, we often spend more force in our play than in our work. An interesting fact is that we cannot play as long as we can work without becoming tired. The remedy is to cultivate the feeling of pleasure, of satisfaction, in work that gives the all-important zest to play, and, lo, a transformation has taken place as sudden and startling as any effected by the enchanter's wand. Work has become play; we love it, and find the most permanent and enduring satisfaction of mind and body in it. Our care must be: Never to overdo work.

THE OLD PIECES.

BY FRANK L. EYER.

A PUPIL displayed in the writer's presence, with evident pride, a pile of music six inches high. "I have learned all these," she said. Upon investigation it was found she could not play one piece out of the entire collection in a perfectly correct style. This fact suggested the advisability of investigating more closely, and the results are given in this article.

It matters not how good a performer you may be or how many pieces you have studied in your lifetime. The real question is: have you kept the knowledge you have gained; can you play your old pieces? In other words, do you keep up a systematic course of

REVIEW?

Review! Oh, how pupils dislike that word, and yet it is something highly essential to fine piano-playing. To keep what you already have is a more difficult task often than to learn something new, and especially does it demand more patience and perseverance. Art is so difficult to learn and it is, alas, so easy to forget, and its priceless treasures, even when kept, will soon corrode unless w keep polishing, polishing all the time.

It is not an uncommon thing, by any means, to find piano-students who can play for a listener with any degree of accuracy only the last one or two pieces they have studied. Their teachers have never required them to review old pieces, and, pupil-like, they have only done what they were asked to do. It is a mistake for teachers to train a pupil thus. He becomes prodigal in his habits, and is never satisfied unless he has a new piece to learn. The keen perceptive faculties with which the finer points of piano-playing are discerned become dulled, and his performances must ever lack that style and finish which only come through learning and relearning a piece of music.

Not only must the performer possess a composition,—that is, be master of it in every little detail, technical and otherwise,—but the composition must possess him; that is, its meaning and expression must be so deeply impressed upon his mind and soul as to mesmerize him, as it were, for the time being; so that he become simply a medium through which the music shall express its meaning to the listener.

We learn our pieces too hastily, the most of us. After we have worked a piece up to the point where we can creditably perform it, there we rest satisfied. We turn to something new, and though we shall play that piece again many times, we shall probably never study it, and right here is the reason we never get beyond mediocrity in our playing.

REVIEW IN DETAIL.

Take up the old piece again, but do not merely play it over. Study it as if you had never seen it before, measure by measure, phrase by phrase, perfecting the smallest details of touch, tone, expression, etc. It is the observance of these thousand and one minute things that marks the artist's playing and makes it superior to that of the common herd. It does not necessarily mean more talent or more brain-power, his playing, but it does mean hard work and a painstaking observance of details. This man, while other people dawdled away their hours, was concentrating his entire energy on one important item, and he hammered away at it until he conquered it once for all, and now he takes a seat above us. That is all.

Take up the old piece again, and spend a portion of your practice-time upon it daily. Master it as best you can. Commit it to memory and when you feel sure of it, but not until then, take up another

old piece, and treat it in like manner, not forgetting, however, to keep at your first one. If you have learned thoroughly, the effort to keep will not entail much exertion or consume a great deal of time.

Such a system of practice will accumulate for you, in course of time, a repertoire of ten or fifteen pieces, which you can shift about at your own pleasure, dropping some of the easier ones for others more difficult as you progress in your studies.

Review and Again Review.

Learn and relearn; polish and repolish; review again and again. That is the only way to keep that which you have. If a piece was played well last year, this year's performance of it should be better and next year's still better. There are pieces that may require years of study before they can realize the ideal performance they should have from you.

Is it not, after all, the mature artist's playing we most enjoy? These young Siegfrieds of the piano accomplish great wonders. They fairly lift us off our feet at times with their fire-works. But wait, wait until the *sturm und drang* period of their lives has passed away, until their corners have been rounded off and their ch racters molded and softened and reshaped by life's many lessons yet unlearned, then we shall hear a new message when they play for us those same old pieces we hear to-day.

Let teachers give the subject of review more attention. Let them supervise a system similar to the one here suggested. To have all your pupils possessed of a repertoire of pieces which they can play perfectly in every detail furnishes a convincing proof of your ability as a teacher, and a better advertisement could not be devised.

Value of the Old Piece.

And let pupils, when asked to play, play their old pieces for their listeners, those they have studied so long, whose every note and every measure are perfectly familiar to them. For thus shall they best creditably acquit themselves. The old piece is like precious metal that, with every polishing, renews its beauty and lustre. Bear this in mind, and never weary of repetition, for it will bring its reward in more ways than you may imagine.

Rubinstein, it is said, sat at the piano for hours endeavoring to produce a certain quality of tone he had in his mind, and shed tears because he could not quite realize it. Those of us who listened to his playing years ago can judge what effect those hours of striving had in perfecting that marvelous touch of his. How many pupils to-day will shed tears over the shortcomings of their touch? But it only goes to show what the endeavor has been to make plain to the reader that the observance of absolute perfection in everything is what counts. It may not make a Rubinstein of you, but it will make a clean, musical, conscientious performer of you. And that is saying a great deal.

A STUDY IN CONCENTRATION

BY WILLIAM E. SNYDER.

It has been observed how closely related the pose and movement of the eyes—and, indeed, of all other members—is to the thought in mind. "The physical form is merely the instrument by which the real man expresses and executes the mandates of his thoughts."

If one's thought is fixed on one idea, the eyes also will most likely repose on one object in space. This has been called a "brown-study." Let us cultivate it for a purpose. There are certain drills which serve to promote the power of mental concentration:

Begin amid quiet surroundings. Take first the simplest; progress step by step to the complex. To reach the summit of the mount of power, you must traverse from the base the long, slow, rising path. All advancement must be thus, according to the law of evolution.

The power to concentrate thought evolves. One cannot come into it at an easy bound. There is no short cut here. Therefore take the simplest as follows and make sure of their mastery.

I. Alone in your quiet room, in easy sitting posture, rivet your gaze on one bright point in the sunlight for several minutes together. Hold eyes and eyelids steady. Trying this daily you will soon be able to concentrate through sight. This one simple drill gives added control over nerve and muscle. It cultivates repose.

II. Next close the eyes; retain a mental image of the object as long as may be. This is more difficult for some than for others, but repeated efforts succeed. The idea is to present concentration in practical form. While these drills are intended simply to suggest a good way of beginning control of thought, they may lead to very great results. Direct this force into whatever channel you will, surprising effects follow. Concentrated thought is the greatest working force in the universe. Through it the student solves his problems, the merchant draws his trade, the teacher gives instruction, the artist greater heights attains. Indeed, nothing can be accomplished without more or less concentration.

Now precisely what is the meaning of the term?

The act of directing thought to one object; intensifying and bringing it to bear upon one central point; focusing its full force on one center.

The sun's rays ordinarily are comfortable, but any schoolboy knows that, passed through a lens, focused in ever so slight a degree, they burn. That is concentrated light and heat.

This is said to be the age of electricity. It is drawn, then directed to a central object where it works miraculous results. Without that concentration of energy, the full working power of this or any force cannot be demonstrated, be it heat, light, color, sound, magnetism, thought, soul, spirit, or life itself.

Who will say the result of thought brought to bear upon a central point is less effective than that of electricity, the ether, liquid air, or any other force, material or spiritual?

Let it be said positively, at the outset, anyone possessing or capable of developing two powers can learn to play from memory with absolute certainty any music not beyond the present actual development.

What are those two powers? Understanding and concentration.

I. Visual Concentration.—A drill for focusing sight and another for cencentrating mind on a visual image have been given. Now apply the same to the printed phrase of music. Its appearance on the printed page will thus be easily memorized.

II. Through Sense of Touch.—Go to the piano, close the eyes, while phrases are played, mental note being taken of every minute sensation of touch, such as the feeling of the white and black keys and the intervals between, as a blind man does.

III. Through Sense of Hearing.—Play phrases, this time listening intently to pitches, intervals, rise and fall of tones, their combinations and effects, until you can mentally sing them.

Take time; be not interrupted nor let your thought wander for a *second.* Each detail of the drills must be fulfilled with care.

When at concerts develop concentration by closely following every phrase of a piece with eyes closed from beginning to end of it.

By continuously *concentrating* on seeing, feeling, hearing music and *absorbing* it, a musical consciousness is formed, and great results are attained, especially when this force is coupled with theoretical understanding.

Playing in public demands a tremendous amount of concentration; therefore, after proper private preparation, develop the highest power in this direction by playing for others at every opportunity.

FINGERING AND ITS EVOLUTION.

BY CONSTANTIN VON STERNBERG.

JUDGING from the following cluster of questions, there must exist some strange notions about the matter of fingering:

"What is the ancient system of fingering for the piano? What the Koehler system? What the Liszt system? What other systems are there?"

The word "system" occurs four times here, and the questioner—one of a large number—evidently presupposes that at one time or another somebody has established such a thing as a "system of fingering." Of course, this is not the case.

Fingering is an evolution which progressed entirely along the line of least resistance, like all evolution. Some men found it easier to select their fingering in accordance with the tonality in which they were playing, to mentally follow each modulation and rearrange their fingering accordingly. Some others were not satisfied with the mere musicianliness of their playing, and, in the endeavor to make it more pianistic, took the gradual changes in the piano-*action* into account. Still others found that smooth rapidity was more easily attainable with one way of fingering, and forceful enunciation with another, and so forth and so on. A "system" has never existed, nor can it exist, because every new composer of genius creates more or less an entirely new technic, demanding new modes in the use of the fingers.

The manner of fingering has undoubtedly undergone certain changes, but these changes have never stiffened into definite systems.

I have heard that on the old Virginal of the fourteenth century the thumb was not used. In spite of diligent research I have found no authority bearing this hearsay out. The late S. B. Mills told me that his father had repeatedly mentioned to him that he (the father) was the first organist in the little English town of Cirencester who used his thumbs in playing the organ. But my departed friend also added that his father could not tell him how his predecessors managed to do without them. The truth of the matter is probably that thumbless playing was only possible on instruments on so small a compass (2 or 3 octaves) that the striking of an octave should have interfered with some other part of the polyphony. This is only a surmise, but it seems to be borne out by the utter absence of any authority for the contrary.

The man whom modern piano-playing acknowledges as its father or founder is Carl Philip Emanuel Bach, the second son of Master John Sebastian. It should surely be in order to state right here what his "system" of fingering was; but, oh, it would spoil such a capital joke. Let us just pass him by for the moment; let us assume that Hummel, Chopin, Liszt surely knew a thing or two about fingering of which C. P. E. Bach was ignorant. The tendency of the present times is, anyway, to think that we know so much more than our forefathers.

In many of the old editions of Mozart's sonatas we find the fingering entirely governed by tonality. If a run of scale character was, for example, in G-major, the fourth finger is indicated for F-sharp, whether the run ended on the following A or anywhere else. The only excuse I can find for this very uncomfortable consistency is the thought of compelling the player to think in G-major. It was evidently found very soon that this can be accomplished without the agency of the fingers. Hummel, Türk, Kalkbrenner, and others of their time, while following this idea when convenient, did not regard it as a law, and give precedence to comfort.

Then came Chopin, with his great innovation of passing the third or fourth finger over the fifth. He also wrote his broken chords in wider positions than anyone before him. This engendered new ways of fingering, for which Chopin deserves the sole credit. Thalberg, too, worked out some passage-work calling

for new fingerings; but the musical worthlessness of his compositions excludes him from this discussion. Chopin also placed the thumb upon a black key in rapid runs, which was not done before him.

Liszt's principal innovation consists of abandoning all rules of fingering when the occasion requires it. Thus—in the "Spanish Rhapsody," for instance—he suggests that three rapid scales, each two octaves in length—F-sharp minor, E-major, D-major—should be played with all five fingers regardless of black keys. I have found it convenient in this particular place to pass the thumb *over* the fifth finger instead of under, whenever the thumb strikes a black key after a preceding white one for the fifth.

This passing of the thumb upon a black key, however, is the ONLY fingering which C. P. E. Bach did not mention. *Everything else that appertains to fingering, every freedom, every convenience, can be found in his "Essay on the True Way to Play the Piano,"* exemplified in his "Probestücke" which he engraved himself, and of which I had the rare good fortune to obtain an original edition and hand-copy.

It is amazing to see a man in the year of our Lord 1767 suggest such things as:

1	2	3	4	*3*	4	*3*	4	5
g	a	b	c	d	e	f-sharp	g	a

Or:

5	e			3		4	2	5
2	g-sharp		f-sharp		g-sharp		e	a
1	e							

Or:

1	2	3	5	*2*	4	3	1
d	f	a	d	a	c	b-flat	g

Or making the following distinction in the execution of a turn between slow and rapid movement:

moderato				presto			
4	3	2	3	4	3	2	1
a	g	f-sharp	g	a	g	f-sharp	g

This distinction appears still plainer in the "Piano-School" by Marpurg (1755), where the following fingering is suggested for rapid execution:

1	2	3	3	4	5
d	e	f-sharp	g	a	b

While for slower and more forceful rendition the thumb is placed on g, as is right and proper.

Many years before I had learned to look into the past for true information I have used this very fingering for rapid execution,—I did it on the sly, when my master wasn't looking,—and just so many years I have flattered myself with the idea that nobody else ever thought of it before the advent of my precious little personal capital *I.* Ah, well, I did not know then how little I knew; fortunately, we live and learn.

There are two principles still to be mentioned. The first, that of finger-change in repeating a tone after one intervening different one, seems to be foreshadowed in the last of the Bach examples quoted above. Its development was no doubt caused by the gradual deepening of the fall of the piano-keys. The deeper their fall, the harder became the action, and hence the more difficult it became to extricate a finger quick enough and lift it high enough to have it again ready for action, as, for example, in an ordinary mordent. It was found that a finger hitherto unemployed was better suited to strike the key than the finger which just struck it before and had no time to regain its ready-for-action position.

The second principle concerns a moderately slow succession of tones requiring strict similarity of touch, as in the second subject (first movement) of Beethoven's "Sonata," opus 14, in E-major, where six slow tones (quarter notes) are to be played *semistaccato.* In such cases Liszt suggested to play them all with the same finger, preferably with the third, and to do it afterward in the left hand likewise. He maintained that the middle finger was best suited for a sympathetic semistaccato, and that by using a different finger for each note the equality of the tone-character was bound to suffer. I quite agree with him, and carry this principle still a little further by retaining as far as convenient the fingering of little motives, phrases, figures, through all their transposed repetitions, because certain finger-groups produce certain tonal effects, and these are best reproduced by the same finger-groups. Of course, this must not be carried so far as to become a "system," neither must any other manner of fingering.

Simple trills, for instance, when requiring great force are better played with non-consecutive or intermediate fingers (1, 3, or 2, 4, or 3, 5). Chromatic scales, when calling for rapidity rather than for force, are mostly played with the fingering of the diatonic scale. Of such matters of mere convenience there is no end.

From all the stages of evolutions we have retained what was useful and convenient, and unhesitatingly abandoned everything that smacked of dogma or system.

In selecting a fingering we are largely guided by the question of speed; and when this is decided in our mind, we ascertain the salient point of the passage, namely: whether it is of more importance to bring out (1) its thematic or motivic woof and web, (2) its general tone-color, (3) its dynamic quality (force, delicacy), or (4) its rapidity.

In determining these points so much depends upon the conception of the individual that all dogmatizing is simply out of question.

A physician of recognized authority told me recently: "Strictly speaking, there is no such a thing as a typical disease; every case is accompanied by some complication peculiar to itself alone, which must be studied." The same principle applies to the question of fingering.

My advice has always been that music teachers should not stuff their memory with rules and system, but that, instead, they should study esthetics, the real art-side of music. Once a teacher is capable of forming a conception, he will easily find the technical

means to give it expression; but what is a whole library of expressions worth when there is no thought or feeling to express? The cleverest rhymester, one that masters all the meters, and uses the most euphonious word combinations, what does he amount to by the side of the seemingly formless Walt Whitman? It is the heart and the mind that must be enriched, not the memory for rules and regulations.

Have something to say, and say it; never mind about all the rules in the world, for if your heart is full and your mind clear about it, you will find the right word, as the bee finds the flower, as the bird finds its nest. Whoever thought of teaching a baby to cry?

THE MODEST MUSIC-TEACHER.

BY FRANK H. TUBBS.

THE modesty of the earnest music-teacher in the small places is a self-imposed limitation the removal of which permits entry into better pasturage. There are teachers who lack modesty and yet do not enjoy the pasturage. The bombastic fellow who uses music as a means for gratifying an insincere nature is not modest, and his very insincerity prevents his enjoying music in true beauty. His assertive importance, so frequently in evidence, leads the public to think that all musicians are of his kind, but, happily for music (and incidentally for the profession), there is a class of faithful workers who are modest. That class is large and is growing rapidly. The first sentence of this paragraph suggests at first glance the desirability of removing his modesty. Would we have him become the bombast? Heaven forbid. Though we would have him less retiring, we would have him so only as he can come into his own belongings through knowledge of what is his own. There is enough in that to make any man or woman glory in his possessions. The quiet, contented, earnest music-teacher in the small place is, and ever will be, the most powerful factor in satisfactory musical development, and will exert the highest potentiality in the national growth. That may seem strong, but we will see, presently, if it is too strong.

We will not quote for argument the old saw, "Let me make the songs of the nation and I care not who makes its laws," but say that the composers who have left influencing works have power to-day in shaping conditions. Though dead, they live in their works. A musical composition possesses three intrinsic influences, each of which is part of stirring vibration: rhythm, melody, and harmony. Rhythm is the swaying force which recreates and purifies the world. Stand by the sea-shore: at your feet rises and falls the tide. For what purpose? To disintegrate the rock, to wash the sands, to separate, by churning, filth from usable material. Rhythm is Nature's implement in thus purifying, washing, and disintegrating. The earth swings around and makes night and day—night and day—night and day, ever in rhythmic order. The sun moves south and then moves north—south and north—south and north—making a rhythmic year. Underlying all of Nature's acts is the rhythmic principle. Be the act small or great, the principle regulates it. Without that principle all would be chaos. With it, all is order. That same principle is the first and ever-inherent principle of music. That composer who has best used it—most subtly exercised his rhythmic skill—has wielded an influence on civilization seldom recognized.

Second only to that power is that of melody, which is, in its correspondence in nature, the employment of simple vibrations. That term is a misnomer, because in every tone there is a combination of vibrations. But most of us can see the meaning of what is here termed simple vibration. We hear melody in the breeze through the trees; the rippling brook; the hum of the bee; the trill of the nightingale. Perhaps in nature not so utilitarian is the purpose of melody, but who shall say? Now that man is realizing the supremacy of intellect over matter, may we not think the influence of what appeals to his sense of loveliness quite as powerful as is that which washes rocks? And this power—melody—was the great charm in the music of the older composers: a power which still lives, exercising its beneficence on you, on me, and on all God's Children.

Then we turn to the third power: harmony. That surprising combination of vibrations which in the simplicity of the triad on the first degree of the minor scale touches our hearts and from that onward to the mighty crash of the diminished seventh cord, which awakens an emotional tumult, has all the endearing and arousing influence of Deity himself. In nature do we find harmony? Yes, everywhere. The patter of a dozen rain-drops; the crackling of the corn-field on a summer's night; the tearing of the winter's storm; the plunging and trumbling of the summer's thunder. All these are voices of music. They are voices from above things earthy. They are voices of God. They are yours and mine and belong to all mankind. To make, to recreate, to ennoble, to exalt! Modest teachers, come into that which is yours. Come now! Come out into the radiant sun!

The musician—and even more he who is not a public performer, but who in seclusion rears a choice brood of students—is working in consonance with these all-powerful natural laws, using the means handed down from our musical forefathers. Here is a thought so dear to me that I would emphasize it strongly before the modest music-teacher: every great composer had a purpose, an ideal, a something which his life did not realize and complete. His age was not ready for it. He saw beyond to your generation and to this day. Now, you and I are the instruments of carrying out his wish and his purpose. He lives in and through you. Can you by studying the great soul of Beethoven, the deep heart of Handel, or the loving nature of Mozart find what he would have

done, but left it undone? Then is it your privilege to carry on that unfinished work and be a Beethoven, a Handel, or a Mozart. Has not that modest teacher a glorious work? Is it not great and grand to be a music-teacher? Two thoughts only have been given: that you are carrying out the purposes of the song-makers who have influenced more than have the law-makers, and that you are using the means which are the inherent underlying means of Nature's most beneficent acts. Who has more power in the world to-day than the very class whom we speak of as the modest music-teacher?

Interpretation of the compositions of the masters demands the intelligence of the musician in such way as grows him into beauty, command, and power. Paderewski's rendering of Chopin is now a much greater thing than it was ten years ago. The printed page is the same, but the pianist has gone deeper into life, and because of that can receive more the soul of Chopin. To-day, you read the same page as does Paderewski, but most of us must think it is different from his reading. Why? Because you have not come fully into your possibilities. You are working more in "modesty" and not so thoroughly in consonance with the great principles of music, which are the same in art, nature, and science. Have you compared your rendering of to-day with that of last year? Have you grown much? Of course, technic is better, but that is but a means to an end. The end is manifesting the soul of an art. Has your interpretation reached a freedom which permits you to pour yourself into the music and into the world? If not, reach that. If you have (and when you have it), you are at once a factor in the world, and the vibration of your interpretation goes much farther through the world than you think. It rises into the realm of existence and is carried wherever existence is. It is said that a pebble cast into the ocean has influence on the most distant seas. So your song—your interpretation—enters the higher realm of mental influence, and swings round the world. It may rise from Brookville or from Chicago; from Jonesboro or from Boston; from Fultonville or from Paris. It makes no difference. The rhythm, the melody, the harmony, and the interpretation ascends into the circle of influence, to be and to do what God, in His economy, wishes. So, it needs not to become bombastic nor to be aggressive, but to lay aside the modesty which prevents understanding the mighty force which belongs to us all, the modesty which prevents growth into the highest things which music reveals to him who loves her and listens to her voice.

RIGHT thinking is the foundation of right living. To live the highest life of which we, as human beings, are capable, we must firmly believe and live up to our belief that we can, should, and must resolutely master our thoughts as well as our actions; and that we must control the mental pictures in which we indulge as much as the words which issue from our lips.—*Success.*

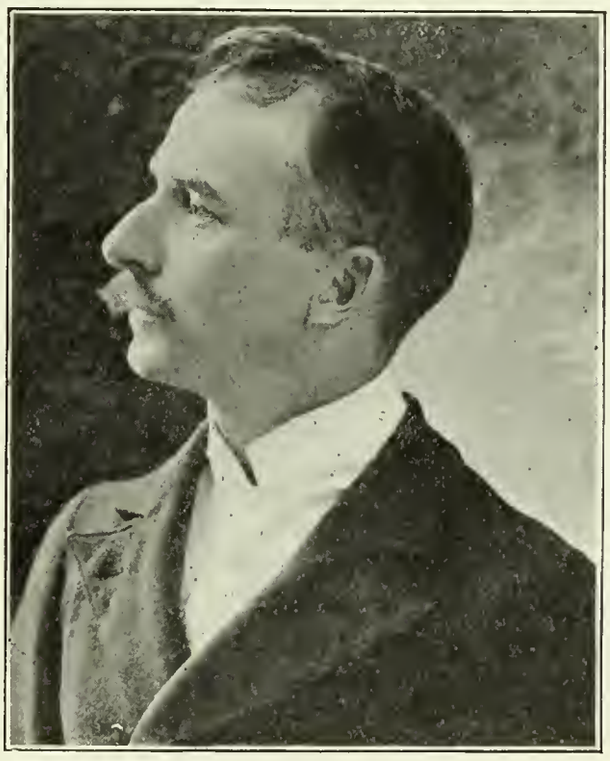
THE ORDER AND FUNCTION OF EXPRESSION.

BY EDWARD HALE, A.M.

WHAT is the true order of things in piano-study? Shall technic and expression be disassociated and one of them studied at a time? Shall technic be mastered first and expression added afterward?

The argument in favor of this mode of proceeding is: Only one thing can be done at a time and done effectively. This is very clear and stubborn argument. There is no dodging it, providing the application be sound. Many a teacher would feel fully warranted in correcting his teaching unqualifiedly to it.

But nowadays, in such a matter, we are asking, not,



MR. EDWARD HALE.

MR. HALE'S life has been, in the main, that of the quiet student. He did not devote himself to his art until several years out of college, and his study and practice of it are rather that of the man of general culture than of the professional. He believes in the connoisseur. His field is the philosophy of music, particularly the esthetic and pedagogic. At present he is concerned, as his essay shows, in reducing music-teaching to a scientific basis. Mr. Hale lives in Boston.

Is this logical? but, Is it the method of Nature? Now, it does not seem to be the method of Nature. There is no evidence that the child of Nature—fish, or bird, or animal—analyzes its activities and practices one feature of them at a time. There is no evidence that he ever did it. There seems to be abundant evidence to the contrary.

Some teacher who is not up in psychological research will be quite sure to rejoin to this: "What difference does it make what a monkey does, or a crow, or a boy? We have reasoned the thing out and we have had the experience,—we know what is the right way." Such a critic would have to be reminded

that the inquiry into what a child or an animal does is conducted by some of the wisest men of the generation with the express purpose of throwing light upon the conduct of life. And he would have to be reminded, too, that his own experience has only a negative bearing on the matter. He may know how his particular system has succeeded; but that proves nothing whatever about any other system. Until it has been properly tested he can know nothing at all about it. He ought to be aware of this, and preserve his dignity by suspending judgment. Furthermore, he must know that a good deal of modern education has been already remodeled in accordance with teaching drawn from Nature. Language teachers reasoned out the right way and applied it to generations of very unhappy pupils. But now the most successful teaching of language is conducted upon lines diametrically opposed to the old ones. And the new method was learned from Nature. There may be more significance in this illustration than we are now aware of, for the speech- and music- centers are very near neighbors in the brain.

The kindergarten, with all its abuses, is convincing proof of the soundness of the new view of education. And it was Nature, it was the child in his untaught activities, that gave the world the kindergarten. In the face of such illustrations as these only an ignoramus will scout the appeal to Nature. Indeed, the scientist would be strongly tempted to retort: "What do you know? Where is the evidence of any thorough-going inquiry by any musician into the laws of the mind, the nervous system, or of any other function called into service in the process of developing technical faculty?" And what sort of reply could we make to that?

The wise thing for we students of music-teaching is to take our place teachably, even reverently, by the side of our co-laborer, the scientist, to learn what we can of him. Nature, then, so far as appears, does not split up the processes. The nestling needs only fledging to launch out at once on the medium of its flight. In fact, from the instinctive breaking by the chick of its own way out into the world, up to the most intricate actions acquired (not taught him) by a man, there is present a remarkable common characteristic: the process seems to be in every particular dictated and governed by the end in view, the final purpose. And this end in view is the only thing set before the mind; the details of the operation are not even thought of; most of them, in fact, are below consciousness. The success of the enterprise depends upon the clearness with which the final purpose is aimed at.

In the pursuit of a technic, then, if we are to follow the method of Nature, we are to set before the mind with the utmost clearness the end for which it is to be used, with the expectation that that will react upon the process by which it is obtained, developing and perfecting it. In other words, the pupil is, from the beginning, to express the beautiful, and to get his technic in the endeavor to do that. To pursue technic alone is to reverse and to confuse the natural method.

I am fully aware how difficult it is to reach sound inferences, and how necessary is an abundance of competently-observed facts bearing upon every phase of the matter. We have not yet the needed body of facts. In the absence of them dogmatism would be impertinence.

There are, however, some significant things to be considered. One is that there are some teachers who have corrected their teaching to the principle educed above, and with conspicuous success. Another is the portentous failure, in the main, of music-teaching up to this time. It is notorious that a very special combination of remarkable gifts has been required of one that would become a musician of any eminence. It is notorious that most teachers get their reputations through a few pupils of superior talent who chance to fall into their hands. And it is equally notorious that the thousands of moderate capacity who study music never make anything out of it of consequence to themselves or to anyone else.

It begs the whole question to say that these thousands never could become musicians under any circumstances. The fact is that they have not under the *régime* to which they were subjected. A new *régime* would be more to the purpose than the wholesale visitation of the failure upon the pupil's head. If Nature taught them to sing or play or compose, she would not do it our way. That's quite certain. Suppose we found out her way and tried that!

So far as concerns the full completion of a technic, by the use of a dumb instrument or any other means, before the attention is directed to interpretation and expression there can be but one opinion in the mind of an informed man. To look at it broadly, the postponement for a term of years of the study of musical expression would involve at least the peril of the extinction of the faculty for such expression. It could be extinguished,—of that there is no doubt; what circumstances and what length of time are the only questions. Simply not to use the faculty would be sufficient. But the technic devotee does worse than this. He, so to say, holds himself in constant contact with musical expression while never, in fact, producing it.

All that novelty, therefore, with which the poet forever invests all things he actually rubs off, until what is romantic and wonderful about music disappears and leaves behind unmeaning sound, nothing more. Now, to look more closely. What he thus fully accomplishes, give him time enough, he is, in a measure, fulfilling during every moment of such study. He could not do it all at once; he cannot help doing it somewhat with even one minute's ignoring of expression. With every such minute succeeding, the subtle degeneration goes on until by and by, for that victim of his own ignorance of psychologic law, the splendor and the wonder of music are gone forever.

If this were only a fancy sketch! No one will dispute that musical feeling, temperament, imagination,

are more precious than any technic. Methods of study must be so adjusted as to involve no peril here. They will not be ideal until every moment is spent to the advantage of temperament and no moment of study shall threaten its integrity.

Preyer has shown that a child, before he begins the use of speech, has a fund of ideas. The ideas grow the speech, not *vice versâ*. If we may apply this to music-study, our first concern is the development of musical ideas; *they will take care of the technic.* All that is needed further for good speech is good models. The inference is: all that is needed for technic is good models. This again sounds radical, and it infringes some of our most cherished maxims. However, if the teacher does not see his way to the adoption of such a principle, let him at least beware of violating it.

The wise attitude is the receptive one. These principles have behind them the long recommendation of Nature. Suppose we can improve upon them, suppose it to be the design of the Creator that human intelligence shall be applied to the refining of Nature's raw material of substance and power; this only clinches the argument. Far from ignoring these hints offered in the great evolution going on still around us, it must be our chief concern to reach an understanding of them and to enrich our pedagogic system with their endless suggestion.

INSIGHT.

BY WILLIAM E. SNYDER.

General Insight.

One of the most necessary faculties possessed by pupil or teacher is insight. It embraces perception and observation. Indeed, one of whom it is said "He has insight" must also be said to have not only intellectual discernment and penetration, but intuition, for insight and intuition are very nearly synonymous. Intuition has more immediate or direct perception than insight, that is all; so direct and spontaneous that it gains understanding without necessarily being tutored.

That person who merely skims over the surface of things works superficially, and has not insight. A man chooses the practice of medicine for his profession. He may dabble a little in physiology, take a glance at the exterior of chemistry, get a smattering of anatomy and *materia medica,*—enough, perhaps, to pass his examinations; but will he make a first-class physician? Does he possess real insight into his work? He is what you call superficial. Later he wonders why his practice does not increase rapidly. Thinking people do not put confidence in such dabblers.

The foundation upon which most great men build fame is their keen perception, their subtle penetration along a peculiar line or branch of work. When a man has the sense to choose that occupation of which he has the most thorough knowledge, and in which he has the deepest view or insight, he is most likely to be blessed with success throughout life.

The success of a career depends largely upon a wise and early choice. It is not so much that I *like* a certain occupation, as that I have in it the power of quick perception and penetrating vision, that I choose it successfully. Liking generally accompanies insight on the principle that one enjoys doing what he can do well, or, otherwise expressed, what he sees into. Here is a man who has made a great fortune. Was it necessarily the result of luck, chance, or dishonesty? Think you not that fortunes, as well as good educators and students, are made by thorough insight, sharp perception, keen observation, coupled, of course, with a giant will and perpetual activity?

Mr. William E. Snyder.

Mr. William E. Snyder is a native of Ohio. He studied piano with J. H. Hahn, of Detroit, and William H. Sherwood, of Chicago; his organ-studies were under the direction of J. C. Batchelder, of Detroit, and Harrison M. Wild; his work in harmony and counterpoint was done under A. J. Goodrich, now of New York City. Some years ago Mr. Snyder taught in the Detroit Conservatory, but for the past three years he has been assistant to Mr. Sherwood in his school in Chicago. In addition to his Chicago work Mr. Snyder is in charge of the musical work in the noted seminary, Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wis., and has large classes at St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich. For ten years he filled the post of organist in the Woodward Avenue Congregational Church, Detroit, and later, after his removal to Chicago, he served in the same capacity in the Lake View Presbyterian Church, Chicago. He has played numerous piano- and organ recital engagements in Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin.

Insight in Relation to Students.

Passing now from a general to a specific discussion of our subject in the sphere of music-study, let us examine a specimen of a class of pupils far too common. This pupil had had many teachers, and her case was by most of them considered hopeless. Everything which comes under the head of supposedly-

teachable things in music had been taught her. Oh, yes! she understood it all, she said. Like the majority of the species, she could go a certain distance toward learning the notes and playing them correctly, but the playing was all *quasi* street-piano, *senza* perfect technic. Alas, how much of such playing one encounters, not only on the streets, but in the rooms and halls of elegant, large studio-buildings in an unmusical, commercial metropolis, where, for a place of its magnitude, the goddess of music is little courted!

Well, to resume, I tried playing expressive music for her and with her, to see if she could learn anything by imitation; for I believe that model performances should be presented a student by the instructor. That in a measure succeeded. But what do you suppose was the fundamental cause of the failure of her work in general? You can readily see it was lack of insight: a surface skimming of all the branches of music she had studied. It was seen that she could hardly succeed either as pianist or teacher until a deeper view of things had been taken.

A mechanical matter was attacked first. I asked whether she had ever made a thorough analysis of the different touches used in piano-playing, and, if so, could she explain the details of, say one variety of arm-touch. "No." The answer did not surprise me much. If you found one player in every hundred, even of professionals, who had sufficient discriminative insight into touches, as used by artists, to describe one in words and illustrate it, you would have better luck than the present writer.

There are those, certainly, who play musically without analyzing, but in other directions they do not lack insight or intuition, which goes to make their playing good in certain, but not all, respects.

We analyzed four or five kinds of arm- as well as finger- and hand- touches and studied them in divers ways until she gained insight, saw to rock-bottom, perceived the generally unknown or misapplied law of alternating tension and relaxation, of passivity and activity, of resistance in certain muscles while others deal the blow or pressure, and of the great importance of position of all the parts used at the piano, which law underlies all scientific *mechanique*.

Presently we came to the application of *mechanique* to the performance of music, commonly called *technique*. This included the questions of what effect was wanted in a certain phrase, or on a detached tone, and with exactly what touch and position of parts it could most tellingly and conveniently be produced. To illustrate: insight was acquired into the many and varied uses of the wrist, coupled with certain conditions of the other parts; how, for instance, tremendous power can be easily produced in playing a single tone or chord by holding the wrist high, finger almost straight and perpendicular, firmness throughout both, and dealing the blow with the whole arm from shoulder: a touch that is used sparingly by artists to cap a big climax, but is often abused by amateurish pianists who know of its existence.

We finally reached the third and highest branch of pianism: expression or interpretation.

About the first thing we did was to write out a table of the principal dynamic marks, with their abbreviations and exact meanings; for instance, from the softest pianissimo, *ppp*, representing sounds which are only just audible, to the loudest fortissimo, *fff*, the greatest power one can put forth within the limits of good, musical tone, there are eight degrees in most common use, *i.e.*, *ppp, pp, p, mp, mf, f, ff, fff*, which might be termed the ascending scale of powers.

It had to be clearly seen that, first, she must develop ideas and emotions in herself, and, secondly, she must perceive those of the composer in order to acquire an insight into interpretation.

The Teacher's Insight.

We come now to a discursive view of insight in relation to the teacher into the needs of the pupil.

Here comes one to begin study with you, and her leading question is: "How long will it take to graduate me?" Naturally and justly she wishes some logically graded course of training planned for her so that it may be viewed, as a whole, at once, as an architect completes his drawings and an inventor his model before building or manufacture is begun. Is that unreasonable? But how many have the insight to plan and fulfill such a building up of the pupil's musical consciousness and character? Conservatories and schools usually have a four- or five- year course outlined, but few of their teachers (except the "grinders") adhere to it. It cannot well be done, since each pupil should have an individual course to suit his own needs. A teacher properly to "place" a pupil must have in his mind (not merely in his books) correct ideas of all grades and of composers, ancient and modern, classical and popular, who are proper for each grade; must have a distinct knowledge and outline of the most serviceable etudes, and a clear notion of all useful mechanical exercises and gymnastics needed to develop a perfect technic; and then after a short conversation and a performance by the pupil, be able instantly to gain an insight into his general character, amount of talent, present attainments, and future possibilities.

All this the teacher must learn to do, first by studying and mastering himself and his own work, then through experience with others. The study of Froebel's and other's educational principles, of human nature, of psychology, of philosophy, and of such books as Christiani's "Pianoforte-Playing," which is especially recommended, and the reading of high-class literary and musical magazines, "broadens, greatens, and deepens" one's insight hugely. Give music-study as good a chance as you would spelling, writing, and reading English in school, especially if it is your profession.

In school you would certainly be expected to master the letters, formation, meaning, and pronunciation of words; combination of them into clauses and sentences, punctuation, accents, inflections, etc., accord-

ing to the ideas to be expressed, which have their correlatives or parallels in music about as follows: Tonality, notation, formation of chords, grouping them into phrases and sentences, melody, harmony, phrasing, emphases, dynamics, and tempi, according to effects to be produced.

Do you shrink from the idea of the long and arduous task of elosely analyzing all these subjects? How else can you gain insight into them? Or how can you expect to teach that of which you yourself have not keen perception?

My child on seeing my watch exclaims: "I want to see the wheels go round." Curiosity, you say; but perhaps it is more. He is not satisfied with an external view, but must penetrate into the mystery of its mechanism and learn the secret of its action.

Learn from the little child to desire more insight. Step inside all subjects pertaining to musie-education and be not satisfied until you find your way through all their too-little-frequented by-paths and penetrate to their innermost depths and secret passage-ways. Step inside and analyze until you pereeive the principle of the working of "wheels within wheels." Thus will you acquire true insight.

THE CITY OR THE COUNTRY.

BY EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

THERE is an impression, and presumably there always will be, that the city, with its many advantages, is the only place where a musical talent can be developed. The wails and laments of those who, by circumstances, are forced to live in the country are pitiful, indeed, and, were the conditions really as bad as they are supposed to be, the field of music would be far less overcrowded than it is.

The country is related to the city much as America is related to Europe; and it is certain that the most ardent disclaimer of American possibilities cannot deny that America can produce some wonderful results. It is a habit, rather than a necessity, to run to Europe with a talent before it is even out of an embryonie condition. However, to sit down calmly and think it over: What has Europe to offer in the line of pedagogues but America can give two for one? Unhampered by unfamiliarity with the language, how were it possible that America, with some of the greatest theory-teachers in the world, should not produce better results with American pupils?

That opportunities abound to hear more music in Europe than it is possibie for the student in America to hear nobody will deny. In the first place, there are more concerts given and, above all, the price of admission is within reach of the student. Another point which is often scored by Europe is that a student gives more actual thought and labor to the study because the social life among old friends is missing. Of a student, however, who has not enough strength of character to overcome such an obstacle in his own home, nothing great or valuable to his art could be expected, because he has not the stability to accomplish great things.

A person in whom there exists the seed of greatness eannot be crushed by life in a small city. He will dig out for himself. He feels that he has no opportunities, and this lack will force him to seareh in unusual places for enlightenment. He reads, he studies; he turns for eonsolation and advice to the lives of the masters, where he finds similar experiences. He gains a deeper knowledge of the coloring of each composer's music; he procures books on theory, on interpretation, on technic, on methods; he delves into this theory, and then into that; he does not know which is correct, it is very unsatisfactory; yet all this time he is absorbing, and the result is that when the joyous day arrives and he is able to go to the city, he is astonished to find that he can take his place with and ahead of those who have lived in large cities and musical atmosphere all of their lives. Success or failure is, after all, a matter of temperament. If one have the desire, the talent, and the grit, one can accomplish almost anything.

MISS EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

MISS BAUER was born at an army post in the extreme Northwest, Walla Walla, Washington, and the military band was her first joy. Her musical instruction was received from her father, a fine musician, and later in San Francisco, her final artistic training coming from Miguel Espinosa, of the Paris Conservatoire. Her special work in the profession was done in Portland, Oregon, and consisted of piano and vocal teaching. The past five years Miss Bauer has been in the East, in Boston and New York, teaching and in musical journalism. The study of foreign languages is one of Miss Bauer's special delights, and her command of modern languages is of great value to her in her journalistic work.

One of the most brilliant of musicians, a woman whose writings upon musical subjeets are of the greatest importance to musical conditions of the present, studied music because she hungered for it, and simply could not exist without it. Her nature

craved it as much as it did food; but lack of means prevented her parents from gratifying this desire. Unable to still the longing, this little child had no other thought except to study music. When she dreamed, she dreamed of study, when she waked she thought of study, and many an hour she stood outside a window, peering in upon her little friends who had the privilege denied her. Sometimes she was almost delirious in the happiness of being permitted to be present at one of the lessons. And her cup of happiness was full to overflowing when by some chance she became the happy possessor of a large and valuable book upon the theory of music. Here, she felt, was life for her, and she hastened home to her little room where she might be alone, and no eye might witness the ecstasy of that first moment when she should open it, and to her its treasures would be revealed. The instant had come—the curtain was drawn—the little one was breathless as she broke the string and took the precious volume from its wrapping. She opened it. It was in German!

Only those who have tasted "Dead Sea apples," with the accompaniment of disappointment's bitterest tears, can know the depth of her grief. After the first sorrow was over, however, the nature for which she is to-day notable asserted itself, and by saving her pennies she bought a German dictionary. Although she did not know one word of the language, she consulted it for each word until she had translated the entire work. Such a child could not become a mediocrity. There was talent, love, and determination to acquire the coveted knowledge. What difference whether she lived among three thousand or three million people? she was destined to win her way, and she did win. She is indebted to neither individuals nor opportunities, but to her own indomitable determination to succeed.

This is often developed in those who live away from the city's interests, with its innumerable opportunities for killing time and incidentally talents. No one denies or attempts to deny that the large city has advantages far beyond the small country town; but advantages are not the only features necessary to success. One must understand how to make advantages useful, how to adapt them to pursuits. The advantages that are thrown away in a city would be incredible to those in the country who eagerly seize the smallest opportunities for advancement.

Take, for instance, the library containing old volumes of rare, even priceless, information. How often do the city students take the time to spend a few hours in poring over these pages? There are years', even a century's, history; but the city student takes the few hasty words of a busy teacher for all the musical history he needs; he goes to a few concerts, reads the advance notices of the enthusiastic press-agent, and considers that he is really living in a very musical atmosphere, and that what he imbibes cannot help making an artist out of him.

The country student has time for reading, and, more than time, he has desire, because he feels so thrown upon his own resources that he must look to something authoritative to substantiate his beliefs. He exerts himself to understand the philosophies of music as well as its history. If he hears of a treatise upon this subject or that he exerts himself to procure it, because he is at sea and feels that he must lean upon something, and, if he find that some one of authority corroborates opinions that he has formed, he looks deeper and searches farther.

When one has a mind of this sort, can anyone believe that he will accomplish nothing because he lives in the country? Certainly there must be a future for such a person. But it is not said that he can settle in his own home and have success. There is too much truth in the old adage to the effect that man is never a prophet in his own home. That people who have seen him grow up, that feel his advantages to have been as meager as their own, have not the proper confidence in him is sad, but not surprising. Few people have the ability to take a man at his worth. Few people know merit when it comes their way. So the young country student need not feel sadly discouraged if his own surroundings refuse to take him as authority. This phase is, unfortunately, one of the weaknesses of mankind, and may not soon be bettered.

But when he comes into the truly musical world he will be astounded to find himself strong in all but confidence and self-reliance, and it may be that the reflection upon his mind of sunny skies, and running streams, of lowing cattle and waving cornfields, of glorious sunsets, of lofty mountains, of tall trees and their feathered inhabitants of songsters, has done quite as much for developing the poetry in his nature as the merry clang of the cable and the music of heavily-laden trucks over the cobble-stones.

The country student of music has quite as much to hope for as one who is born and brought up in the largest city of the universe, because genius comes from within and will make itself manifest; and besides genius is necessary a certain amount of pluck, determination, force, and intellectuality; and these attributes, thanks to a kind Providence, are not the exclusive gift of the city-born.

MR. DAVID BISPHAM ON THE STUDY OF THE ENGLISH SONG.

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

It was at the Players' Club one sunny afternoon that Mr. David Bispham gave me, for the readers of The Etude, his ideas on the English song and many interesting points bearing upon the singing of it. His close identification with music in London gives Mr. Bispham a unique place among native American singers. This aspect of conditions is heightened by the fact that few American men have won universal recognition as singers as compared with American women.

All this was not accomplished by Mr. Bispham without the struggle that is as necessary to the broadening of the man as it is to the broadening of his art. From a New Jersey farm to the position of one of the foremost baritones of London, and the consequent recognition that it brings, is a far cry, and this is what he has accomplished. After a college education Mr. Bispham was destined for a business career. "But there seemed other things," said the singer, with a broad smile at recollection of his experiences, "for which I seemed to have more talent."

Recognizing this, he devoted himself to music, not knowing the struggle ahead, a struggle which has made him caution many a young singer to think well before he enters upon the same career. Whether we happen to be singers or not, to hear from a successful man the factors that he considers as having helped to his success must be of interest, for, after all, certain traits of mind and method are identical with success in every branch of art.

The surroundings that afternoon were particularly calculated to a congenial talk. It was in the library of the Players' Club, Edwin Booth's old home, a large room, subdued in colorings and filled with many mementos of the great actor and the past with which he was identified. In keeping with the surroundings was Mr. Bispham's manner. There was the air of artistic repose about him which assured one that, whether he finished talking on the subject in hand to-day or whether the conversation should last well into to-morrow, it was quite the same. His desire was to bring out all the thoughts he had upon the points in question. He is a man who does only one thing at a time, and concentrates all his energies while he is doing it. After all, the glimpse he allowed me of himself in this particular may give a clearer idea of the reason for his success than anything he told me in words. It is only the verification of a wisdom older than the hills, "Whatsoever thy hands find to do, do it with all thy might."

* * *

"First of all," said Mr. Bispham, "in studying a song in English or in studying a song in any language the thing is to find out what it is all about. We must know what it means. I do not recite the words over alone. It might be a good plan to do it, but I have, somehow, not found it necessary. I read over the words first, then the music of the song with the words. After that I study the two always together.

"The same verses have been set to music by many composers, and no two have interpreted them from the same point of view. Schubert, Franz, Beethoven, have in cases chosen the same words and one has been more successful than the other. The 'Nur Wer Die Sehnsucht Kennt' of Tschaikowsky, for instance, is far superior to Beethoven's setting of the same words. Rubinstein's setting of 'Thou Art So Like a Flower' is, perhaps, not better than Schumann's. The thing is for the singer to select that setting of a song which appeals to him most strongly. One who would make a success with Loewe's 'Erl King' would likely fail in Schubert's song to the same words. So it resolves itself not alone into the understanding of the words, but also the suitability to us, as individual singers, of the style of setting given, quite apart from the necessary consideration of range. It depends upon the singer whether he makes the 'Erl King' of Loewe more effective than Schubert's. He must get at the true inwardness of the song as it is written.

"Some one asked Sir Joshua Reynolds what he mixed his paints with. 'I mix them with brains, sir,' was his reply. The great thing is always to choose songs with intelligence. I endeavored always to have something new, to have the modern represented in my program. In a recent recital I sang a group of songs still in manuscript. Some of the critics said those songs were unworthy to be placed with the rest, yet of those five songs two were redemanded by the audience, and the next day the composer had two

DAVID BISPHAM.
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offers from publishers. Here, again, comes a most important thing for the singer to consider: the making of his program. Always be careful what songs you place together. I have seen some very beautiful selections of songs put together so thoughtlessly that the effect was that of a fine picture ruined by some sudden dash of inappropriate color.

"Take the old songs of Dibdin and Shields. None has ever set these verses to music except themselves, because they were the product of a certain style and way of thought of the moment. You find the older singers give them in a style that to us seems exaggerated, and yet that style belongs to the time. Sims Reeves, connected with the past, sang them in this way, as did Edward Lloyd and Ben. Davies who followed him, because it is the way to sing them. Mr. Richard Mansfield sang to me 'She Wore a Wreath of Roses,' a beautiful old song, and he sang

it with those same exaggerations. On questioning him he assured me that it was the way his mother, Madame Rudersdorf, sang it, and as the traditions demanded.

"Turn again to such beautiful, simple old songs as 'Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.' It would seem as though there was only one way to sing it—with simplicity. But sing it strongly, for it is a song of strength as well as simplicity. Above all, in such a song as this give absolute attention to rhythm, not taking liberties. Oh, that is where so many singers make a mistake! They think to put their own individuality into a song by exaggerating the rhythm of it. It is simplicity that is so hard to attain in any art, and in singing more than any other. And so I have found that little gem, 'Oh, so Sweet is She,' the melody of which is anonymous and preserved in the British Museum. It has the most exquisite sentiment which is purity itself, and makes strange contrast with some songs that are sung in England to-day. After all, it is the hardest songs that are easiest to sing, and these little songs, because of their very simplicity, are the most difficult. Of late a number of these charming old melodies have been set to modern accompaniments, and thus preserved. Some of these have been well done by A. L., the mother of Liza Lehmann, and who has a valuable collection of old melodies.

"Villiers Stanford I place at the top of the British song-composers, not so much through the things he has written himself, but for those old melodies that he has arranged and preserved, old Welsh, English, and Irish melodies, the last so full of a quaint humor. These, again, are to be sung with great simplicity of style.

"The rendering of the song depends so much upon the individual. He must always have command of himself, as an actor would do even in the most moving moments. The instant that he gives way he drops into sentimentality through excess of emotion. Feel deeply, but have your feelings under command, for in the moment that you lose your self-control you lose also your hold upon your audience.

"Again, take the old songs of Henry Purcell. Some of them are tremendously difficult. That mad song of his, 'I'll Sail Upon the Dog-Star,' is one that has required great thought. In the study of this, as in the study of all songs, I take the difficult phrases out and try the breathing in different ways, so as to give them in the most effective manner.

"I asked Edward German, who has written a great deal for orchestra and few songs, why he did not give us something in this latter branch of composition; his reply was that he felt his melodies instrumental, not vocal. My retort was that he might write some of his instrumental melodies for the voice, that I thought they sang well. He acted upon the suggestion, and has gotten out a charming volume.

"Sir Hubert Parry has a marvelous facility in composition. 'Job' is his best work, as far as I know. Then, too, in the field of song-writing there must be mentioned among the British contemporary composers of eminence Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Arthur Hervey (a most able composer), Elgar, Somervell (whose songs I have sung in America), and the talented Clarence Lucas. With the British concert public there is steady and gratifying elevation in the field of the songs.

"And here we come to an important question: Is English a good language to sing? My reply is that the only English that is bad to sing is bad English. The English language is as noble and as singable as any other language.

"As far as singing the songs of German, French, or other composers in English translations is concerned, there is this to be taken into consideration: the composer, having thought of the music through the medium of his own language, certain phrases are adapted to the poem he has selected. But if a good translation can be obtained there is no reason that it should not be sung.

"In the rendering of a song as much depends upon the singer as does upon the actor in a play.

"My uncle, William Bispham, closely associated with Edwin Booth, told me that one night he went with Thomas Bailey Aldrich to the great actor's dressing-room to congratulate him on his brilliant rendering of some poetic part. They found him sitting in front of his dressing-table, his head bowed on his arms, the picture of despair. He told them that he felt he could never act again, that he was in despair over himself because he had acted so badly. The house had been wild with enthusiasm.

"On another occasion they went to Mr. Booth to beg him to play up a bit, they felt he was not doing as well as he might. They found him in the gayest of spirits. He said that he felt that he had never done better, and was rather indignant at their suggestion.

"So it is with the singer and his songs. Recognizing that this is the case, all a singer can do is to do his best at the time, to give full value to notes and words. It will have a certain effect. There are moments when one rises above one's ordinary plane and brings out the value of the composition as never before. Then comes the difficulty to live up to that. Leave nothing to chance or to the mood, which will play a separate part to itself. Study things so thoroughly that you cannot do them badly. If that method is pursued one may be even in bad voice and the art of singing comes and helps one out of the difficulties.

"This being in bad voice is oftener than not a matter of digestion, and not of the voice at all. If one would sing well the last meal should be taken four hours before singing, and, in cases of unusually trying demand, four hours and a half before singing. I have myself found upon occasion that I did not seem in good voice, while in reality I knew that my voice should be in good condition. The trouble could be traced simply to the matter of digestion. The

vocal chords were affected and the very muscles needed called into play by other causes.

"The singer must always be ready to struggle against fatigue and unpleasant occurrences by forgetting himself through interest in his song and its interpretation. Recently I had a *contretemps* of my own at Washington of which more than the correct version has been given.

"In the hurry of packing, the waistcoat of my evening clothes was left in New York. When I made a late discovery I confided my trouble to a lady at whose house I had been entertained, and a gentleman kindly came to the rescue on her suggestion.

"One of the versions published was that I borrowed a waistcoat from a waiter and had it pinned on me. Graphic descriptions followed of how, at critical moments in the song, I was made aware of the critical presence of the pins.

"To tell the truth, I was very far from comfortable, although the waistcoat was ripped at the back, and I have passed many happier moments than the ones I sang in it. But I thought to myself that that was one of the times when one's art had to be invoked, and I invoked mine very hard. After the first number I began to feel more at ease. By the end of the evening I had my audience with me, and was asked at the close of the program to come back again this season.

"My song had put thought of self completely out of my mind, that was all."

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK: THE STUDY OF THE GERMAN SONG.

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

THE earnestness of Madame Schumann-Heink on the stage is secondary away from it to a genial friendliness. The daughter of an Austrian army officer, she has inherited a *physique* that appears to sustain her under fatigue that would incapacitate the majority.

With her, as with so many sterling German artists, a long apprenticeship had been served in music before she came to us. To dwell a moment on the career of the singer will heighten the appreciation of her advice on the study of the German song which she gives to the readers of THE ETUDE.

In her girlhood she was made familiar with church-songs in the convent of the Ursuline nuns at Prague, where she received her general education. At the age of seventeen, through her singing of "Ah, My Son," from "The Prophet," and the "Brindisi," from "Lucrezia Borgia," she was given a three years' engagement at the Dresden Court Opera. During that period she studied with Madame Krebs-Michalesi, the wife of the orchestra conductor, Krebs. Following this came a long experience at the Hamburg Opera, where she was associated, under the direction of Pollini, with the lamented Madame Klafsky. Madame Schumann-Heink's Berlin success was won in the early nineties, and subsequently she was heard throughout Germany and in England. Her Bayreuth appearances were made as Erda in "Rheingold" and "Siegfried," and first Norn and Waltraute in "Götterdämmerung." During the period extending from her *début* in 1878 to the present time—in all, about twenty-two years—she has sung a wide range of rôles, in accordance with the demands of the German theater repertory. Beyond this she sang in the church service at the court chapel in Dresden during her stay there, and was, almost from the outset of her professional life, identified with the concert-room.

It was after a long rehearsal for "Rheingold," and with the journey to Boston directly ahead of her, that Madame Schumann-Heink entered enthusiastically upon the subject of the German song.

"The words, always the words," she began emphatically. "The song is lost without the words, and these I study first. I speak and declaim them, searching out the full effect and meaning of each separate one, and endeavoring to make clear to the best of my ability the meaning of the poet. Not until I feel th t I have done my best in this direction do I begin the study of the music. When the latter is learned I put both together, trying to infuse into the song the intention of the composer.

"Schubert is my favorite of the German song-composers. Franz I love to sing. Liszt has written some wonderful songs, and Schumann is still more difficult to interpret. Richard Strauss, a conductor under whose direction I have often sung, a thorough, deep-thinking musician, has written many charming songs, and von Fielitz has written some beautiful things. But with Schubert, Franz, Schumann and Brahms the signer has a noble array from which to choose: an array from which neither time nor inclination has allowed me to stray very far.

"It is best, I think, to begin the study of the German song with Mendelssohn. His songs are less difficult of comprehension and technic than those of Schubert, but at the same time they are classic and melodious.

"Schubert I look upon as the catechism of music in the German song. The lyric, the dramatic, you find all in Schubert. Take, for instance, 'The Young Nun.' What all do you not find there? And, again, 'The Shadow' is a tragedy. Yet, again, his 'Wohin' is an idyl. The best of the Schubert songs to begin with are his 'Müller Lieder,' both in respect to technic and interpretation. When these are well sung the student is prepared for any other of his songs that may be taken up.

"The songs of Franz are each a little poem. He is the opposite of Schubert and with his own individual charm. With mention of the songs of Franz there must again be enforced the recollection of what the poet means.

"The mission of these great German song-composers has been to elevate the words of the poet whose verses they chose to set to music, and to express their in-

spiration we need to give our best effort to the study of the poem as well as to the music of the composer.

"Wagner we have to thank for much in the art of song-singing. Above all, he has demanded that we give the fullest value to the word. The study of Wagnerian declamation must prove of benefit to the singer of songs. Every syllable, every consonant, must sound.

"Italians say that German sounds hard. I do not find this the case. Compared with the Italian, it may seem hard to them, but the German holds the strength.

"One thing I would caution singers to observe with strict attention: the sounding of the consonants. Often in a sentence that has succeeding words ending and beginning with consonants the whole is run together. For instance, you will hear a singer give the sentence *'Schön ist der Himmel'* so completely slurred and run together that it sounds *'Schön-ist-der-Himmel.'* The result is weak and without character or proper meaning. It carries neither weight nor expression. Take it clearly, distinctly, each consonant sounded; make every word stand alone, not labored, but properly enunciated; let the letters that make the word sound. *'Schön ist der Himmel,'* so it is written and so it is meant to be delivered, whether it is spoken or sung. Not alone will the artistic results be properly satisfactory, but the voice will carry better.

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK.

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"Wagner, in his demand upon the singer for clearness of enunciation, proper word-value, and expression, has done a great work for the song-singer as well as the opera-singer. It has often been said that the singing of Wagner destroys the *cantilena*, the *bel canto*. Without a good *cantilena* you cannot sing Wagner as he should be sung.

"A certain mood is necessary to each song, the mood of the poem and of the composer in its writing;

but this mood you must have so firmly fixed that you can give the song in it no matter what your own mood of the moment may be. If it were not for my care and preparation in the mood of the music and my study of it, often and often I could not sing. There are times when absence from my eight children becomes insupportable. Perhaps a cablegram has come telling me that one of them is ill, and I thousands of miles away from them, not having seen them for months and not knowing what may happen. Then it is that the lips must laugh while the heart weeps. A singer must be true to his art, and so firmly fix the mood of the song that it exists for him independent of his own.

"In the case of Schumann, the most difficult, perhaps, of all song-composers to sing with absolute satisfaction of demands, the selection of those with which to begin must remain entirely an individual matter. Schumann's songs are for the singer of later life, the singer with a fuller development of experience, insight, and mood. They should not, therefore, be studied at the outset, but after Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Franz.

"Brahms, the great composer! How beautiful his songs are! The best, though, are not sung. They are considered unthankful and not for the general public. My opinion is that every song that Brahms has written would be understood and appreciated by the public if it were understood by the singer and properly interpreted.

"To my way of thinking, and from personal observation, I would say that I think the American public, of all others, will be the public to which Brahms is suited. The American public loves art. I am not beautiful, I have no fine jewelry or fine clothes. If they like me they must like me for my art and my art alone. The welcome given me here has been a beautiful one. Our home is bought with American money, and above it, beside the German flag, floats the stars and stripes. My youngest boy, born in America, I called George Washington.

"It is always my wish to show Americans the sincerity of my appreciation of all their kindness to me, and I am always anxious to hear them sing and to try the voices that come to me. Here I have heard the most beautiful dramatic voices, and many of them, that I have heard in any land. The future of art is in America: the land of the future.

"It grieves me to think that next year will be my last in a country that has been so good to me, but my engagements after that time at the Berlin opera severs my ties here.

"Now to an important point: Should German songs always be sung in German? My answer is: No. If your German is bad, sing the song in English. It will be more artistic to give the words their proper value and meaning, as far as the translation allows, than to destroy that meaning by pronouncing the German badly and almost depriving it of any meaning.

"If it is beyond our powers to speak a certain language well, then we must sing our songs in that language which we do speak well.

"If a singer with fine pronunciation, but incomplete knowledge of German, studies a German song, there is absolutely necessary a full understanding of the words through an English translation. One must know exactly and fully what each individual word means, otherwise one cannot give its value and expression. Our great poets are translated into English just as yours are into German. If the words of the song-setting happen not to be translated into English, then have a special translation made by a reliable authority. But again I say, our own speech is better than another badly spoken.

"Personally I like to sing English. It is well adapted to the tone and better to sing than French. I have already studied and sung Mendelssohn's 'St. Paul' in English, and before leaving this country in June shall add the contralto music in 'The Messiah' and 'Elijah' to my repertory.

"One word about the making of recital programs: a most important matter. In the case of a program of German songs I would advise to begin with classic things, something, for instance, by Handel that lends itself well to piano accompaniments. Then the Schubert songs should follow; Schubert is always in the right place. Schumann should follow Schubert, and then Brahms. After these should be placed Franz, and Liszt, and succeeding these in turn the smaller composers: those whose names are not so great, but who appeal to the general public.

"On arriving, late in the day, at a city where I am to sing, I allow myself nothing but a cup of tea. Fortunately I have been granted a good constitution by Providence, and in one week I have been able this season to place to my credit Verdi's 'Requiem' on Sunday night; 'Götterdämmerung' on Wednesday, leaving when my part was over to take the train for Buffalo, where I sang Thursday night. After that concert I left to sing in Pittsburgh on Friday and Saturday with the Symphony Orchestra. Late Saturday night I took the New York train to sing at the Metropolitan on Sunday, and then came my regular appearances in opera again during the succeeding week.

"This year my stay in America will be until June. After the Buffalo Festival, which extends over three days, I shall study my oratorios in English before leaving the country, under the direction of Mr. Julian Edwards, and immediately hasten to Bayreuth for the performances there without even obtaining a sight of my children. But in the six happy weeks of home-life during my holidays I try to enjoy the hours so fully that the memory helps sustain me during the months that follow.

"But what a beautiful, a heaven-born comfort is art to us, our art that is the most beautiful thing in the world!"

The most difficult task of all in the science of pedagogy is not in the province of knowledge or of attainment, but in that of the will.—*Wiese.*

MR. POL PLANCON: THE STUDY OF THE FRENCH SONG.

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

"When I made my first appearance as a pupil after a week's study I thought I was going out to astonish the world. It was at the *Ecole Duprez*, a conservatory in Paris. I had been studying there for a week. It was the custom of the pupils of the institution to sing in the weekly concerts. Very well, I sang, the first week, mind you."

When Mr. Plançon got this far he stopped to laugh at his temerity, and then went on: "How clearly it is fixed in my memory. I came on the stage in a fright, shaking literally, very literally, in my boots. Of course, the audience received me in silence. Then I sang the cavatina of the cardinal from 'La Juive.' With the final deep note the audience gave me enthusiastic approval. I had made a success! I seemed to tread on air. I thought I would go out and astonish the world."

Mr. Plançon sighed in the moment's silence that followed, and it needed no explanation to tell me that he was recalling, as even the greatest artists must recall, the struggle which comes between first hopes and final attainments. Then he sat down at the piano, playing his own accompaniment from memory, and sang the cavatina of the cardinal from "La Juive."

Mr. Pol Plançon.

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There is both elegance and finish in the versatility of Mr. Plançon, and whether it is opera, a sacred composition, or a song, there need never be any uncertainty of his artistic poise. He is a man of absolute adaptability, and, after all, if we consider a moment, the lack of this quality, or perhaps, one

may say, the lack of its development, prevents success oftener than many more recognized short-comings. If he sings in opera it is in the operatic style; if the work is a sacred one he approaches it in a churchly style; in his songs, while at moments he forgets himself in a climax which he gives with a sweeping gesture, it is always appropriate, and so spontaneous that you accept it, if you happen to be critical, with the mental reservation that Plançon did it.

The audience? Well, at such moments the audience invariably asks for a repetition of the song. One instance is especially in mind. He was singing Schumann's "Grenadiers" with the Chicago Orchestra. With the final words of the "Marseillaise" with which it concludes Mr. Plançon raised his arm and clenched hand suddenly above his head. The gesture was so striking, and apparently so genuinely spontaneous, that the audience was thrown into a frenzy such as patriotism alone can awaken.

Again, in singing "The Palms" on the word "Seigneur" at the close he lifted his extended arms with telling effect.

I do not commend to others the gestures in point. With him they are part of his individuality. As I said just now, if you happen to be critical you accept them with the mental reservation that Mr. Plançon made them. Vocally there was not the slightest deviation from appropriateness at which to cavil. His style and elegance of finish constitute Mr. Plançon notably adapted to the singing of the French song: those bits of musical distinction that require the fine detail of a miniature in their interpretation, and the sophisticated simplicity that is no small task to accomplish. Naturally, Mr. Plançon, in his study of the French song for THE ETUDE, turned first to the diction, that rock upon which so many argosies of song are stranded.

"In the singing of the French song," he said, "much depends upon the diction, for the words, of course, constitute the meaning of the song. In turning to this phase of the subject I always recall what the great composer Gounod once said to me: 'Singers too often forget what they are singing about. Forget that you have a voice, speak your words, and think of what you are singing, and the voice will come with the expression of the words.' I admire the older of the French composers most, because, you know, I am an older singer," and Mr. Plançon stopped to enjoy his joke.

"In my opinion, it is impossible to learn diction in any language, French, German, or English, unless you come by it naturally. If one has good diction one may improve it, but one cannot develop that which is not there. For myself, I have never made any studies in French diction, which, I know, is the rare exception, for most singers have. But I have always kept in mind that advice which Gounod gave me, advice that may well be repeated: 'Forget that you have a voice, speak your words, and think of what you are singing, and the voice will come with the expression of the words.'

"In singing I think as much of the words as of the music. But the great majority are more occupied with the music than with the words. Their desire is to emit the note instead of the word.

"In studying a song I begin always with the words, getting the sense of them thoroughly fixed in my mind. The picture must be painted in the imagination before you can paint it in tone. Then I sing the music over, and later both music and words, thoughtfully working at each separate phrase until it is finished in a way that I feel I cannot improve upon it.

"In French there are so many nasal sounds, *on*, *an*, *en*, and the like, that if the emission and enunciation are faulty readily become exaggerations. And how prone young singers of every nationality are to this nasal exaggeration in singing the French language. It is something that needs pre-eminently to be guarded against, not only for the sake of the tone, but of the language. Exaggeration in any direction is one of the gravest offenses against art. One of the things a singer should do is to soften these nasal sounds and not make them more pronounced than necessary. There are singers who, in order not to be too nasal, omit these sounds altogether. As the nasal sounds are part of the French language, I think it wrong to omit them, and, as I said, I pronounce them softened.

"The selection of songs by the singer depends upon the matter of education and the development of the mind. A singer without true refinement and distinction can never properly interpret a song demanding both. And, believe me, the character of every singer is shown distinctly in his song. The most beautiful songs will become common in interpretation if that be the level of the singer. A beautiful voice and a beautiful enunciation is not all that is necessary. Many there are who may possess these qualities in eminent degree, but who are surpassed by others having these same qualities less fully developed and who sing, nevertheless, far more satisfactorily. As I said, the song takes on the character of the singer.

"First of all, in interpretation the sentiment and power of expression must be regarded. Up to a certain point the individuality of the singer must be considered in the selection of the song. But we must also select songs that do not accord with our own temperament, otherwise we shall be in danger of getting into a groove. It is very necessary to sing songs of every style. For this reason I often, in singing in a concert, choose songs which I know I do less well than others in order to give the public variety. For instance, in a recital which I shall shortly give in Boston, I shall sing two or three songs which are not wholly in my style, and which, I fear, I shall not do so well as I do other things; but I take them to broaden my sphere.

"The best French songs with which to begin are undoubtedly those of Gounod. This is on account, not only of the beauty and simplicity of the melody,

but also of the words. Gounod's songs you will find melodious, many of them absolutely simple, and with beautiful words. In the songs of Gounod the words are so adapted to the melody and so ready of appeal and comprehension with the public.

"Among the modern French composers' work you will find many beautiful songs. Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Benjamin Godard, Augusta Holmès, Délibes, Gabriel Faure, Paul Vidal, Bemberg, Gaston Paulin, all have written beautiful melodies.

"The music of the younger French composers is less simple. It is very difficult, indeed; and the trouble is that it is often so complex that it produces no effect upon the public. But, as I said, I am an older singer, and, therefore, I like the older songs. In the very old French songs you will find lovely examples admirably fitted for use in recital programs in the works of Gretry and of Rameau. And this brings us down to the order of arrangement to be followed in a recital program.

"This order of arrangement is one demanding of most careful thought, for, after having found those songs which we can best interpret, we must arrange them in an order in which they will not alone show most effectively, but blend properly the one with the other.

"Another point to be considered is the number with which you open; and yet another, the one with which you close. A bad beginning, or the selection of an ineffective opening song will have a disastrous effect upon all that follows. You may, indeed, rescue things later in your program when the happier numbers arrive, but you will stand small chance of making the impression that you would otherwise have done had you taken the forethought to begin properly.

"At the end of the recital, again, it devolves upon you to send your audience away in appreciative mood. Not that any portion of the program is to be slighted, but I have named the points that are most vital. A recital, to succeed, must be like an opera that is to succeed: it must begin and end well. If there is a little weaker spot it is most safely placed in the middle of the program.

"In making up my own recital programs I place at the beginning and the end something which is well suited to me.

"In making up the program as a whole I select a great number of songs which suit me, and with a view to the greatest variety within the bounds of artistic arrangement. From this mass of songs I finally cull the ones that are to comprise my program.

"And now an important thing as to the singing of the program, of any program, after it is selected. Much is said of the mood of the song and its proper comprehension by the singer, that he be gay, sad, pensive, or sentimental, as the character of the song demands. This is all very right and very necessary; we must know what the poem really means; we must know, from careful study of the music, what the composer saw in those same words of which he has made his song. But suppose we are in an unhappy frame of mind, suppose we have allowed ourselves to dwell upon some unpleasant incident, real or fancied; how are we going to be able to enter into any other mood than that of ill humor? When you sing, whether it is in the study-room or the concert-room, you have to think only of your song; otherwise it will do your hearers as little good as it does you. Whether the song be in my French or your own English, if you give yourself up to it completely while you are interpreting it, I rather think you will come back to the subject of your irritation (if come back to it you must) to find it not nearly so bad as it seemed before. And that is but one of the many missions of true music truly given.

"There is, I think, no occurrence possible in a recital that will equal the incidents and accidents that may so readily happen to one in opera. The most ludicrous of these incidents that ever happened to me personally occurred at the Paris Grand Opera.

"I was singing Mephistopheles in Gounod's 'Faust,' and had gone in front of the curtain to respond to a call. By some mistake, just as I was returning to the stage the curtain was suddenly rung up. In that instant I was caught on the curtain-pole, while attempting to cross it, and given a ride half-way up the proscenium. I had the presence of mind to hold fast to the curtain, which was instantly lowered. The next time I appeared on the scene I got a fine reception, and, all things considered, that sudden journey was better suited to the Mephistopheles than it would have been to certain other rôles in my repertory, which includes so many dignified fathers."

MUSICAL IDEALS FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY MARIE BENEDICT.

ALWAYS, in thought and in practice, to recognize the truth that, in nobility, in power, in beauty, in its influence on the unfolding of the higher faculties of the race, music is more than the equal of its sister-arts: poetry, painting, and sculpture. The truth that every piece of genuine music has an art-message, for him who will receive it, just as truly as has every poem, every painting, every piece of sculpture worthy the name.

Never to desecrate this nobility, this beauty, by regarding the study of music ("taking lessons") as a means for the acquisition of a mere external accomplishment; to be taken up, and to be abandoned, much as one wears or throws aside a pretty costume; and for much the same reason, without even a thought of the priceless treasures thus trampled in the dust, of the well-spring of personal pleasure thus choked with the refuse of thoughtless vanity and indolent indifference.

Never to allow the practice periods to degenerate into hours of mere mechanical repetition of mechanical

movements, with little thought, and not much care concerning the reason thereof; but make them hours of earnest, intelligent work, demanding and receiving the closest concentration of your finest powers, if you would ever acquire even the technical ability to speak the language of music.

Always to recognize the seemingly self-evident truth, that the student of music has ears,—physical, mental, and emotional,—all of which must be trained to the highest degree of sensitive power, if the student is ever to hear or to understand the art-message, and to be able to interpret it to others.

Cultivation of the physical ear to the power of absolute recognition of the shifting shades of tone-color, with all their wondrous fascination. Content with nothing else, for your own practice, or for your teaching, than knowledge of the very best modes of technical development, no matter how strenuous is the effort required to reach the sources of such knowledge, —the great teachers of the present time. Cultivation of the esthetic sense co-ordinately with the cultivation of the technic of hand, fingers, wrist, and arm, or of the vocal organism, by observation and absorption of beauty, in every department of art, in every mood of Nature. Action on the truth that broad educational growth of all sides of the nature, self-directed it may be if necessary, must be part and parcel of the development of the well-rounded musician. Command of all the well-nigh infinite variety of tonal witchery which the wizard, Touch, can persuade from the strings.

To awaken the general public to a better appreciation of what music is, and what is its place in life, by beguiling as large a portion as possible of the said public into attendance at thoroughly good concerts and recitals. Such beguiling is not impossible, and there are several avenues to the goal of its accomplishment.

To impress upon even young students the truth that brains, as well as hands, are for every-day use.

To affectionately reverence the noble art you study, or with which you may have been but toying, as the most subtle and the most beautiful of all the arts which have through the centuries been the joy of men. To affectionately reverence the instrument you study, as that which will lead you, have you but the power to follow, to the innermost shrine of the Beautiful.

To be present at every thoroughly good concert and recital that strenuous efforts will bring within your reach. As is food to the physical organism, so are these to the growth of the artistic nature.

We stand within the vestibule of the twentieth century. As we make our way through the lofty halls, the vaulted audience-rooms of this building of old Father Time, the degree of attainment which we Americans reach in the noble art of music depends largely, if not entirely, upon ourselves. As Emerson has somewhere said, "We shall find no more of beauty than we carry with us." Shall it still continue to be possible to say of us, as a leading critic in the greatest city of our land recently said, that even there people will not attend a concert simply to hear its music, but that some sort of a personality must be exploited if an audience is to be gained?

DESCRIPTIVE MUSIC.

BY EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

Is descriptive music legitimate art? Does it describe? These questions have been so much and so vehemently discussed, and so conclusively disposed of both ways, by writers of equally pronounced convictions, that they have grown rather wearisome. One feels that they ought to have been finally fought out long ago. But they are still the occasion of so many controversies, so many ill-judged and baseless criticisms, and so much random talk, in print and out of it, that one cannot always refrain from taking a hand in the old feud, and breaking a lance or two in the old well-trampled lists. For many of us the question, "Can music be descriptive?" was settled decades ago by a simple examination of the facts, and the answer was: "It *is*, and therefore it can be." But, singular as it appears, facts, however obvious, have little or no effect in many minds when opposed to a preconceived theory.

What the question involves.

Whether or not music ought to try to be descriptive is a very different, a much deeper and subtler question. It involves the careful consideration of the general principles of art and esthetics; in fact, of the very definition of art, and of the query whether music may or may not strictly be considered as an art at all. We are told by musicians and critics of the conservative, imaginative, formalistic school that music should not, does not, cannot describe or portray anything, suggest or mean anything outside of itself; that it is what they call an "abstract art," embodying only the intangible essence of the beautiful, conveying only what are called musical meanings through its own peculiar symbolism, but having no possible reference to, or most distant connection with, the facts of human life or the phenomena of nature. We are informed that it is an unworthy desecration, as well as an artistic absurdity, to drag music down from this ethereal realm of abstractions and formless reveries, and establish its vital connection with the thoughts, events, and emotions that have shaped human life and destiny, or the graces and grandeur of Nature which have been good enough to serve as themes for poets and painters since history began.

For instance, a writer recently stated in substance in a musical journal that it was absurd to suppose that Chopin founded his great sonata, opus 35, on so trivial a theme as a mere love-story. Human love

trivial, forsooth! What a pity that Shakespeare, Byron, Tennyson, Goethe, Schiller, and the rest did not know that before they made the mistake of founding all their greatest works upon it! To the greatest poets of all ages, and to most of us according to our humbler lights, human love is, has been, and will be the grandest and loftiest theme that can inspire brush or pen, and well worthy of an artist's best efforts.

Nature of the sensation in hearing music.

But this is a digression. The satisfaction which our conservative friends derive from music seems to be, as nearly as one can find out from their mystifying explanations, a vague, but refined, delight in its form and symmetry, and certain indefinite emotional impressions which they are pleased to call "spiritual," and which they claim are beyond the power of language to express; but which, in reality, they lack the ability, or the inclination, to analyze and name.

It is an impersonal, unselfish pleasure; hence esthetic, higher in kind and degree than the joys of consciously quickened intellectual activity, stimulated imagination, and emotional sympathy and response experienced by those who find in music the definite artistic expression of life, the idealized human echo of actual events or natural phenomena.

To float aimlessly in a haze of misty revery may be restful and pleasurable, but it is not the highest plane of esthetic enjoyment, where every faculty of mind and heart should be keenly alive and awake, and every impression and suggestion clearly grasped and definitely assigned to its relative place in the whole artistic conception. Not to perceive a realistic meaning in a composition by no means proves its non-existence. Many have eyes, yet see not, and the name of those who have ears, yet hear not—musically speaking—is legion.

Suppose a blind man were to examine a famous painting and declare that it was merely a square piece of canvas covered with a smooth glazing and surrounded by a carved, highly ornamental frame; that it was intended only as a mural decoration, and, of course, it was sentimental folly to claim that it pictured or suggested anything else; indeed, that it was impossible to represent men and trees, mountains and moving water on a flat surface, and wholly ridiculous to try; that the proper thing was to lose ourselves in ecstatic contemplation of its smoothness, its squareness, its fine proportions, its elaborate frame and not to seek for anything more.

Tendency of composers to write descriptive music.

How would his statement affect the facts or the world's opinion? The limitations and standards of an art are usually established, not by the critics, however emphatic, but by its chief creative exponents. If the use of the descriptive element in music is a desecration of the art, a mark of decadence, how account for the undoubted fact that the tendency of most, if not all, of the leading composers for the last century has been more and more markedly toward it. Weber, Liszt, Wagner, Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, Godard, Rubinstein, Verdi, and a host of others have all pronounced themselves strongly in its favor, while even Papa Haydn, and, of course, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Chopin, were all, at times, distinctly realistic. Were they all wrong, all sentimentalists? What are we to say of the "Dancing Dervishes," by Beethoven; the "Midsummer Night Overture," the "Danse Macabre," the "Erl-King"? Are they all illegitimate, inartistic?

Leaving aside these instances of pronounced realism, which might be called exceptions by some, the tendency toward vivid emotional expression in tone has been universal since Bach, which is only another form of descriptive music, dealing with *moods* instead of external scenes and events. The days of the "canon" and "fugue" are over. Music which appeals only to the mathematical sense is practically obsolete. It will be studied by the scholarly few for some generations yet, like Greek roots and cuneiform inscriptions, but has little interest for the world at large. What the world of to-day wants, and is fully justified in demanding, is music with all the mental suggestions and emotional warmth of poetry, and all the externalizing power of painting; music replete with the intense, complex, tempestuous life of the time, full to overflowing with thought impulses and dream-germs; music which shall be a landscape, a drama, and a lyric all in one; the highest art-product of the race, which shall justify its title to the name of art by doing for us what other arts do, yet in a higher degree,—which is, to lift us out of ourselves by giving us something worthier and more interesting to think about; to broaden, develop, and enrich the mind and the imagination by furnishing experiences more novel and more elevating than are afforded by our daily routine of bread-winning. This it can only do by describing or embodying such experiences as they came to others under special conditions.

What is included in this class of compositions.

That the number of compositions specifically known and labeled as "descriptive" is comparatively small is true, but it includes some of the best works extant. A better name for them would be "objective works." They deal with a limited range of external, physical effects,—sights and sounds in Nature mainly,—which are touching or stirring, and impressive by association of ideas. The most common are those of fire, wind, moonlight, and murmuring forest; the movements of water, from the bubbling of the fountain and ripple of the brook to the sweep of ocean surges; the rhythmic gallop of the horse, the roll and crash of thunder, the delicate chirp and flutter of bird and insect. All these have been common stock and favorite material for all modern composers; have been freely used, and are very familiar to those at all conversant with

musical literature. Every great composer, from Beethoven to Wagner, has employed some, if not all, of these effects.

But aside from this class of obviously descriptive work, nearly all the great mass of modern music, though not generally so called, is as truly descriptive in its own way. Every good waltz expresses ballroom moods and scenes; hence is descriptive. Every national or peculiarly local dance, if truly characteristic, is avowedly descriptive of racial or tribal traits, of temperament and the circumstances and feelings out of which it originated. Every genuine lyric describes the mood of the composer at the time of its creation. Every military or funeral march, every cradle-song or barcarolle, suggests and describes a certain scene and phase of experience in real life, and bases its claim to our interest on our sympathy with its attendant mood. Add to these all the Hungarian rhapsodies, Spanish caprices, Russian and Oriental fantasies; all the works directly based upon dramas, poems, legends, and myths; all the dances of sylphs and fairies, elves and gnomes, witches and demons, and you have included among descriptive compositions more than three-fourths of the entire modern concert repertoire. The best composers write them, and not much else. The best audiences, in all lands, listen to and enjoy them. Why, if they are "illegitimate efforts," "artistic failures"?

* * *

Have done, if you please, our friends, the Philistines! Your battle was lost long ago, and it was never worth waging. Your last defenses fell when Wagner dipped his first pen. We are tired of being told that music cannot, should not, must not do precisely what it has been doing for tens of thousands of receptive beings during the last three generations.

THE PLACE OF ROUTINE IN MUSIC-WORK.

Routine in Preparatory Playing.

BY MARY E. HALLOCK.

Just as one treats a servant whose labors make life easier for us without in any degree removing its largest, gravest responsibilities must routine be regarded. It is only an assistance, an energy-saver, but as such a factor to be considered of the greatest importance. Here it may be well to define routine. It is no more, no less, than the constant repetition of a phrase with the attention gradually relaxing in intensity.

A phrase may be played with more attention or less attention; its ultimate excellence depends on what sort of consideration was given it at the very first playing. By long odds the biggest battle is fought when such concentrated attention is given a phrase before and during the first performance as will take into consideration every special or possible phase of that particular brace of bars, and graven it on the memory besides. Such a first performance will need a good rest after it, the next also, the third ditto; but gradually less and less mental effort will be needed; and well it is so, for otherwise the brain could not bear the strain.

Routine practice may step in when once the phrase is thoroughly set in the physical, mental, and emotional grooves most becoming to it. This is, as has been said, in order to have the force of habit spare the mind, what is possible to it, of intense and constant concentration. Just here, however, a new danger will make itself felt, inasmuch as careless diction is unconsciously liable to crop up with the diminished attention. The simile of the servant is again applicable in this connection. The head of any great establishment does the planning and organizing with which he hopes to lead his business to success; he trains the under official to the proper performance of the duties he can safely leave to others; but since with gradually relaxed watching a servant grows daily more careless, he decides that eternal vigilance is the only price with which to gain continued success. Just this obtains in the case of our minds' watching over the performances of our body. To keep an interpretation at its proper height needs unending care and watchfulness. With the attention diverted less than a fortnight the tempo may grow distorted, and so rapidly as in a summer garden the weeds of undue and illogical accents will spring up everywhere.

As the above suggests, it is possible to play eventually with comparatively very little thought. In some portions of a composition this is not in any degree permissible; in others it is absolutely necessary. It is not permissible where every note is fraught with meaning; in an exquisite melody pure and simple, or, in fact, in every passage where thought makes the charm of the notes. It is necessary in passages so rapid that for the mind to think of every note as it is played is an impossibility. Still, in these, as well as in all passages, the mind must have first known every note consciously, for, should the servant fail, the master must be at hand to take up the battle.

Routine playing, back of which the mind has never known "and known that it has known," is utterly worthless.

It is curious that, frequently when the pupil's muscular power is ample and yet it is impossible for him or her to play fast, the condition of affairs is caused by the mind's insisting on thinking of the notes as they are played. This hampers the muscular traveling of the fingers, making jerks where a flowing, smooth as running water, should obtain.

One danger follows all routine playing and practice. Spontaneity is by its very nature incompatible with routine, and spontaneity is one of the most charming elements of all art-performances. Freshness of diction must be applied like a poultice on every phrase that by constant repetition has grown stale.

Last and by no means least, there are places in music where no amount of routine practice will overcome a technical difficulty, there, where a sudden jump is long and hazardous, or where the fingering is more than usually awkward; for example, at the end of a piece, when the two hands play the next to the last chord situated at the extremes of the keyboard, to end with a sudden jump to the last chord played hands close together in the center of the piano. In all these only one way serves for sureness, to pause long enough to think Attention! and then with concentrated mind see that all goes right.

THE ORCHESTRAL MANNER IN PIANO-PLAYING.

BY WILLIAM LAWRENCE CALHOUN.

WERE it possible to evoke the shades of Mozart, Clementi, and Hummel, and prevail upon them to illustrate for us the piano-art of their time, we should doubtless hear something very different from the playing of our modern virtuosi. Tradition tells us that the performances of these early masters were marked by great sentiment; that they displayed brilliancy or delicacy of touch; that they possessed much technical power in the execution of difficult passages. All these terms, however, are purely relative; and we are not warranted in concluding that what the connoisseurs of one age regarded as brilliancy or power in playing would seem so in another age, having different ideals and other standards of measurement. Of course, we have the Mozart, Clementi, and Hummel literature, and from this one may fairly conceive what must have been the technical equipment of its composers in the mere matter of facility in the execution, scales, arpeggios, and octaves; yet even here our judgments must be somewhat tentative.

Von Lenz, the author of the "Three Styles of Beethoven," tells of a visit Cramer paid him in Paris. The playing of Cramer seemed harsh and wooden to von Lenz, who had formed his taste by the study of such models as Chopin, Liszt, and Henselt.

"Cramer," he says, "had played his own third study with a bad legato in the right-hand part, and had paid no attention whatever to binding the notes in the left." Asked why he did not give greater attention to the flowing quality of the tone, "Oh, we were not so particular," answered Cramer; "we did not consider that of great importance. Clementi played his 'Gradus ad Parnassum' just so. It was good enough for us."

So it will not do to conceive the earlier piano-art in terms of our own knowledge, and imagine it as if heard in a modern concert-hall with nothing different except, perhaps, the powdered wig of the artist, or the spindle-legs of the instrument; for now, not only is the piano quite another thing, but even the words *allegro, andante, presto, legato,* and *staccato* have taken new meanings.

Aside from the differences that relate to tonal material or the rate of pianistic utterance, so to speak, there are other and subtler qualities that will be found to distinguish the early manner and the modern manner of interpreting the same music. For purposes of comparison, it would be useful to eliminate such differences as arise from changes in the instrument, in order that these subtler differences might appear without unnecessary complications. We know that Mozart in his later years was the possessor of a piano in our sense of the word: a Silbermann. We know, also, that the Parisian Erard combines the light, shallow touch of the early piano with much of the sonority and singing quality of the best modern instruments. Conceive, then, such a piece as the Mozart "Fantasie and Sonata in C-minor" played first by the composer himself, then—let us suppose—by the great pianist, Busoni; or one of Chopin's ballades,—to take a later example, played first by the composer, then by Paderewski or Godowsky, and both, let us suppose, on an Erard piano.

Such differences as we should hear would spring not so much from a disparity in technical equipment or musical knowledge as from quite opposite methods of conceiving the music; and would illustrate, not so much the personal quality of the player, as the habit of the period represented by him.

It is the business of this paper briefly to indicate the origin, nature, and tendency of the habit that distinguishes present-day piano-art, and which may be called the orchestral manner in piano-playing.

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During the development of the piano-art from Bach to Liszt the improvement of the instrument inevitably reacted upon the manner of writing and playing.

The added power of the tone made possible a far greater range of dynamics.

The increased duration of the tone suggested an imitation of the organ or orchestral *sostenuto.* Hence, the quick disappearance of the *fioritura* that marked the slow movement in Bach, Handel, and Haydn.

The improvement of the tone and the action, both manual and pedal, disclosed the possibility of suggesting, if not precisely imitating, the various tone-colors of several families of orchestral instruments.

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Bach and Haydn lived at a time when the resources of the piano were not likely to invite to a competition with organ or orchestra; consequently one discovers little indication of orchestral forms of thought in their piano-pieces. In Mozart's sonatas, a little later, however, there are approximations to the construction and effects appropriate in the string quartet. Beethoven, almost a generation later, wrote nearly always in the manner of the orchestra (excepting only his earlier sonatas). Meyerbeer said: "One reads Beethoven sonatas at the piano, but the actual Beethoven lives in the orchestra." All his sonatas of the middle and later periods are orchestrally conceived, while the latest are nothing less than symphonic rhapsodies.

This tendency to the orchestral manner, made possible by the improvement of the instrument, was strengthened by the habit of orchestral writing and thinking on the part of almost all musicians of the first order. Chopin was about the only exception, for we need not take serious account of Thalberg, who usually treated the piano as if it were an Italian harp. Chopin knew little of the orchestra; could not write for it with any effect, and consequently never contracted the habit of thinking in orchestral forms.

It remained for Liszt and his earlier followers to collect and express this cumulative tendency, not so much in their writing as in their interpretations of the piano-literature, old and new.

Von Lenz says of a visit to Tausig: "He played the 'A-major Sonata,' opus 101, as I had never before heard it." I said to him: "The second theme in the finale just before the fugue you divide between two wind-instruments. I heard, so to speak, the oboe." "How glad I am," answered Tausig. "That is my intention, but I never told anyone. How did you know it? The nuance in the touch, that tells it."

Here, then, is the modern piano-art, the art we study in the playing of the best present-day virtuosi; for they all derive their views of art as well as their technical methods and their inspiration more or less directly from Liszt and his disciples.

* * *

Of course, there are not wanting pianists and teachers who prefer what might be called *pianistic* readings of piano-music. Among these are de Pachmann, the Chopin specialist; and Professor Barth, the Berlin pedagogue. The latter is intensely conservative in his readings. These and a few other exceptions only serve, however, to bring into a clearer light the general tendency to write for and to play the piano in an orchestral manner. Nowhere is this disposition more strikingly revealed than in later editions of the piano-classics. Consult, for instance, von Bülow's edition of the Chopin etudes or Klindworth's edition of the sonatas. Everywhere there is evident an anxiety to discover and mark new voice-parts, not indicated in the original and very likely not intended by the composer, yet really in the music, though often hidden in what was obviously meant only for harmonic filling. These are brought out by means of double note-stems, accent-marks, and other devices, and presently we have polyphony in music that was never intended to be polyphonic. Nor is the disposition less manifest in the playing of such artists as Busoni, Paderewski, and Godowsky.

The latter is continually engaged in a hyper-searching after unsuspected counterpoints, and when these are not forthcoming he adds them, as in his arrangements of some of the Chopin etudes; for example, opus 10, No. 2; and opus 25, No. 2. This sometimes results in a marked heightening of the musical effect, but sometimes, also, gives the impression of trifling irrelevancy or the mere display of superfluous technical power.

In Busoni the disposition to hyper-searching takes a different form. Whereas Godowsky conceives everything contrapuntally that is capable of such treatment, Busoni seems always trying to emphasize the harmonic structure of the music he plays. To do this the aid of the sustaining pedal must continually be invoked, and the result is that the harmonic outline is indeed brought out, but everything else is sacrificed, all melodic figuration being blurred when audible at all. It is like hearing music through an harmonic fog. You get the larger thing, the masses, but all detail is obscured.

Godowsky saves himself from like results by his consummate use of the pedal and his wonderful power of tone-gradations. Busoni, with a technic almost as great as Godowsky's, but entirely without *finesse* in his use of the pedal, very often gives us an effect that is analogous to that of a painting over which a sponge has been passed before the colors were dry.

* * *

The outlook is unquestionably in the direction of the complete dominancy of the orchestral manner in piano-playing. At present the limitations of the instrument and the limitations of technic,—pedal and manual,—are such that the practice of this manner makes necessary the frank admission of discords,—not discords in the sense in which these serve a legitimate purpose according to the principles of esthetics and the laws of composition, but discords in the sense of false notes. This cannot be avoided so long as the pianist, with a pedal mechanism as yet primitive, must often sustain not only the tones that are necessary to secure an orchestral *sostenuto*, but must also, perforce, sustain other tones that will result in positive cacophony. The remedy is at best only a partial one. It consists (1) in a compromise at times, where an orchestral reading is sacrificed to the obvious limitations of the piano, and the physical powers of the pianist, and (2) in such a study of the pedaling of the piece at every point as one would give to the fingering of—for example—a four-voice fugue.

This kind of pedaling is very, very rare. Even among great pianists those who practice it could be counted on the fingers of one hand, with fingers to spare. Then, when the player is brought into the straits between the Scylla of a broken harmonic or melodic flow, on the one hand, and the Charybdis of hideous discord, on the other, there seems to be nothing to do but follow the method of Leschetizky, who, in such cases, by a judicious management of dynamic values, contrives to reduce the harmonic confusion to such a minimum that it generally passes unnoticed.

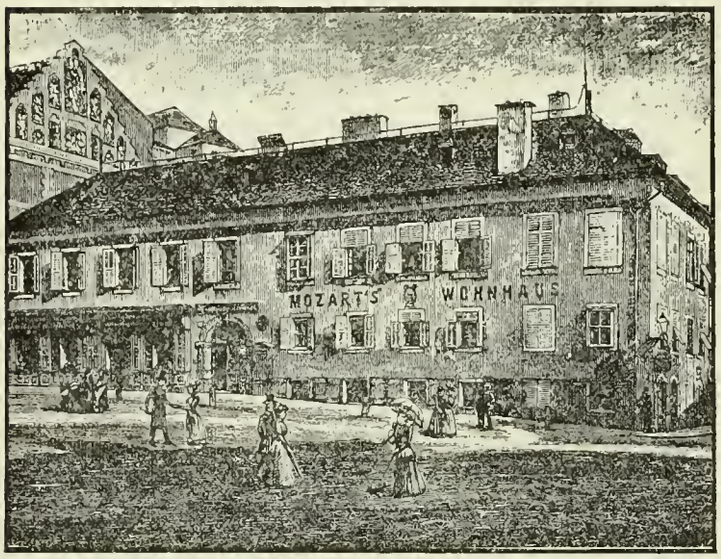
Perhaps the near future holds in store for us such an improvement in the pedal mechanism of the piano that all these difficulties shall easily be resolved, and what is now the orchestral manner shall become the legitimate piano manner.

MOZART: AN APPRECIATION.

BY FREDERIC DEAN.

Mozart's Position Unique.

Mozart's position in the world of music is absolutely unique. There have been other musical prodigies, but never one so gifted. There have been others who were composers in their early youth, but none so remarkable. There have been other great music-masters, but none who attained distinction at so immature an age. Gluck at fifty started a new school of music. Mozart, as a lad, carried Gluck's ideas to completion. Haydn, the father of the symphony and kindred classic art forms, was a mature man of the world before he sketched his first symphonic model. Mozart had completed a symphony when a child of eight. Beethoven, when pressed for the completion of one of his large works, replied: "I must have more time." Mozart wrote his last three symphonies, those in E-flat, G-minor, and C ("Jupiter") during a single summer, devoting but thirty days to each. Before his day instrumental music was an amusement simply; the orchestra, a toy. Mozart perfected the order planned by Haydn, and gave permanent form to the various parts of instrumental speech, and to-day we parse a symphonic phrase according to Mozartian grammatical rule. In the realm of operatic music he was the same life-giving power. Born a melodist and arriving at Paris in the midst of the Gluck-Piccini warfare, he borrowed of Italy "all that pertains to melody," but turned elsewhere for truth of diction; and although he disagreed with Gluck about "the nobility and pre-eminence of poetry," and was first, last, and all the time a musician, and not a dramatist, he left in "Don Giovanni" a perfected form of music-drama that is, after a hundred years of imitation and detraction, the purest, most abiding work known to the operatic stage.



House in which Mozart Lived in Vienna.

The Spirit of the Time.

At the time of Mozart's birth all Europe was in the ferment of an intellectual upheaval. "To think" was the verb of the day. In his own branch of art a new activity was apparent. The sound-wave of *intellectual* music was to sweep the world, and Mozart was the instrument by which it was to be brought to the ken of men. Bach had left earthly musical activity but a half-dozen years before Mozart entered into it. When Handel died this new musical apostle was but a babe of three, but he had already left the nursery and taken his first step in the path trod by the giants that came after him: Beethoven, Schumann, and the rest. Through a childhood of marvelous precocity and youthful triumphs Mozart passed to an early manhood, tasting but few of the sweets of success before he was taken back to the gods, leaving behind an imperishable and an immortal fame such as few have won in a busy life of twice the span of years allotted to him. He came into the world dowered with talents the like of which had never before been known, he acquired, in his short life the most complete musical culture, and departed leaving behind him examples of melodic grace, of technical perfection, of musical forms that have been the pattern of all followers of the art from his time to ours. The characteristics of both the Italian and German schools were represented in him in the highest and most eloquent forms, and he was seemingly equally at home, whether writing for the sanctuary or the stage, for instrument or voice.

Environment.

Man's environment either makes or mars him. Climate is as responsible for our music as it is for our morals. Beautiful Salzburg made a fitting birthplace for this disciple of the beautiful. Mozart's home-life fostered all that was good and true in him, and sweetened the first notes he put in musical order. He had none of the grinding poverty of Haydn in his early days, nor the discouragements of Bach and Handel. His musical gifts were cherished and brought to light, polished by judicious and careful education, and set before the world in their proper frame by loving, but by no means foolish, parents.

As was the case with his remote follower, Mendelssohn, music was early made, and adopted by him, as his life-work. He was as much at court in his boyhood as was Handel in his old age, and his minuets picture the quaint, old-time dances as graphically as Handel's pompous choruses breathe the very air of the heavy Hanoverian dynasty. The sunshine of his early home was like that surrounding the gray-haired Haydn in his Esterhazy days, and his music reflects those joyous, happy hours as truly as do the later works of his friend and guide picture the light and warmth with which his last years were sweetened and made glad. Mozart exhausted the sunshine of his life in his early days. It was only after discouragements of the most disheartening nature, after years of poverty and pain, that he at-

tempts to finish his "Requiem" before death claims him for his own.

His Impress.

Mozart is the most impersonal of all the great writers of music. He never parades his thoughts, his life, his joys or sorrows. But all the better able is he to describe in an impersonal manner either the musical thoughts intended or the traits of character to be pictured. His musical meanings are always plain and unmistakable; and whether you take a movement from the "Jupiter Symphony" or a scene from "Don Giovanni," it tells its story as clearly as if by annotated text. Each phrase is chiseled out carefully and clearly. Every character is a silhouette. Human passions, like intricate fugues, were traced with a perfect accuracy of meaning and proportion, and with it all the musical language is the most beautiful ever penned. Mozart's sensitive ear never lost its acuteness of perception, and when he says "Music ought never to wound the ear," he speaks of his own delicate organ.

In Mannheim Mozart had the finest orchestra in Europe, and with this body of instrumentalists he experimented, improving it as it had improved him; simplifying and defining form as his ideas were expressed in musical language. He found musical figures distorted and confused, and arranged and clarified them, introducing clear, sharp outlines in beautiful formal construction. Like the magician of old, he had but to wave his wand over the turbid musical waters to transform them into streams of crystal purity.

Mozart was born as Haydn was winning his first musical spurs. During his short life of thirty-five years Cherubini, Beethoven, von Weber, and Meyerbeer were brought into the world and Handel and Gluck were taken out of it. Like a beautiful Greek faun, he danced upon the music-stage of life with a lightness and a grace never equaled before or since. His genius was so transcendent he scarcely needed to borrow from his predecessors, but gave with lavish hand of his own seemingly inexhaustible store to those who came after him.

Questions.

What was Mozart's position in the music-world?

What were the characteristics of his music?

Compare him to Gluck. To Haydn.

Who were his immediate musical forbears?

What was the state in which he found instrumental music? How did he help it?

What did Haydn do, and how did Mozart supplement his work?

Name one of Mozart's symphonies. How old was he when he wrote his first?

How long did it take to write the last three?

What was his rank among operatic composers? How did he differ from Gluck and Wagner?

Compare his early life with the later days of Haydn.

In what particular does his life agree with that of Handel?

WHAT JUSTIFIES THE CHOICE OF MUSIC AS A PROFESSION.

BY J. S. VAN CLEVE.

There is matter for a reply of a hundred pages, in any answer which would really reply to an inquiry which has been referred to the present writer: How is one to know whether he has talent enough to enter the music profession? In my years of experience as musical critic on a metropolitan journal I have seen many a fair flower open, and smile, and fade, while now and then, not often,—but now and then,—a dull-looking bud grew day by day until a rare blossom came forth. As a rule, genius of the highest order needs no advice, and the fact that one is in doubt is an *a priori* evidence of not being called to the work of composing. Yet Goethe was so much in doubt as to his life-work that he once tossed up a knife to decide, while Mendelssohn had serious thoughts of being a painter; the friends of Chopin intended him for a teacher merely, and his work as a composer was an amazement to all.

But you mean, I suppose, what is to be the test to a call to the work of playing and teaching. Difficult as it is to make an answer to suit a particular case, I shall present some thoughts that may help many others.

I will make my answer under heads.

1. The requirements for musicianship now are at least four times as great as they were a quarter of a century ago, owing to the constant influx of good musicians from Europe, and the vast army turned out every year from conservatories and colleges. Therefore the encouragement of friends who learned music in the seventies may be set down as valueless.

2. No one, in my opinion, ought to enter music as a profession unless there is in the innermost heart and soul a love and quenchless devotion to music which is exactly on a par with the enthusiasm of a candidate for the ministry. There are men who overestimate their fitness and their willingness for the labors and sacrifices of the ministry of the gospel, and in like manner there are many who overestimate their fitness and willingness to bear the trials incident to work for the art of music. Read that lovely musical novel, "Charles Auchester," and notice how the hero felt when he heard the violin. That was a clear and unmistakable call.

3. If you do really shiver and glow, and weep and laugh at the sound of music, as every genuine musical person must,—it is not necessary that you show these emotions,—then you must calculate your resources. A few hundred dollars will not secure you an education which will serve you in the mighty battles of competition in our times.

I should say that a musical education, really first rate, will cost from two to three thousand dollars, and one of the second rank, fitting you to teach successfully in cities of ten thousand and less will cost

one thousand dollars. The amount of time should not be less than what is considered three full effective years; that is a total of six thousand hours of good work, and this, it goes without saying, must be directed by a master of ability and experience.

4. As to talent, that is so vague a word, and there are so many kinds and so infinitely many degrees, that no one can really tell you. Even Beethoven was tied by his father to the piano-stool to make him practice, and his first master, the great Joseph Haydn, said of him: "He is a stubborn and rough fellow, who will never come to anything in music." How is that for a prophecy?

But you may compare your talent with that of a good-sized class; then, if you fall below the middle, you had better give it up.

Any special dullness or deficiency need not deter you, for many a good teacher cannot play; and even Wagner was a ludicrously bad pianist, while Schumann crippled himself by injudicious practice. If you have, either with voice, or hand, or alertness of mind, or enthusiasm of heart, or in all ways a general sum of powers, equal to—or, still better, a little above—the average, you may reasonably venture upon music as a calling. I am of the opinion that it requires a rather rich mental endowment to be anything worth while in the profession of music; but that does not mean that none but geniuses should study the art, for, on the contrary, I think we ought to urge people to learn music for its own heavenly sake.

5. When you are settled in your own mind that you are not phenomenally stupid, and that you are very noticeably happier in music, so that its drudgeries are like those of the lover or of a tender mother, then do not allow discouragements to have anything to say to you. Read biographies, and you will see that all the great ones had their bitter hours of doubt and hopelessness verging upon despair.

But, finally, do not think of music as the Spaniards of the sixteenth century thought of America, as an El Dorado, for, while some of them found it so, others, like De Soto, had another taste of the new world, and in music, as in law and in politics, the prizes are few and the aspirants many. If you can live in music for her own sake, then take up her service.

Do not be in a hurry about deciding. Just think of other professional men. They go to school and to college, and are grown men before they decide upon what special equipment they want. Now, you do not need to settle the matter of a musical career at fourteen or fifteen. You ought to study music in some form, of course. Everyone should concern himself with music to some extent. It is not desirable for you to get through and go to work teaching by eighteen or twenty; in fact, it is a great misfortune to begin teaching before you are twenty-one or, still better, twenty-five. We are hampered, all over the United States, with a swarm of little dabblers in music-teaching. Let us have more music-lovers, and fewer and far-better-equipped teachers.

CONCERNING THE ACTUAL DECAY OF THE ART OF SONG.

BY MATHILDE MARCHESI.

I HAVE often been solicited to express my opinion on the all-important question of the period: "The Decay of the Art of Song"; and I have always declined to do so, not caring to come into violent conflict with the partisans of the new era, or to deepen mere scratches into painful wounds. Having been repeatedly urged to consider the subject through the medium of THE ETUDE, however, I have finally viewed acquiescence with the request as, almost, a duty.

Previous to Gluck, virtuosity was the sole aim of the composer. The scepter was in the hands of the sopranist. The operas contained but airs or duets; the orchestra played a subsidiary part; singers and songstresses ruled the world and ruled as tyrants, so to say, the very inspiration of the writer. It was in the course of the eighteenth century that a great evolution in instrumental music was beheld. The intrusion of the drama into music was coincident with Gluck's emergence. Between Gluck and Meyerbeer we mark the union of dramatic style with the art of song; witness the works of Mozart, Sacchini, Piccini, Cimarosa, Spontini, and Rossini. Especially is the union in reference observable in Rossini's "William Tell," the style of which denotes the evolution most plainly. Meyerbeer, Halévy, Marschner—in Germany—belong, also, to this transition period. Bellini, Rossini, and Donizetti resisted stoutly the encroachment of the symphony upon the domain of opera. Verdi, although he took melody into account and did not banish it from his realm, suffered his passionate dramatic temperament to carry him so far as to acclaim the clear sonority of the brass, introducing it into his orchestra and making the orchestra accompany, in unison, the melodies of the vocal numbers of his scores. The excitement of the music-loving public, even then, was of no ordinary kind. From all points of the compass came the complaint that, in the course of Verdi's art, lay dangerous reefs for singers and songstresses. The master's innovations, at the outset of his career, made him a redoubtable, if, perhaps, involuntary, foe of the *bel canto*. From this period, already, is to be reckoned a great change in the province of the art of song. The singer began to attach more importance to breadth and power of sound than to completeness of delivery and beauty and dignity of tone. It would seem, however, that Verdi, recognizing in after-years the perils besetting the tendency of his art, inclined once more toward the *bel canto*. He wrote in 1851 "Rigoletto"; in 1853 "La Traviata"; in 1859 "Un Ballo in Maschera"; in 1871 the melodious, tuneful "Aïda"; and, later on, his noble "Requiem," as also "Otello" and "Falstaff."

The real evolution—I may say revolution—in the art of song commenced, however, twenty-five years ago, with the appearance of the symphonic operas of

Richard Wagner. One seldom hears, in the "music drama," a completely-developed melody, a *cantilena* suited to the voice; one meets most frequently fragmentary phrases, unending recitative, and, in the concerted numbers, long musical periods in which the voices are driven to the uttermost limits of the scale. One witnesses in Wagner's operas a veritable combat between the human voice and the overpowering, if interesting and beautiful, but too noisy, orchestra; a combat fraught, ultimately, with danger for the tender for studious youth? How few in number, and how swiftly, from day to day, do they fade away!

And yet another peril now menaces the *bel canto*: the performances of the young successors of the great master, who, lacking his Titanic talent, put forth the most strenuous efforts to imitate him and tread in his footsteps, and this only out of worship for the new tendency of art. They sacrifice—even when gifted as composers—their own individuality and the happiest inspirations of the "song-artist," forgetting

Mme. Mathilde Marchesi.

and limited vocal organ. I am one of the heartiest admirers of Wagner's great genius, and the first that in Vienna taught my pupils, engaged at the Imperial and Royal Opera House, the female rôles in "Lohengrin," "Der Fliegende Holländer," and "Tannhäuser." But it is undeniable that Wagner took no heed of the human voice; that his interest centered, chiefly, upon the symphony; and that he used the voice but as a means to an end. Where are now, as in the past, the singers that shone in the operatic firmament for twenty or thirty years, and could be upheld as models that voices are fashioned neither of brass, nor of steel, nor of iron. Under the unhappy conditions prevailing in our days the poor martyrized, tortured voice grows tremulous; the organ loses it suppleness, its freshness, its brilliancy, and its compass, until the "scream-system" is called to the rescue, and the vocal cords are paralyzed. These reefs, if I may so designate them, which, in the confusion now reigning in the domain of song, become daily more threatening, are most dangerous for the opera-singer or songstress militant. Not a few young students feel that they

lack strength to compete with the giant orchestra, made necessary by vocally ill-written scores. As a consequence, the much-neglected art of the concert-singer menaces to force the opera into the background.

The unfortunate actual tendency of the art of song cannot be ignored by the youthful composer or the singing-teacher. Both should prosecute more earnest and thorough physiological studies to acquire a wider knowledge of the powers of the human voice, and a closer acquaintance with the classification of voices, their exact compass, etc. Composers and teachers should co-operate to put an end to the unlovely forcing of the voice, and to the shrieking that modern singers resort to, claiming that it is dramatic and expressive. Sentiment, pathos, and grace, with pure vocalization, should not be excluded by modern exaggeration of expression and a rough production of tone. Thus, with the co-operation of composers, writers, and teachers, the public may be awakened to the perils of the situation, and a resurrection of the now-forgotten *bel canto* be effected.

WOMAN'S SPHERE IN MUSIC TEACHING.

BY DANIEL BATCHELLOR.

In one respect woman's relation to the art of music seems anomalous. Since music is the natural expression of the emotional nature, and women, as a whole, are more emotional than men, we might naturally expect that from the emotional sex would come our great musicians. But is is not so. Woman takes quite a subordinate place among our musical composers. This opens up an interesting psychological problem, into which it is not necessary to enter at this time; but we may note, in passing, that there are indications of women's figuring more conspicuously among the musical composers of the future than they have done in the past.

But if women have not been the great originators of music, they have been the chief conservators of it, and especially among the young. The musician's career is determined in early childhood. Heredity has something to do with it; but, although the musical tendency may be inherited, that is only a latent possibility until it is stirred into active life by sympathetic surroundings. Every normal child has a tendency to speak, and yet if he does not hear speech he will grow up dumb. So it is the music of the mother's voice which awakens the music in the soul of the child. And a little later it is the mother's sympathetic encouragement which calls forth the child's first efforts in musical expression. The noblest strains of music which the great master-musicians have bequeathed to the world are the result of woman's loving sympathy drawing out the God-given powers in the mind of the child-genius. The music of the world, then, owes its inspiration to woman's nurture.

When we come to the regular music-lessons of the children, we see that this is nearly all done by women, and rightly so, because this is woman's sphere. Probably if parents were asked why they engaged a lady teacher in preference to a man, the general answer would be that it was cheaper. Unfortunately this is true, but it is not just. Work of equal merit should receive equal compensation, regardless of sex. But, in truth, pay is not the determining factor in this case. Women teach children because they are better fitted for the work than men. They are in closer touch with childhood, and can therefore work along the line of the child's sympathies. Play is the natural business of the child's life, and—other things being equal—she who can best infuse the spirit of play into the music-lesson will be the most successful teacher.

It is a serious mistake to suppose that the earliest lessons are of minor importance. How often we find parents acting as if they thought that any old piano would do for the early practice, and that it was an unnecessary expense to engage a good teacher for the child's first lessons. And the development of the child's voice is, if anything, more hap-hazard than the instrumental work. In this way the fine tone-sense, which is essential to an artistic career, becomes blunted, and faulty habits are acquired which can never be entirely eradicated by later training. Inefficient teaching is bad at any time; in early childhood it is irreparable.

This shows the great importance of woman's work in teaching. It is not simply that under her care the child is forming good or bad habits, although this is an important matter; but her influence is quickening or deadening in the child's mind a love of music and an ambition to excel.

Most of our young teachers mean well; they are conscientious and do the best they can. The trouble is that so many of them are not properly equipped for the work. Let us think, for a moment, of the necessary qualifications for the teacher of children:

1. Love of Children. — Without this the best musical talent will be unavailing. Here, as everywhere else, action and reaction are equal. Children, like animals, have a keen perception of character, and feel instinctively whether one has a real liking for them. The woman who is obliged honestly to confess to herself that she does not like children had better not engage to teach them. Happily these are rare exceptions, for love of children is divinely implanted in the heart of woman.

2. Good Character. — We do not mean by this merely a good reputation, or freedom from evil; but a positive personality which is an active force for good. It is character in this sense which is the most influential thing in the teacher, and that which commands the growing respect of the pupil, together with an ambition to win the teacher's approval.

3. A Good Style in Singing and Playing.—The two things are being more and more associated in the lessons of little children, so that the teacher ought to be able to sing easily and pleasantly as well as to play with good technic. Remember that children are, above all things, imitative, and they will be more influenced by your example than by your precepts.

4. KINDERGARTEN TRAINING. — Every teacher of children ought to go through a course of kindergarten training. This will give an understanding of the child's nature, and a power to win his sympathy. Every teacher who has had the advantage of such a course will know what a help it has been to her in her work of teaching the children.

But a preparation of this kind takes time, talent, and money. The young teacher may stand aghast at it and ask: "Is it necessary to know all this just to teach little children?" Yes, for that is the most important teaching of all, and calls for the highest talent. Therefore the qualified teacher of little children should be well paid for the work. Our whole system of education suffers from the false principle of paying primary teachers the smallest salary. Inadequate remuneration necessarily lowers the standard of teaching. When parents and guardians understand the real significance of the early training of their children they will employ none but skilled teachers, and to do this they must pay well for the service. Even now those who have these higher qualifications are in demand, and can get good prices for their work.

The time is coming when the teaching of little children will be the most honorable position in the educational ranks, and will be remunerated accordingly. And, since this is necessarily woman's work, it follows that, instead of taking an inferior position in the musical world, to her belongs the honor of bringing forward a race of musicians. Of course, some of our women teachers will work with more advanced students, but that is a work which men can do equally well—in some cases, perhaps, better. What I would emphasize is that woman's greatest work is in developing the musical faculty in children. Others will reap where she has sown, but her glory will be equal to theirs.

Woman has done much for music in the past, and is destined to do far more for it in the larger possibilities of the future.

A TEACHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY HAMILTON C. MACDOUGALL.

EVERY teacher has some power of influence. Some have more, some less; some are conscious of their power, some are unconscious; of those who are conscious of their power, some use their power wisely, some unwisely. (I am reminded at this moment of a teacher who used a great power of fascination over pupils simply to get presents from them!)

If we look back over our time of pupilage and recall our teachers we remember how different they were in this matter. The first music-teacher I ever had was a person only. I cared nothing about her; she taught me next to nothing. My next teacher inspired me with great enthusiasm; I credited him with uncommon musical and intellectual powers; everything he said I believed implicitly. My next teacher was a better teacher from the pedagogic stand-point of view, and from him I learned much in both a technical and musical way that I could never have learned from his predecessor; but he was cold, formal, and always had an air of barely suppressed boredom. I remember on one occasion I arrived at the studio a few minutes early, finding him in an easy chair, smoking his after-lunch cigar; he pulled out his watch and said, with a cynical smile: "I have two minutes yet." To a sensitive boy this was tantamount to saying: "I suppose I've got to give this lesson, but I'll be hanged if I'll do it until the time comes." My next teacher was a good musician, and had a heart, but successfully concealed his possession of it; he never had much influence over me, though I learned something from him. The next teacher was of the same type. The next was one of the most unselfish persons I ever came in contact with: a man who never seemed to think of self; a man always trying to do something for the man next him, always ready to draw from his rich stores of knowledge and experience everything that might help. This man I respected and loved, and I have always been grateful to God for allowing me to know that this world contains such people. This teacher (I know of no reason why I should not write his name here) was Dr. E. H. Turpin, of London.

I take it that other people have had much the same experiences as the ones I've briefly outlined. There is much to be gained from some teachers, very little from others; the model teacher is the one who not only knows his subject and has the ability of imparting his knowledge, but also inspires his pupils with lofty ideals.

But what is the particular quality that gives power for influence to the teacher, that makes him respected and loved? Is it skill in his profession? Yes, partly. Is it an engaging manner? Yes, partly. Is it an attractive person? Yes, no doubt. But more than these as a factor is an unselfish disposition, a sanguine temperament, and a warm, loving heart. A teacher with a big heart is a power beyond words to express. By "big heart" I summarize all those traits that make a man stick to his friends, help those in trouble, and never give up until his end is reached. No amount of technical skill or emotional power, no amount of fine manners, no powers of personal fascination will long avail without the help of this cardinal virtue of the teacher. Far beyond the thing learned lies the influence of the soul enshrined in the body of the man who teaches.

Some pupils get practically their whole secular education from the music-teacher. Their talent may be unusual enough and early enough manifested to induce their parents to give them as good an education in music as can be had. That means that, after the ordinary branches of a common-school education are mastered, the time devoted to music will be increased to several hours daily, and school gradually dropped. Just at this point a teacher with a heart will do all he can to broaden his pupil; to fan into a bright flame any small enthusiasm for general knowledge

and culture; to implant noble ideals; to deepen the love for good reading, and, in general, to do for the pupil what serious and sensible education will do for him. This type of pupil is not an uncommon one. Too often genuinely talented young people fall into the hands of selfish, small-souled teachers, who develop their fingers and brains, but neglect the higher things that tend to breadth and character. Is this not one of the reasons why prodigies often turn out badly and why musicians are so often unworthy of the esteem of the better sort of people? Train the fingers? Of course. Develop the execution? Of course. Train the mind? Of course. But develop the heart and will.

No teacher whose aim is *to get* instead of TO GIVE, or who touches his pupils at one point only of the circumference of finger, brain, heart, and soul, can have any inspiring influence; and, conversely, no pupil can get the best out of the music-life when in contact with the teacher (no matter how brilliant a musician) of narrow life and ideals.

THE ORGAN PRELUDE AND POSTLUDE.

IN a work entitled "Musical Ministries in the Church," Dr. Waldo S. Pratt has treated the subject dispassionately, showing a keen sense of the two sides of his subject, and has introduced in the various chapters numerous vital facts which are often overlooked and which are too weighty to be set aside when the subject is being considered with any idea of justice.

The following, from the chapter on "The Organ and the Organist," concerning the organ-prelude and postlude, will give an excellent idea of the general character of the book:

VALUE OF MUSIC IN CHURCH-SERVICE.

Many of the peculiar tonal effects that are producible from the pipe-organ have special potency in evoking a stimulating religious feeling. . . . The organ-prelude is the most important device by which it is sought to turn this value to liturgical account. The congregation, as it comes together, is made up of various classes—young and old, rich and poor, happy and sorrowful, serious and heedless. Every experienced public speaker is profoundly aware of the exceeding heterogeneity and the comparative inertia of such an assembly. The first great needs are some degree of emotional unity and the establishment of some mental momentum in the congregation as a whole.

THE PRELUDE.

Among the many possible means to these ends the organ-prelude is certainly one of the most useful. To do its work, it needs to have enough obvious tonal beauty and strength both to command general attention and to attract sympathetic delight. It should be positive and confident enough in technical presentation to exert a kind of magnetic control over the listener, whether or not he is able to follow it in detail with a connoisseur's interest. And obviously it should have such a character as to help those who hear toward a healthy and hearty elevation of spirit, toward a state of mind where the offering of worship is easy and where the receiving of spiritual instruction and guidance is welcome.

THE STYLE OF THE PRELUDE.

It is doubtful whether the exact style of prelude that shall do these things can be defined with any exactness. I rather believe that many useful styles are possible, varying with the player, with the congregation, and with the occasion. But a few practical points may be suggested. The length of the usual prelude should be between four and eight or ten minutes. Its style should rarely be so ornate or florid as to attract special attention to the player's dexterity or the composer's ingenuity. It should be more emotional than learned, more sweet and solemn than fanciful or merely pretty, more meditative than boisterous and loud, more noble than amazing. Its themes and harmonies and rhythms should be kept from anything that would recall the more popular concert or the theater. Usually it should be something written for the organ and for church use rather than an adaptation from other musical literature. Its technical presentation should not be contrived so as to show off either the player's versatility or the resources of the instrument, except as mere incidents. All these things are obvious.

THE PRELUDE A PERSONAL EXPRESSION.

But something more needs to be said. The prelude, like every dignified piece of instrumental music, is not only a thing, but an expression. It is a means whereby the organist, following in the track of the composer, can bring himself to bear upon the congregation. His general character is probably more or less known, but in his preludes he has an exceptional chance again and again to declare himself somewhat intimately and to join the force of his personality to the other personal forces of public worship. For every earnest organist, whatever be his artistic capacity, this truly ministerial function may be a great and inspiring one. One has but to know organists to find that into the fulfilment of this week after week often goes a wholly incalculable amount of the choicest desire and intention. And even those who are not conscious of such high purposes realize that they are not without obligation to keep them in sight.

It is nothing less than shameful how often both ministers and congregations hamper and defeat these efforts at self-expression by their habitual treatment of them. The prelude usually receives but scant courtesy, if not actual disdain. The minister is fussily busy over his little preparations in the pulpit and outside. Many of the people are still straggling in, settling themselves and their wraps, perhaps talking more or less. Oftentimes the air is full of the noise of movement and evident inattention; so that

neither the player nor those who are minded to listen are given the help of even passable decorum. Thus, instead of recognizing the prelude as a personal utterance, the notion is fostered that it is something wholly outside the service proper, a piece of sumptuary elegance, or an empty and senseless foolishness.

The Postlude.

The same things may be said even more bitterly about the postlude, that musical meditation or commentary at the end of the service, which practically universal customs of discourtesy have reduced to a condition of utter and disgraceful uselessness in ways that need no description.

Respect Should be Accorded.

These things ought not so to be. Either the prelude and the postlude are significant because they are personal utterances and personal appeals, or they are not worth an organist's working upon or worth counting as parts of public worship. Either they should be treated fairly or given up. I am well aware of the objections that may be lodged against the way in which certain organists themselves have debased these exercises—objections that surely have sufficient provocation; but, after allowing for such cases, it must be said that here, as so often in the whole system of our church-music, a special stress of blame for unworthy habits and standards of action falls on the ministers and congregations. They have too frequently made it clear that they do not respect and do not care to learn to respect these instrumental exercises in their own services. And yet they have the presumption to ask a self-respecting organist to supply, Sunday after Sunday, what they thus make of no account.

In the presence of facts like these it need not seem strange that sometimes high-minded musicians are forced to say, with genuine regret, that they do not care to have anything to do with the practical handling of church-music in some of our churches.

MENTAL FORCE.

BY F. H. SHEPARD.

These few words have to do with the mental attitude of the student toward his work and toward his teacher. Much able instruction is wasted by reason of the inactive mentality of the student. This is characteristic, not particularly of the study of music, but of all education. Scarcely ten per cent. of our high-school or college graduates have any marked power of forceful thought. The lack of forceful thought is possibly the greatest need in our work.

As teachers we cannot wait for the schools to deliver properly-trained minds; we must meet the question with a solution of our own, for the ultimate success or failure of the pupil corresponds most closely with his mental power.

The student comes to the teacher as plastic material, willing and anxious to be molded into artistic lines. Now, in addition to the necessary instruction,—and here is the point of these words,—the student must be vitalized with purpose, and taught to apply forceful thought to every detail of his work.

Thought is the greatest force in the world; it removes mountains of difficulty. The reactive effect of forceful thought is a tremendous educational force. The co-operation of the pupil is secured, not by pledging to a faithful practice of prescribed exercises, but by rousing the will to learn, and by stimulating the power of concentration. This mentality should not be stirred by sordid ideas of excelling or of money-getting, but by firing the ambition to attain, to conquer, to learn,—and to use this mental power.

I try to make this matter the subject of one or more lessons with every pupil. With each repetition I am thrilled by the outlook it gives me upon life and upon education. Such work gives music an important place in character-building.

If through it the student is enabled to acquire judgment in other departments of life, and to use his mental powers in a higher degree, we may believe that we are not only filling our places as musicians and teachers, but are also doing our mite for the betterment of our fellows.

WOMAN IN MUSIC.

BY MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA.

When Lillian Norton, of the State of Maine, took the stage-name of Nordica, a foreign *nom du théatre* was considered the only one by which a singer could be known and recognized in the world of art. In the comparatively brief space since those days great changes have been wrought, and to Madame Nordica is due high recognition for her share in them. Not the least significant sign of present conditions is the fact that American singers, both at home and abroad, no longer find the assuming of a foreign name for stage purposes either necessary or desired.

The place of the American woman in song is too well recognized and prized to need other than passing tribute. Among these American women singers Madame Nordica has established a unique position; one, indeed, in which she stands alone. After placing to her credit the distinction of being the first American to sing at Bayreuth, and the singer chosen to create the rôle of Elsa at the first festival performance of "Lohengrin" there, she began the fuller study of the greater Wagnerian heroines: Isolde and the Brünnhildes. To-day she remains the first and only American who has mastered them. Her impersonations of the parts have become of established recognition in America and abroad. To place herself among the greatest dramatic singers of her time has been the individual work that Madame Nordica has achieved for woman in music.

Woman Should Stand Equal with Man.

"There is one thing," said Madame Nordica, on entering upon the subject of "Woman in Music" for The Etude, "there is one thing to be mentioned at the very beginning: as singers, women stand shoulder to shoulder with the men. There is no doubt about that, and, if regarding other professions there may be a division of opinion according to the views of the person expressing them, there is never any conflict as to the place of woman in song and the equal

plane upon which she stands with man. I have my own views upon the subject of the relative position of the sexes, which I do not find necessary to intrude now or at any other time, but of all our gifts, of all our claims, a gentle womanliness constitutes our most precious birthright.

"Of the great accomplishments of women in music and in all arts to-day, one has only to read to be impressed. One needs only to look through the musical publications to read the lists of concerts and even of operas presented by our young musicians. The programs set forth show that they must be able, that they possess knowledge of the languages, the technical finish, and all that goes to make the artist. You cannot, I repeat, take up these publications without being impressed. What does it mean?

"It means that we are at the beginning of still greater things, for our history as a people has yet to show that we have turned back in anything that we have undertaken. My own interest in the work of women in music needs no fresh assertion. I have tried throughout my career to show it in the most practical way by hearing young girls sing and advising them and often at the sacrifice of hours I would so gladly have given to rest after the fatigue of journeys, and study, and performances.

"To address myself to these young singers, and, perhaps, to older ones as well, seems at this moment to appeal to me more strongly than to dwell upon that which has already been done by woman in music. Instead, then, of dwelling on the beautiful that woman has brought into the world by the cultivation of her gifts as executant and composer, I will speak to those who will make the art of to-morrow, and of certain

things to be avoided and guarded against, hoping to make their way a little easier and surer."

Concentration, but not Overwork.

"First of all, the American girl is quick and intelligent, but she needs to practice greater concentration. How often I have heard young singers say: 'Oh! if I have to do a thing I can learn to do it in half an hour at home. It will not take me long to learn it.' But that is not right. It is just as easy—easier, indeed—to do a thing before the pressure of having to do it arrives. If the singer has sufficient concentration to learn a thing in half an hour when the necessity arises, then why not learn it now? The other half-hour will then be free for her to devote to doing something else. I do not mean to imply that she should overwork; that, again, is a grave mistake and one to which our sex is prone. In the study of the art of painting, for instance, the girl will work day and night. The boy goes ahead more slowly. Working under high pressure and with nervous enthusiasm and no letting up, the day comes when the girl is exhausted and can go no further. The boy has taken things more slowly,—more rationally, if you will. The snail keeps ahead. Above all, learn that you can only do a certain amount well each day, and that relaxation must follow that certain amount, once it is accomplished."

Intelligent Study.

"Learn *how* to study. This overwork and overstrain in all branches of art is a serious handicap to our sex in final achievement. This is often a vital reason why women are outshone by men.

"To tell intelligent young singers that they study without intelligence would seem a strange paradox, and yet such things happen. The intelligence with which they may be so fully gifted is not utilized, that is all. We must know the meaning of what we are doing. That is the first step toward doing it rightly.

"Many learn long operatic arias, and have not the remotest idea what the words mean or what it is all about. They sing loud or soft, according to the directions of the teacher, and there the matter ends. Each singer should know for herself what the words mean. She should be able to put herself in the place of the one uttering the words. Then only is it possible to lay claim to interpretation. And here, again, the quick comprehension and delicate insight of the woman combine to make a powerful aid in this matter of interpretation, of giving the meaning of the words which make the spirit of the song."

Independent Study.

"Again, do not rely on your teacher for everything. Learn to think for yourself. As my old teacher, Mr. O'Neill, of Boston, used to say to me: 'Do you suppose that you are always going to have me to teach you?'

"It is well to study out the interpretation of a song by oneself. Then, with the criticism of the teacher comes the knowledge of where one is wrong, and a greater certainty as to how to take the next step alone. To learn to think for ourselves is to begin to develop our own individuality."

Tight Clothing.

"Now to a vital point: Singers must not wear their garments too tight; under such false conditions the muscles of the diaphragm are in a vise. The collar also must not be tight. And yet I have had to battle on this very subject with girls who came to sing to me. The reply to my objection would so often be: 'Oh! I can sing just as well in a tight collar; it does not matter in the least to me.'

"But it does matter, and seriously. It presses right on the necessary muscle, and one might as well bandage a pugilist's arms as a singer's throat.

"Another vital matter: Some say: 'Take a deep breath, low from the abdomen.' As a consequence, the chest is in and the abdomen is out. That is exactly the opposite to what should be: the abdomen should be in and the chest full. You never see a great singer with the chest in.

"My desire to obviate faults that have come so often under my notice is the reason for my earnestness; for in the years of my career I have seen many gifted people delayed and deterred from the right course by stumbling-blocks which might so readily have been avoided."

Getting a Start.

"There is a great rush to Paris by the young singers, and has been for a few years. They are not going off to Italy to the little places where, according to my way of thinking, they should go. The routine of the little Italian opera-house where I sang my first rôles I prize sincerely as the foundation of my dramatic singing. A little place it was, and we had to carry our own braziers that heated, in a small way, the chill dressing-rooms. But the experience was great, if the personal comfort was not. After Italy came a broader field, the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg. But the sequence came logically; the routine of the smaller theater helped me to hold my own in the routine of the larger one."

* * *

The fact is so well known that its repetition here is scarcely necessary, that the foundation of Madame Nordica's study as a singer was laid entirely in her own country. It was in Italy that she took up the study of repertory, following the study of twelve rôles in America under the direction of Madame Maretzek, herself at one time a singer of distinction.

Turning to the study of music in her own country, Madame Nordica said: "I am surprised that young students are still taught to sing with the movable *do*. One cannot learn positive pitch by such a course. *Do* is always C in Europe, no matter what key you are singing in. You see, when it comes to the study of difficult works it is a great handicap before you know; before you can sing with the syllables.

"Take, as an instance, the trouble a singer would have in reading the finale of 'Die Götterdämmerung,' that requires twenty-five minutes to sing and changes key no less than seventeen times. If a girl has to hunt around to find what syllables she is singing, consider what the handicap is. This is something for a young singer to think about."

When Madame Nordica has a pronounced success, personal observation has borne the conviction that she sets about thinking how she might have done certain things better. The morning after a performance of this same "Götterdämmerung," almost the first thing she said, after greeting, was: "Mr. Döme" (her husband) "and I sat up until three o'clock this morning talking over the production of two tones, for, you know, they naturally affect the tones that follow them."

Madame Nordica is more rigid in self-searching inquiry than she would be in her demands of others, although a sense of justice to her art remains strong under all conditions. Her attitude in this direction is uncompromising.

In giving out her ideas for this article she spoke quickly and directly, rarely halting for a word, but, when she did, waiting until she found the exact one with which to express herself.

In speaking she is concentrated and earnest, and with a power of oratory to which she gives way in moments of especial interest: a trait inherited, doubtless, from her preacher-ancestors and heightened by her study of Wagner.

One well-remembered afternoon she displayed this oratorical earnestness in an unmusical course. She met a very stout lady at a sculptor's studio. The stout lady was posing for a portrait bust.

"What shall I do to grow thinner?" she asked, in a moment of confidence.

Immediately Madame Nordica began to describe a series of gymnastics that would at least mitigate, if not relieve, the difficulty.

The stout lady was verbally very thankful.

"She will follow your advice," some one said to the singer.

"Not at all," answered Madame Nordica. "It is too hard work for her. She will fast, because fasting is no work, but follow my advice, I fear, never."

But there is no method of learning to sing by fasting; hard work is the only way to success.

And so the singer would seem in no such danger of disregarding Madame Nordica's counsel.

Dr. Lowell Mason once said: "I am a musician by the grace of God." That is a valuable thought for serious meditation. Music is a God-given talent, and it should be judiciously cultivated and used for the good of others as well as ourselves.

When you read how some successful person reached his position, and you make the effort to follow in his foot-steps, don't try to do more than he did. Better do less each day and take more time. Your strength of body and mind may not equal his.

QUESTIONS FOR MUSICIANS.

BY EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

I. Are you a musician?

It were well if every reader of The Etude would ask himself, honestly, this question, and answer it candidly to himself, with a view of attaining to self-knowledge, which many philosophers regard as the highest of wisdom; and also, perchance, of undertaking such self-modification as may possibly be needed to arrive at the desired status. A few leading questions may serve to clarify the grounds of investigation, and facilitate a correct and lucid conclusion, even though not in all cases an agreeable one.

First: Are you one of those who absolutely cannot endure a musical blunder except when made by yourself; who fly into spasms of rage or agony at a false note or a faulty rhythm? I know many such, but their musicianship is by no means proved thereby. In fact, quite the reverse. Most of this morbid supersensitiveness is humbug, put on for effect; the rest is indigestion, or diseased and ill-controlled nerves.

Some teachers seem to have an idea that they must maintain their authority and the respect of the pupil, and at the same time demonstrate their own vast superiority, by displaying at all times an exaggerated sort of holy horror for the slightest mistake, and feel that they have not earned their tuition and properly nipped in the bud the conceit of the pupil, unless they have administered a given amount of abuse and ill-natured depreciation per week. Or they vent their wounded feelings in polite, but biting, sarcasm, which says plainly "I am a musician and you are a fool," or "O such a fool! but I am controlling myself by a mighty effort and trying my best not to crush you"; like the lawyer who was accused of showing contempt of court, and replied: "Your honor, I am doing my best to conceal it."

This is a fatal mistake from every stand-point. It makes the teacher feared and despised, instead of admired, esteemed, and emulated. It makes the lesson a trial rather than a pleasure. It destroys confidence and all possibility of personal influence. It kills enthusiasm and spontaneous development, and creates in the pupil a nervous dread and self-distrust, which I have known in many cases to completely ruin the musical career of a talented and promising student of sensitive temperament.

Blunders and discords are not pleasant to listen to, it is true; but the teacher is paid for instruction, not abuse; for the help he can give, not for exhibitions of hysteria or proofs of his own high mightiness. Moreover, he should remember that if pupils were his equals musically, they would not come to him for lessons. We all make mistakes at times, and the true musician, realizing his own deficiencies, is lenient with those of others. He knows the difficulties to be overcome, and has tolerance for those who have not yet surmounted them. He has interest and sympathy for all sincere artistic effort, however crude, and a

helping hand for those who are striving upward, but have not yet reached his level. The higher he stands, the more certainly is this true. It is those who can do the least that are most hypercritical always. Furthermore, if he has his profession truly at heart, for its sake, if not his own, he will be first, last, and always a gentleman, and, to this, courtesy and self-control are essential. Of all the pitiable spectacles which humanity furnishes, there is none more contemptible than that of the man dominated by his nerves. Oh, yes there is one, the man who *pretends* to be.

II. Are you one of those who always stay at home from a concert where good music is to be heard, and keep their pupils away if they can, because it is given by or under the auspices of a rival teacher or school, and you fear the other fellow may get either credit or profit from its success?

Let us hope not. But I know, alas, of many such. They need make no claim to being true musicians. The imposture is too transparent. They may possess an ear for absolute pitch and dexterous fingers, but they have neither artistic instincts nor ordinary business intelligence. They belong to that stupidest class of the *genus homo* that has not sense enough to know its own interest, that constantly cuts its own nose off to spite its neighbor. If their souls could be discovered with a microscope, fished out with a pair of watch-makers' tweezers, and dropped by the dozen into the lonely immensity of a child's thimble, they would rattle around in it like dried peas in a wash-boiler. They could never find each other, nor the way out to the end of time, and, when Gabriel's trumpet sounds the dawn of the last day, they would shut their ears, declaring it was the cornet-teacher from the other school and fearfully inartistic playing.

A person who cannot put his art above his petty spites and jealousies is no musician, but a disgrace to his profession, and a drag on the musical progress of his community. The public naturally judges a cause by its representatives, and in such a case is justified in holding it in small estimation. Moreover, such a person is standing stupidly in his own light, not having common-sense enough to realize that whatever injures music or musicians in his own town directly hurts himself. He is deliberately depreciating the value of the very goods he is handling, and depressing his own market, getting himself and his calling despised by the very people he desires for his patrons. Such utter lack of intelligence and foresight would be incredible if it were not too common; would be amusing if it were not too disheartening.

III. Are you one of those superior beings who have always heard every artist before, and, of course, do not need to hear him again, when he visits your town?

It being well known that the gratification of curiosity and the ability to say you have heard a celebrity are the only conceivable reasons for attending a concert anyway, and, as you attained these ends some years ago in Europe or some large city, where you would have it understood that you studied, what possible use can there be in hearing him again? You have seen the elephant, why trouble to get another look? You are quite right; unfortunately for you, it would be wasted time and money, for that one remark of yours, "Oh, I have heard him," shows you to be beyond and beneath the reach of the best efforts of any artist, without sufficient musical interest and comprehension even to know what people usually go to a concert for. And how well we all know the tone of that remark of yours, uttered with that air of complacent superiority and conclusive finality, which leaves nothing more to be said, and stamps you at once as musically dead beyond hope of resurrection, and esthetically greener than grass, and warranted fast color!

Long ago in school you read "Excelsior"; hence you have read Longfellow. What need to know him further. Years back you heard a celebrated "divine" somewhere; he is to preach here next Sunday; he is better than ever, and the sermon is new. What matter! You have heard him. That ends it. Fortunate mortal! How easily the needs of your soul are met, and the hunger of your higher nature gratified! How about the body? You must be a very cheap boarder. You had a fine Thanksgiving dinner November 24, '91, and do not care to eat again. You have eaten! Oh, but no! There we touch the true seat of your consciousness. There you are on a plane whose resources are familiar to you. Three square meals a day are none too much, and if possible add some refreshment in the evening at the home of a friend or a church sociable.

IV. Are you one of the self-constituted public mentors of your community whose obvious duty it is to serve as wet blankets on all musical enthusiasm and interest by criticising with the utmost severity every performance, public or private, again excepting your own?

Do you feel bound to maintain high standards, and show your superior critical acumen by systematically depreciating everything, and being satisfied with nothing and nobody? Do you really fancy that it displays more ability to find faults than virtues; to seem bored than to be appreciative; or that your own greatness is manifested in proportion to that of the artist whom you have the audacity to attack? The larger the moon, the larger must be the dog that barks at it.

Do you perchance wield the omnipotent pen of local press criticism, and does your dignity demand that you should not be too easily pleased? How about the dignity and interests of musical art which, as a musician, you are supposed to serve? Do you imagine that either will be advanced in the public mind by your unvarying sneers and abuse?

Do you think the gifted, sincere, but nervously timid amateur will be encouraged, strengthened, and helped to do good artistic work by the consciousness that you are waiting to pounce on any little slip or crudity and hold it up to ridicule? Does it show great discrimination to discover that Miss ——, sev-

enteen, and only a student, showed immaturity? Did anyone expect anything else? And is she therefore never to presume to play—that is, never to enter the water till she can swim like a fish?

None of us is born fully developed or possessing ripened experience. These things must be striven for, grown to; and, for proper growth, favorable conditions are essential: the warmth and stimulus of timely and discriminating encouragement, the assurance that one's best is appreciated and valued in spite of necessary shortcomings. The frost of scathing censure is always blighting and often positively fatal to artistic development.

Now, dear reader, of course, I do not for a moment suppose that you personally are any one of these disagreeable and discreditable characters I have been describing; but we both know plenty of them who are hindrances to musical development in the land, and a disgrace to our profession.

It is our duty and our policy to use every means, legitimate and even illegitimate, to rid our ranks of them, or, better still, if we can, to rouse them, even with a club if need be, to a higher plane of thought, to art aims superior to personal interest and petty vanity, to a realization of the fact that the best interests of music are the truest interests of the musician.

JUNIOR ARTISTS.

BY J. FRANCIS COOKE, M.B.

Technic and the Teaching Piece.

From the many programs of pupils' recitals published now and then, it would seem that a large majority of the teachers throughout the country select pieces for the sole purpose of cultivating the pupil's technical ability. While it is undeniable that many compositions can be turned to a decided advantage in this direction, it is nevertheless true that this phase of musical education is considered, by a large percentage of the musical pedagogues of the day, to be more speedily, precisely, and definitely advanced by means of specific technical exercises.

There are a few teachers who believe that technical exercises of any kind are superficial. In other words, they recommend that, the technic of every piece being peculiar to itself, should be mastered by practicing small sections of the composition. That many compositions present forms that, we may say, are practically identical is obvious. Scales, the so-called two-finger motive, arpeggios, repeated notes, the famous Alberti bass, and many other oft-repeated structural materials can, without a doubt, be mastered once and for all by means of the every-day technical exercise. However, when this has been done, but a small portion of the real technical work—the comprehension and the application of touch, the acquisition of velocity, the practical perception and execution of rhythm and meter as applied to various groups of notes, etc.—has been accomplished. It is probably for this reason that the weight of opinion among our advanced teachers rests with the partial, if not complete, divorce, for the time being, of the practical and artistic conditions of pianoforte-study.

The Artistic Element.

The true purpose of the composition then—the "teaching piece," as it is called—is not so much to train the fingers as it is to train the artistic element in the pupil. If the reader feels in the least inclined to look disparagingly upon the tiny spark of artistic fire that glows or possibly smolders within the little pupil, he has surely never read the biographies of Handel, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, or Schumann. If he has read the stories of the youth of these masters, he has at least observed that their artistic as well as their technical education was begun at a very early age. We have the delightful tradition of the midnight crime of John Sebastian Bach, who, when his jealous brother denied him access to a coveted volume of pieces, stole the work and made a manuscript copy by moonlight.

There is no plausible reason why the junior artist should not receive the same intelligent consideration that his advanced brother demands. The teacher of art, whether it be painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, or oratory is usually very careful, when a certain stage of advancement is reached, to provide for a regular alternation of models in the classical, the so-called romantic, and the esthetic styles of composition. It is an easy matter to control a child's artistic education in these parallel directions.

The Ultraclassicalists.

We frequently find conservative writers upon musical topics who contend that only the classical or, to be more definite, so-called intellectual compositions should be given to the young. Frequently this very term "classical" is applied to compositions having the least comprehensible musical interest. Few teachers of the English language and its literature would think it just the thing to attempt to teach little pupils to appreciate Milton's "Paradise Lost," Spenser's "Faerie Queen," or Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" before permitting them to enjoy the "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," the travels of "Alice in Wonderland," or the enchantment of Andersen's "Tales."

Again, the romantic of one age becomes the classical of a succeeding epoch. We cannot forget that the so-called iconoclasm of Bach, Palestrina, Handel, and Gluck caused them unending trouble during their lives. It seems almost impossible, in looking over a page of Handel's severely simple score, to imagine that that same page may have been the subject of a lengthy attack upon the composer's audacity in orchestration. These incidents serve to broaden the musician. History invariably repeats itself.

A Threefold Course.

The teacher of the present day who has within his care junior pupils of any age can ill afford to neglect

the so-called romantic and esthetic styles of the past century. It is an easy matter for the competent teacher to prepare a well-balanced course, not of studies, but of pieces which will train the pupil according to the most advanced ideas upon musical instruction. Bach's two-voiced "Inventions" can be much better understood if they are given alternately with some of the many delightful little romantic sketches to be found in Schumann's "Album for the Young" or his "Scenes of Childhood." More than this, the romantic and classical lines often make a deeper impression upon the junior artist when they are brightened by some composition chosen solely for its esthetic value,—its innate beauty. Such pieces as the time-worn, but ever-beautiful, "Minuet," from Mozart's "Symphony" in E-flat, or Lack's graceful little "Idyl" in A-flat, or "Simple Aveu," by Francis Thomé are at once entrancing, instructive, and refreshing. This wonderful trinity, the classical, the romantic, and the beautiful, three in one, will probably never be regarded similarly by any two musicians. The terms of the "three in one" encompass meanings so subtle that an exact definition is well-nigh impossible. What one musician concedes to be classical another regards as romantic, and some composition generally looked upon as esthetic may be considered to be classical. The primary work, then, of the teacher himself, after reading, hearing, and understanding the best criticism, is to let his own good judgment decide what music should be looked upon as classical, what as romantic, what as esthetic, or whether the three terms can be applied to any one composition.

The Beginning of the Artist.

Having reached a definite conclusion regarding the classification of music, the teacher may, with the assistance of the catalogues of one or more of our great publishing houses, form lists of pieces suitable to his pupils and general method of instruction. Even when the very first piece is given, it should be chosen to accomplish a definite purpose, and not selected haphazard from a bargain-pile in a music-store. We are all aware that these careful, painstaking discriminations characterize the best and the most successful teachers of our acquaintance. The influence upon the pupil of the complete, or we may say threefold artistic force is plainly seen, and as an oak-tree budding from a tiny acorn, favored by good soil, sunlight, air, and water, will ultimately reach a great height, so these influences are observed best when the pupil ceases to be a junior artist and becomes the artist in real musical life.

A first requirement for one starting out in music-life is an appreciation of the true dignity of the art, and a faith in it as an important sociological factor, through which mankind is benefited, not only because of the added pleasures it offers, but also because of its many-sided power for the fitting of men and women better to fulfill the obligations of life.

JOSEF HOFMANN ON PIANO PRACTICE AND TECHNIC.

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

A closer knowledge of Josef Hofmann proves two things: his possession of an extraordinary alertness of mind and of concentration,—qualities of eminent importance to the pianist, and an idea is conveyed to him sufficiently by a suggestion, and his opinion on subjects connected with his art appears always ready for immediate expression. There is in him an odd combination of the boy and the man. In some respects his mental development is that of a man of forty, judging from his expression of opinion along certain lines. Again, in selecting illustrations to enforce his point of view he is the boy.

During our conversation a number of other persons were in the room, and there was considerable confusion in consequence; several times there were interruptions. But Hofmann held fast to his theme of the moment, returning to it without deviation, and taking it up exactly where it had been left off.

His cast of countenance is more Russian than Polish, strongly marked, not quick in repose, but varying in expression in conversation. His muscular power is highly developed, though his frame is slight. From his manner this one point (and a most important one in the development of talent) is to be learned: he has been carefully trained without meddling with his individuality, and he has been restrained without depriving him of a full sense of freedom.

Madame Nordica once said to me that self-consciousness with people of riper years was due oftener than not to constantly dinning into the ears of the child: "You must not do this or that, for, if you do, what will people think of you?"

But a worse point yet is the destruction of individuality by the constant assertion: "You must do this or that in my way, which is the only way."

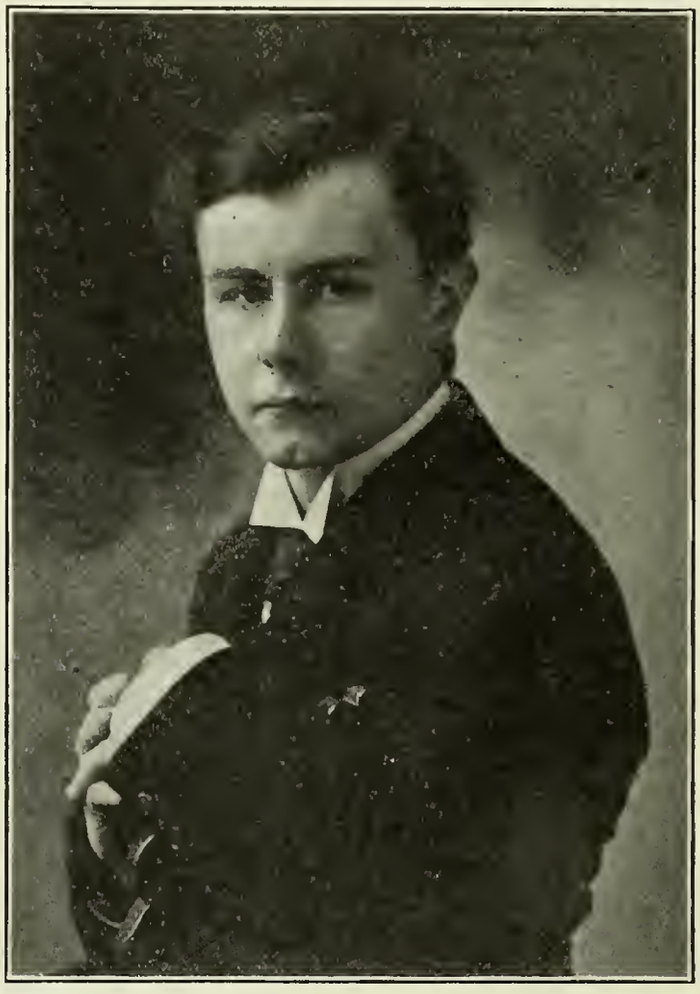
The precocious development of Hofmann set aside in great measure this danger at the outset; but later, in the intermediate, the critical, stage of his training he had a greater one to face. To bring his talent within bounds of stricter restraint, and to set him well on the thorny path of the artist after adulation of audiences and praise of critics was no light task. It could only have been attained by sound judgment and tact, and it has been done well. As a man, he thinks for himself with excellent reasoning powers; he is developed mentally beyond his years, in certain directions, and that too, in face of the fact that music has claimed so great a share of his time.

The individuality of an artist makes always a fascinating study. The broader the mind, the broader the art. But one thing impresses itself strongly in the majority of instances, and that is that a great degree of cultivation in the case of artists comes from highly-developed powers of observation and natural receptivity rather than from the actual amount of

time devoted to the study of books. Josef Hofmann is an interesting example of this class, the more so because he is of an analytical turn of mind. He enjoys the reasoning out of *how* he does things. For instance, in beginning this conversation for THE ETUDE and speaking of his acquirement of languages (and he is master of five: Polish, French, German, Russian, and English), he said: "The first year I went to Russia I learned nothing of the language; the second I did better, and the third it came quite natural to me to speak it. But this I observed, I learned most of the language after I had left the country and during vacations, when I had quiet time for thoughts. I did not study it then, but I thought things over and settled them in my mind. The things that I had heard came to me, and then it was that the language grew clearer and clearer. That which I had learned but not assimilated became a part of my mental equipment, and this is exactly the case in playing the piano. The longer you know a piece before you play it in public, the more you have thought it out and fixed it in your mind, the better will be your performance. You must get it settled in your mind; it must become part of you. But, after all, the playing of a piece in public is what makes it fireproof. That is the pre-eminent source of its development and finish; therefore, the oftener you play a piece in public, the better will be your development of it.

"Personally I find it a bad plan to practice a piece on the day I play it in public. One or two days before a concert it is all well and good to practice it, but never later. Then, when you come before your audience your mind is fresh, and the interpretation will consequently be better.

"In the division of practice during the important period of acquiring technic, in the earlier days three or four hours daily are necessary for the study of it, but never more than four. In the middle period of study I practiced six hours a day, and of that time I devoted from an hour and a half to two hours to technic pure and simple, the rest of the time I gave



To the "Etude"
Josef Hofmann

to the study of dynamic effects and composition. During the time that I am concertizing I practice only as much as is necessary.

"The great danger in the acquiring of technic is overtraining, and that stiffens the muscles instead of developing them. Stop before you are tired. Of course, you may play octaves from the wrist until you are tired, but never finger-work; that stiffens. The sensibility of the muscles is lost when you get cramps. Every finger is an individual; it has eyes. The wrist is a single man; the fingers, ten. But, if you can play finger-work until you are tired, those ten become as one.

"One should not become accustomed to practicing at a fixed time every day. Practicing at a certain hour becomes a fixed habit, and as a result hampers the performer, who should be able to play at any time. Practice at different times in the day instead of at fixed ones, and then the muscles will always be ready to act.

"An artist must be able to play whenever he is called upon. For an artist, and for one who wishes to become an artist, it is, therefore, most important to be indifferent to the time at which he plays, and to accomplish this practice should be done at different hours, and not at set ones. The development of the muscles is important for a pianist; but without nervous power muscle is of no use. Muscle is the machinery, but the brain and nervous power are the motor. Without this power the muscles lose their elasticity; the nerves control the blood, keeping the muscles elastic. When I am playing I never feel ill. Even when I was injured by falling from my bicycle I could play in concerts when the physician pronounced me unable. Once at Tiflis I played with a high fever on me, but that did not affect my work.

"Everything is possible if one has developed the nervous power of one's own body.

"I have found rowing at the sea-side and the handling of a heavy boat in getting it into and out of the water excellent for developing the muscles. The same may be said of almost any hard work requiring half an hour.

"Tiring work that makes the muscles stiff is bad, unless the elasticity is gotten back at once. If the muscles are ruined by overexertion, that elasticity is never regained; but the risk is necessary in order that muscular development may be obtained.

"The reason why many young pianists are heard of only to disappear when the time of their full development should have arrived is that they are told that they are great when they are not. I have experienced development, and I know what I am talking about. In those cases where pianists appear only to disappear, precocity has been mistaken for talent. Precocity has its value, but it does not make an artist. The question deciding the matter in such cases is the quality that characterizes the gift. Whether real talent exists alongside of precocity is a matter which a musician, and not the parents, must settle.

"The pianist who is a specialist gets less out of music than the one who is interested in all good composers. In certain professions it is well to be a specialist, but not in music, for music is not so vast a science as some others. The man whose mind is big enough to understand one composer can understand others.

"The necessity that exists for specialization in some branches does not exist in music. A physician may be an oculist, but he must know as well about everything else in medicine. You would not go to a physician who was not a practical one, although he might be able to do one thing better than another.

"In music every player plays one composer best, but that is no reason why he should make a specialty of that composer. The musician who gets the most out of music is the one who plays all composers.

"Rubinstein never made any generalization of the interpretation of Chopin during my study with him, for the reason that Chopin is different in every single one of his compositions. You cannot speak of him as appearing in them as the same individual, for in each thing that he has given out he is different.

"Schumann is more of a composer who sticks to a certain rhythm; you recognize him for ten miles ahead.

"With Chopin there is a certain nimbus, but he is always different.

"During the two years that I studied with Rubinstein I lived in Berlin, and would go to him wherever he was to play to him. It was not practical to move to the city where the great pianist happened at the time to be living, for more likely than not he would suddenly say: 'I am sorry, but I feel that I must leave Dresden for Leipzig next week.' The next week I would simply journey to Leipzig instead of to Dresden. During the interim of a week he would give me a great deal to accomplish: a Beethoven sonata, a larger Chopin work, and other things. I can say it, I think, without vanity, that had I not learned very rapidly it would have taken me a month instead of a week to prepare for those lessons. To play before him was a far more difficult task than to play before the most critical audience. At first his interruptions were constant, but by degrees they became fewer until the last time I played before him, and after he had told me that I was ready to return to the concert-room, I think there was no interruption at all.

"One sad event clouded my reappearance after a retirement of seven years. Rubinstein died on that day. As a tribute to him I had included in my program his 'Souvenir of Dresden,' which he had dedicated to me. By an odd coincidence, the composition is of tragic meaning and funereal, although written in polonaise form."

Explain the terms of expression, power, and time in terse, pointed words. Do not confuse the pupil's mind by high-sounding ornate words. Simplicity of explanation is always preferable.

EXACT THINKING IN MUSIC-STUDY.

BY FRANK L. REED.

THE many deplorable artistic failures among the ranks of music-practitioners and the variety of false notions concerning music to be found among students and teachers arise, in part, from the fact that the study of the external properties of music is not pursued with the earnestness and enthusiasm given to the more sensuous and intoxicating properties which are so enticing, and which, if not carefully guarded, insinuate their baleful influence into one's very life-texture, warping and perverting the very character and mental operations.

By external properties I mean those details of musical material and structure that are explained and classified in the theoretical branches of music, also the history of music and musicians, of esthetics and the evolution of the art; by the "dangerous" properties I mean those elements of musical thought which are scarcely definable, but for convenience are called emotional. I hold these are dangerous to the sanity of the individual, if unaccompanied by a firm grasp of the other elements, and when the emotional content is new and novel and remains beyond the control of the student; when the emotional stimuli are so powerful as to overcome his mental grasp of the subject-matter and throw him into a temporary frenzy. Performances in this state lack dignity and real power; are merely expressions of uncontrolled passion. They lack proportion and discrimination, have no repose, and so are not expressions of art.

Therefore it is very necessary to discipline the mind to control the emotions, and to constantly summon before the tribunal of the rational judgment every emotion, that it may be examined, judged, and if found unworthy utterly cast out; but, if worthy, to be firmly grasped, controlled, and purified.

Music-study, that results in genuine artistic work, requires, above all things, force and strength of character rather than force and strength of passion.

How shall we proceed to develop this strength? Even the least of us have some powers of thought, and it is these that need attention. The emotions will grow and develop rapidly enough,—alas! too rapidly,—with the knocks and strifes of life; so we had best devote our efforts to cultivating powers that will serve us in mastery over all things.

Music-students, more than any others, require the severest intellectual discipline, because from the very nature of music, dealing so largely with the emotions, it is exceedingly difficult to remain well balanced. But it is possible to keep a level head, and to be a musician, and the first step toward mastery is to cultivate a habit of exact thinking.

The almost universal habit of inexact thinking, for it may become a habit, is the cause of most of the controversies, scientific, theological, musical, or otherwise. If persisted in, it is a sign of a superficial mind, or an ill-regulated one, or of mental inertia, or of all three; in which case it shows a deplorable lack of character.

Exact thinking in music-study shows itself in the recognition of the values of the elements and parts of the piece or subject upon which the thought is directed, and the adjustment in thought of these elements according to their mutual relations,—also in recognizing the relation the particular piece or subject bears to others of its kind, and keeping in mind the relations of the kind to all things else.

All knowledge is relative—all thinking is but the recognition of relations, and exact thinking is the recognition of exact relations. The success of all this depends, of course, upon getting clear ideas, retaining them, and using them. This, in turn, depends upon culture, by which term I mean "knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world."

As no one can express himself in words precisely and coherently unless he thinks clearly and logically, so in music no one can play or sing sanely unless his musical thought is clear and logical, and his musical thought will not be this if his culture is narrow. Artistic singing and playing does not so much depend upon a faultless technic as it does upon fine and accurate thought. In most playing there is far too much "feeling" and too little thoughtful expression.

I have spoken of the necessity of subordinating the emotions to the intellect and of getting clear ideas. Until this method is put into practice no one can imagine how the emotions need purifying or how the ideas grow and multiply by using those already possessed. But if the student is swayed hither and thither by the whispering winds of his fancies or the whirlwinds of his passions and emotions as they are aroused by some music, his ideas become confused, few, and of one color; he is moody, melancholy, and morbid; and the world is out of joint.

No one can play or sing a piece of music well until he "plays down" upon it. As long as the emotional content of the music overcomes the self-control of the performer, so long will the music remain master and the player or singer the servant. While it is new and until the novelty of a new sensation has worn off, the passional element is likely to be in the ascendant, and, the better the music, the deeper and stronger this element is likely to be, and the longer it takes to gain an intellectual supremacy over it. The effort to acquire this mastership requires force and strength of character. By the exercise of what strength we have we add cubits to our stature and "every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor."

The duty of every parent is to see to the associations of his children. The father and mother should enter into the child's life closely. Books should be in the home as comrades. Sensational literature should be expelled. The parents should train the child to love Nature and beauty in every form. The home-life should be devoid of excitement. The quiet, steady home love of a child will do much for the music-teacher.

THE IRRITABILITY OF THE MUSIC TEACHER.

BY J. S. VAN CLEVE.

When a new professor of the art and science of music is engaged at a school, or when a new teacher begins to secure students in a city, no question is asked more frequently of his pupils than this: "Is he cross?" Simple and even commonplace as this query is, there is a whole volume wrapped up in it. What is a cross music teacher, forsooth? How many kinds of crossnesses are there? How many stages and degrees of incipient or inveterate crossness are there? What is good and wise? What the reverse? All these are germane to the topic, and all are of real moment.

The object of teaching the art of music at all is to develop performers and connoisseurs, and to enlarge thereby the happiness of mankind. For the purposes of clearness, but certainly not with any idea of exhausting the possible species of characters in the professions, we may say that in all, in the ministry, in medicine, in law, and in public-school teaching men and women group themselves into three classes: First, those who are excessively irritable, vain, and vindictive. Second, those who have normal self-control, and hold all their work in obedience to a high ideal of conduct, of the rights of others, and of the possible good to accrue from their activities. Third, those who are either too timid, too weak, too vacillating, or too sycophantish to show a reasonable degree of sternness and authority. With the above set of ideas in one's mind it would be easy to split up the octave of possible characters not thus, into tonic, dominant, and octave, but into at least twelve semitones of distinction.

There was a time, about a third of a century ago, when there were scarcely any men in all the country teaching music, except foreign-born men, Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, or, possibly now and then, an Englishman. These were not all equally irascible, but they one and all were but indifferent musical pedagogues, or would be regarded as such in the fierce light and competition of to-day. If from the continent of Europe, they were most scantily provided with English of any kind or description, and to the tension, and worriment which this unavoidably created, they added the sensitive impressionability of the musical, or rather the artistic, temperament, and, on top of that, they were not long in detecting that as soon as they had struck terror to the heart of some timid maiden of fourteen and sent her home in tears there went out a great awe of them, and mighty fame of this appalling *maestro*, this paragon of knowledge who was likely to have a nervous stroke should one false note be struck, anywhere within a radius of a mile, or any one of the required notes omitted on any pretext whatsoever. All this, happily, is passing away, just as a dull and benumbing fog rises and melts at the hot golden touch of the Sun's Promethean beam.

The reason is that many native American men are adopting music as a calling, and they not only know the temper and culture of the American family, but they are usually of good American families themselves, and are not so likely to lord it over their sisters or brothers as the foreign bear, whose shaggy tufted wool was partly the covering of his real attainments and partly the safe protection of his ignorance. There is nothing on earth so blissfully easy as to smile superciliously over a question which is beyond one's depth.

How cross should your teacher allow himself to be? Well, that just depends. Let us pack this topic into an aphorism, by saying you should be just as cross as will do good, and neither more nor less than that. Now, how to ascertain just the fine magnetic currents which influence the needle by this pole is as difficult in music-teaching as in other species of that work, and no more so.

Perhaps this will serve as a working rule: With a talented, but indolent, student, inclined to low ideals, and easily puffed up by praise, be strict, stern, parsimonious of praise, and at times absolutely arbitrary, and a bit rough. With a pupil timid, but industrious, be the soul of caution, tenderness, smiling appreciation, and stimulating, but perfectly honest, encouragement. With the pupil who is of mixed material, be mixed yourself. Study to carry yourself like a man who respects himself, and takes it for granted that all other right-minded people will respect you. Have an ideal of art above all. Reverence that as you do your own soul, and show your students that you are as hard to please with your own doings as with theirs, and there will be no trouble worth mentioning in commanding their reverence for you and for what you teach.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MUSICAL LIFE IN A COMMUNITY.

BY CHARLES SANFORD SKILTON.

Concerts and Recitals.

If our musician is a competent performer and can arrange the details, it is well to invite the public to a complimentary concert at the beginning of each season. If local soloists are invited to assist, the community will feel pride in it, and the concert may well become an institution.

There are usually people in every town who wish to have a clearer idea of the meaning of music and the work of the different composers. These people joined to a class of pupils will make the nucleus for a course of recitals or lectures. They may be given in the studio. A moderate fee will cover expenses and render it possible to engage one or two artists. If near a large city advanced students of the conservatories can easily be persuaded to come in return for

press notices, expenses, and the opportunity of appearing before an audience. Such recitals, accompanied by short talks explaining different phases of the development of music are a gradual leaven to the community, and should be steadily continued.

If one develops a gift for that kind of work it might be well to confer with the supervisor of education and attempt to gather the school-children together for a simple talk on music with solos by local favorites. The present writer has seen an audience of over a thousand students, from twenty years of age to ten, spellbound for an hour and a half by the playing of an artist on an old violin, varied by a short history of the violin, details of its structure, and anecdotes of that particular instrument. There is no surer way of making a community musical than by interesting the children.

A Choral Society.

After becoming acquainted with the community and gaining a recognized position our musician may find that the time is ripe for organizing a choral society.

A good beginning is to interview the vocal teacher, members of church-choirs, and other prominent singers, and ask their co-operation, which will probably be readily given. With their help he might make out a list of all the available singers and send a printed invitation to meet and discuss the affair. If one hundred are invited it is probable that some thirty will appear. He should have a plan, be prepared to make an interesting statement of what might be done, name numbers that could be studied, artists that might be engaged, and finally ask them to vote whether they will organize. If all goes well he might proceed to the election of officers and appoint the first rehearsal. The papers will hear of it and be eager to print an article describing the society and giving the names of its officers and members. The chances are that the idea will take hold, the numbers double in a week, and all the leading singers be drawn in.

To meet expenses the members could purchase their own music and pay annual dues. This would probably cover the printing, advertising, and rent of hall for concerts. Then the members could gain subscriptions from their friends and see that the town is thoroughly canvassed. With this money one or two well-known artists could be engaged; then the date be announced and the work begun.

Whether the society be of mixed voices, of men alone, or of women, it is bound to be a potent force for music. Fifty members will represent nearly as many families and many different social circles, among whom musical interests will be widely diffused. With tactful management, fortunate selections, and thorough training the concert ought to be a success and the society permanently established.

The Press.

It is well to enlist the leading papers in the cause of good music. If our musician visits the editor or proprietor of each he will generally be met half-way. They will be glad to find some one who can write intelligent criticisms of musical events, and in return for such services will probably be willing to print advance notices and critiques of his musical undertakings. Of course, he will send them complimentary tickets. He may have to write the notices of his own concerts, and it would be a false sense of modesty which would prevent him from doing so. He need not praise himself, but the work he is doing should be explained to the public, and the musician has as good a right to advertise as the business man.

Social Life.

It is sometimes a necessity for a composer to deny himself to society for a time and develop his ideas in the seclusion of his own room, but it is a great mistake for a musician whose work is that of an educator not to take part in the social life of his town. One who wishes to make the public musical must know the public and be known of them. He will be invited to perform at sociables and receptions where people will talk while he plays. The artist in him will rebel at giving his services and not having them appreciated; but some will listen and remember. When a church needs an organist, a chorus a director, a college a lecturer, they will be the more likely to turn to one who is personally known to them and constantly before them in connection with musical matters.

* * *

It is not to be supposed that all the above lines of work can be carried on at once in every community or that they are the only ones. Each musician will develop the plan that fits his surroundings best. But let him bear in mind one thing: it is a slow, very slow process to develop musical life. It requires tireless energy, unceasing labor, the courage to make new departures, and the persistency to continue, year after year, when there are no signs of progress. Some time the ice will break and the tireless worker will realize that the objects of his effort have gradually been attained and have brought with them many benefits unsought and unforeseen.

Every true teacher's instruction, advice, suggestions, and help are worth more than the money value he receives for the lessons. He must always give more than he receives.

Repose of mind and manner in a pupil can be successfully taught. When a hurried or nervous habit is being formed it is often needful to stop the lesson and engage in a few minutes' pleasant conversation on some topic in which you know the pupil is interested. This will give time for composure of mind and will relieve the tension.

Four-hand playing is important in every lesson. It not only gives valuable habits in time and on true idea of rhythm, but it inspires confidence. Then it is a sure way of acquiring sight-reading.

HOW TO ASSIMILATE.

BY WARDIE CRESCENT.

THE student who sets himself to work to acquire knowledge, and neglects to consider the question of how he is to arrange and classify it for himself, so that it be at hand when needed, and in orderly, compact, available form, is guilty of a misdemeanor which is exceedingly popular in all communities and is therefore regarded with exceeding lenience by their members; he is simply *wasting time.*

He is not usually aware of it in the student-days, but there are two ways of wasting the time which is set apart for education: one is to neglect to consider the question of assimilation (in which case his study becomes of no practical use to him) and the other is to spend the time in idleness. As to this latter, he is, of course, instantly ready to salve his conscience. He indignantly points out, to himself and to those who may presume to think that he probably is like other people, that he has hardly known what it was to rest for the past three months; week after week has gone by and found him eagerly occupied with work in some form or other; if a man or woman can study eight or ten hours a day and then at the end be accused of idleness it is evident that some radical revision of the moral law has occurred and righteousness and justice have taken upon themselves new-fangled meanings.

ONE MAY WORK AND YET BE IDLE.

And yet a man can work all day and nevertheless be idle; for idleness has other phases than sitting on a veranda-chair or lying on the grass on a sunny morning. He can work,—that is to say, be busily occupied,—yet perhaps wasting his energies on something which is keeping him from devoting his attention to the main thing. That is usually a task from which he shrinks because of its difficulty: it would cost him at least an effort of nerve to begin to do it, and nerve is exactly what we all hesitate to do anything but abuse until we learn that only by using it can something be achieved. If he be a painter, he can always find some side-track on which to be busy; he has to buy a larger easel, or better colors, or different paper and canvas for this great idea that is to come, instead of setting himself down to do it with the material that was lying to his hand. "No day without a line" is the old maxin of the Latins; one sheet of paper or piece of canvas covered with attempts is better than a dozen intended masterpieces. One hour devoted to the removal of a known fault in music is better than a day spent in doing things in the old futile fashion.

HOW TO PROMOTE ASSIMILATION.

If he ask the question how the knowledge he has acquired is best to be assimilated, how he is so to work it into himself as to be able to make use of it at any moment, the obvious answer suggests itself that assimilation is not a thing which he is able to control. He can only place himself in a position that makes it possible; for it is a subtle, silent process that goes on if he allow it to do so, but not unless.

This it unfortunately is which his very eagerness prevents him from considering, or which is made impossible, at least difficult, in other ways. If he be not himself eager he is liable to be endowed with anxious parents who mistake severity for kindness; he must work, work, work; more especially is it desirable that he undergo the discipline of working in directions that are uncongenial to him; youth is the time when the seed is sown; we must be active so long as the day allows. He is thus urged on to fresh acquirement. If the parents are not behind him he has the plodders among his colleagues as example. In nine cases out of ten he is apt to meet with a teacher who judges of progress by the time expended, who with the best intentions strives to stimulate his energy, not perhaps ignorant, but very frequently forgetful of the proverbial effect of all work on Master Jack and not an hour of play.

The sad effects of this are to be seen in every town; if a city have a reputation for culture, there it is sure to be. Pupils eagerly pay for lessons, or their parents do it for them, but they would be more than likely to consider the money wasted if the teacher were to suggest some day that he and they instead should spend the afternoon in roaming through the woods. And yet if he were capable at all, of any real use as teacher, he could often be of greater service in the one way than the other; for play is not one whit less important than work, and few can do it well; moreover the jaded student, not to speak of the jaded master, cannot play alone; if he be left to do so he would be as apt as not to return to his task again.

And so assimilation is prevented. If we give way to our national curse, the "quick lunch," or were to do nothing but eat all day, our digestive organs would soon begin to let us know that they felt called upon to disapprove; if we neglect the warning, the food that we take is doing us infinitely more harm than good, the time that has been spent in taking it has been more than wasted.

Were we compelled to pay the cat a few dollars for an hour's instruction we probably should give attention to her, and there we have an object-lesson of the finest; but unfortunately it is to be had for nothing, and so we do not respect it. To be as active as she when occasion requires and as absolutely passive when at rest is the ideal condition. *She* never suffers from nervous prostration, and yet she can earn her living, if need be, better than we. But her instinct tells her that assimilation is necessary, tells her also that all she can do is to give it time and rest.

Neither her nor any other active mind is idle when it is apparently doing nothing.

THE public school should lay the foundation of morals, and music is clearly recognized as one of the moral forces by all students of sociology.—*Hawley.*

MOZART'S GENIUS.

BY CONSTANTIN VON STERNBERG.

THERE is a serious doubt in my mind whether our imagination, so ready to conjecture and to depict the future, is equally capable of grasping and representing the past to our intelligence. The histories of the world, of science, or of art, furnish a superabundance of data, to be sure, to assist our imagination; but, to the majority of minds, these data are just data, and nothing more; they do not unveil the picture of the world as it looked before some great mind impressed it with its stamp.

MOZART, HIS FATHER AND SISTER.

Difficulty of estimating genius.

And yet such a retroactive imagination is indispensable to all who wish to fully recognize and correctly estimate that mysterious quality called Genius. Flippant philosophers may say that this is quite unnecessary; the fruit of Genius is here; we can feed on it; what matters the condition of things before it grew? Such flippancy ought to be told that it stands on the same plane as the ass who feeds on clover, with never a thought how it came to be there, nor—and that is the other side of the medal—how it will come there again next year. All the progress of the world has been achieved by delving into the past; by observing phenomena, tracing them back to their origin, deducing first principles and exploring them more thoroughly. It is not a philosophical somersault to say, for instance, that the improved health and extended longevity of our present generation are primarily due to those who, like Darwin, went farthest into the past of the human race to ascertain its conditions of existence. That the average mind does not possess this necessary strength of imagination to understand the past is beyond dispute, and it is at the same time the reason why the meaning of the word Genius has never been satisfactorily defined. We cannot define what we cannot fully appreciate, and as one notices one attribute of Genius, and the next one another, each one defines only that fraction of Genius which has revealed itself to him. Hence, Schumann, himself a genius, was not far wrong when he said that "perhaps only a genius can fully understand another genius." One sees this in Genius, the other that, as said before, and it needs time till the one and the other and the third and the hundred thousandth have proved to each other that all they saw was true and was contained in one and the same genius.

Genius admits not of comparison.

Herein lies the explanation of the circumstance that the present ever subjects its great masters to disputes, while those of the past are unanimously revered. The world, in the latter case, has had time to settle the disputes and to grow up to the prophetic truths uttered by the masters of the past.

The man who originated the saying "Comparisons are odious" must himself have been a genius, for it is undeniable that Genius and its works are exempt from comparison, because each genius is perfect in his own way. Still, the human heart, in contemplating Genius, is apt to apply its own individual measurement to it, and—well—it will compare, it will judge subjectively, forgetting that the work of Genius outlasts the short life of an individual, and should therefore be judged by the broader, if chillier, measure of objectivity. Are we to blame, though, if we love Mozart for what he is to us? Surely not! Only we ought to remember how many have said the same thing before "us," and that to every generation he said more the more material for comparison it possessed. One generation loved Mozart, though it had already risen to Beethoven; another loved him as well as Schubert; we love him in spite of Wagner, Brahms, and Tschaikowsky, and that, of course, proves the lasting quality of Mozart's art more and ever more. Viewing Mozart's genius in this light, he assumes an aspect so gigantic, so luminous, so lovable as to bring one to the verge of injustice toward the rest of musical history.

Whence comes Mozart's melody?

Reverting again to the opening lines, depicting to our minds the status of music before the advent of Mozart and contemplating the newness, genuineness, and richness of his melody, we see something that is very little short of a miracle. We must remember that in Mozart's day the Bach cult was almost totally in abeyance. It was much later that Mendelssohn and Liszt rescued

Bach from oblivion. Bach's broadly-flowing *cantilena*, his truly "endless melody" (for which many give Wagner undue credit), can therefore not be considered as the real progenitor of Mozart's melody. Where, then, did it come from? Ah, that is one of those questions that baffle philosophy, and cannot be answered without a large apparatus of biology and sociology, only to remain hypothetical after all.

Mozart's melody was a free and independent step from Haydn into the future of music. Beautiful as Haydn's melody is, Anachreontic in its type, it has also the brevity of breath, and not quite the organic unity of the Greek poet's verses. Mozart's melody came like a breeze of spring, of wider waft, fragrance-laden, luscious, of exquisite sensuous (not sensual) charm, and of a purity in its underlying feeling which is unequaled to this day. The word "unequaled" must, however, not be misconstrued; it should be remembered that no great mind ever gives so much as a thought to "equal" anybody. This "equaling" business is a modern product of commercialism, that brought us the bane of competition, which in its turn has led the present age to regard the vice of ambition as a virtue, just as if aspiration and ambition were synonymous.

Quality of Mozart's melody.

The chastity and purity of Mozart's melody is what has caused his art to be called "Hellenic," and not altogether unjustly so. As in Greek art, beauty for its own sake superseded all considerations of emotion, as the Milesian Aphrodite charms the eye without solving the mystery it offers to the heart, so does Mozart's melody lift us either into Olympian serenity or into a mood of passion or even wrath such as a Greek god would feel, but never into such suffering or resignation as might fall to the sad lot of you and me. Even in his religious music the intimate touch of the human heart in search of its Creator, that touch with which every measure of Bach is quivering, is not as strong as the elements of—I might call it in an Hellenic sense—god-like beauty. Mozart expresses the glory of God, the radiance of the heavens, but not the relation between divinity and the soul that craves forgiveness for its erring. His art is bound to outlast all others, because of the very absence of the personal element, an absence which looks like a fault to lower criticism, but which, in the view of the higher critic, rises to sublimity because it makes Mozart's art the loftiest of all.

There! again—"the loftiest!" As if challenging comparison! Let us remember that the dwellers on the mountains live on a higher situation than those in the valley, but are not any better people on that account. All great minds differ from each other in type, but this difference is not one of value or merit. A fish is not better than a squirrel because he can live under water. Each creature must find its own plane of life, and, if on this plane it becomes the most useful of its species and generation, it is called "great," but it cannot enter into comparisons with other species, generations, types, or life-planes. Not in the world of thought, at any rate.

Rubinstein held that Mozart and Schubert, if cast out of musical history, would take all sunshine with them, and he was eminently right. While Schubert's sunshine warms us perhaps more, Mozart's sun is the great light! Who will say which is the more important?

Impersonality.

The element of "impersonality"—to label it thus for the moment—does not preclude the dramatic ingredient in Mozart's art; on the contrary, Mozart is highly dramatic, and not only in his operas. Look at his "Fantasia in C-minor," and behold a thrilling tragedy with every attribute: a tragedy of events if you will, a tragedy that has occurred from time's beginning, that will recur forever, but—perhaps—not to you and me.

In his operas his characters are strongly designed; they are types, not persons. Don Giovanni is joy of life carried to the extreme, and means sensuality, sin, crime, etc., emanating from a source which in itself is pure and God-given, but abused. Leporello is not a flunkey or valet or servant, he is *the* flunkey, valet, servant. Anna, Elvira, and Zerlina are not three foolish maidens, but the maidenly foolishness of three social strata, a foolishness ever true, ever the same to the world's end, and thank heaven for it! The only art—besides that of Hellas—to which Mozart's could be likened is perhaps that of Raphael. As his two great Madonnas (the *San Sisto* and *della Sedia*) despite their total difference will never strike anyone as portraits of some particular women, but rather as the embodiments of the sum-total of the type, we might say of maternal chastity, of the "eternal womanly," of the purest possible love, so does Mozart's art rise above the personal, and it will therefore be eternal, or what we mean by it in a human way.

* * *

To its full sublimity Mozart's art will not open up but to those who themselves can rise above their own personal selves and affairs, because a quart cannot be poured into a pint vessel; but whatever your portion of appreciation may be, however little of its total sublimity you may be able to "take in," that much of it will be an undisguised blessing. From the viewpoint of workmanship—an important one in art—every line of Mozart's writing will show a consummate contrapuntal mastery, perfection of form, beauty of design, gracefulness, and sensuous charm; but, beyond all this, his art will purify your mind, it will illumine your soul, it will clear your heart, and lift you up to a higher plane of thought, of life. And whenever you think, later on, that your life has reached this higher plane, just take up Mozart again to find that he shows you a still higher one, and so on until you reach the very foot-stool of Divinity, whence you may gaze into its glory, as he must have done, the master of masters in music—Mozart.

WASTE IN MUSICAL EDUCATION.

BY J. LAWRENCE ERB.

Economy is the watch-word of the day. The enormous concentrations of capital which mark the past decade exist mainly for reasons of economy, the greatest industries being generally the most economical.

Music- teachers and students need to take this matter to heart. A vast amount of money, time, and energy are wasted every year in the pursuit of musical education. For instance, beginners frequently pay $4.00 or more for each lesson with a teacher of national, or international reputation, when, for a fraction of the money, they could acquire the same methods from his pupils or assistants, oftentimes under the immediate supervision of the great man himself. It is a fact that a lengthy course of study with such a teacher is frequently a mistake, unless the pupil possess unlimited funds. For, except the time can be given up to the study of repertoire, a large portion of the lesson must nearly always be spent in technical routine, which could be attended to in detail in a much shorter period, only that the pupil has paid for so many minutes of the teacher's time.

Of course, a poor teacher is expensive at any price; but a properly qualified teacher, who—by reason of youth, inexperience, or lack of reputation—must teach for half, or a third of what the more famous man commands, is frequently a better investment during the formative period, especially as he is more likely to be in touch with the beginner. It is not customary to employ university professors to teach children the alphabet.

Much time is wasted in repetition or upon needless details. Why must a lesson be 30 or 40 or 60 minutes long? In the majority of cases the actual teaching of the lesson is done in a much shorter period; and both teacher and pupil are bored by the padding necessary to fill up the time. We admire the physician who attends to a patient's wants without wasting precious moments, and are glad to see him go as soon as he is through. We laud the minister who boils his sermons down to twenty minutes or half an hour. But the music-teacher must worry along until the lesson-time is up, even if to do so he must repeat the point he wishes to make until the pupil is weary, or cover it up with less important details which simply draw the mind away from it. Every lesson has its climax; and if, when that climax is reached, the pupil could be sent away to digest what he has received, both teacher and pupil would do better work.

Especially is this the case with children or beginners. In a few minutes enough material can be given to the pupil to keep him busy until the next lesson. Beginning is trying work at best, and to have to spend three-fourths of the lesson-time in attempts which are likely to end in failure seems to me a mistake. The pupil would accomplish more, and surely would feel more at ease, if such things did not have to be; and much of the unpleasantness between teacher and pupil could thus be avoided. Such a reform, for instance, would put a discount upon carelessness on the part of the pupil. For, if he realized that as soon as he recited his lesson satisfactorily, he could go, and not until then, the chances are that he would do his best.

The teacher's income need not suffer; for, if he does his work just as well in a fraction of the time usually allotted to it, surely no one should object. On the other hand, it makes his possible income as much larger than at present as his ability would warrant.

Now a word as to waste of energy. It is a source of pride to many pupils—unfortunately too commonly encouraged by their teacher—that they practice a certain number of hours a day. I have heard some boast of seven or eight hours a day of piano practice, when they should have blushed for their foolishness. The great artists do not practice any such period, except for short intervals under unusual circumstances, nor do the great teachers, as a rule, advise it. In fact, the tendency is very strong in favor of four or five hours as the utmost limit of practice. Eight hours is considered a day's work in all the trades or in business, and surely music, which makes so many more demands on the performer's energy, is much more exhausting.

The business of the student is not to use up his strength in getting an education, but to husband or, if possible, increase it, to be ready for the infinitely harder work of earning a living. Music-study should always answer to its name. The exploitation of any pet method or technical system at the expense of the music-education proper is a waste of both time and energy, and is to be discouraged. Such study reminds one of the man who wrote, legibly, the whole of the Lord's Prayer on the face of a postage-stamp.

This, then, is the problem for serious-minded teachers and pupils to consider: how to avoid waste in music-study. These suggestions may be of use:

1. There is room for teachers of all grades. The primary teacher who understands his business is as necessary as the finishing master.

2. The laborer is always worthy of his hire; but it doesn't pay to hire a sculptor to build a brick wall.

3. Within certain limits teachers should be allowed to use their discretion as to the length of lessons. If they are not honest and conscientious, they don't deserve patronage.

4. Repetition is necessary, but there may be too much of a good thing. Better wait until next lesson to clinch a point, rather than discourage the pupil.

5. The *amount* of work is not nearly so important as the *kind* of work. Josef Hofmann usually practices only two or three hours a day, but he practices with his *brains*.

6. Always it is *music* that we are teaching and studying; methods and systems are only a means to the end, and must take a secondary place.

ONE POINT OF VIEW FOR THE STUDENT.

BY W. J. BALTZELL.

In a book recently published a writer directs attention to two points of view which denote the attitude of persons toward life. The first he calls static, that is the attitude which views things as they are at present, "that mountains will keep always the same height, rivers the same length, nations the same character." The second is dramatic, that sees things as "things that become."

The latter view lays stress, not on permanence, but upon development and evolution. It is, therefore, peculiarly the view that the student of music, who wishes to do his duty to his work, should make his own. He has no right to feel aught else than that he must advance if he is to be worthy the position which he occupies as a learner. He must recognize that he is living amid constantly changing conditions. He is not to-day what he was yesterday, not what he will be to-morrow. Man is acted upon by his environment, and reacts upon it; so that he cannot remain in a state of rest, particularly in this day of rush and seething activity. He himself contributes to the changing conditions. Growing out of this comes the thought that the student is not to be mastered by circumstances, must not yield unthinkingly to the impelling force of his environment, but must make himself master, must be a strong, directing force in his own development. He is to make of himself something that he wants to be. It may take longer than he had expected, but the end he has in view—we assume it to be a worthy one—must be made to come, and he must stick to it steadily. The course of study laid out by his teachers, if well arranged and properly considered, should advance him. That is the reason courses are made and followed; that is the tribute paid to experience and to knowledge. But the student must not forget this one thing: that, while much depends upon his course of study and upon the work his teachers do for him and with him, still every bit as much, if not more, depends upon himself. He is working, after all, not merely to acquire knowledge, not merely to acquire technical skill, but is trying to advance himself, to bring out what is in him, to make himself a force, to develop a personality that shall be individual and independent. There is a place in the world for him; the size of that place depends much on himself.

Every student knows of the great teachers of to-day, many students are sitting at the feet of masters in the art of instruction. Do they reflect that time is inexorable, and that perhaps before long these teachers will lay down their work? Who is to take it up if not their pupils? Therefore the student, if he intends to enter the profession as a teacher, is to keep in mind that some day he may be called to take up the work that his own teacher lays down. When one views the teacher's work in this way he loses the impersonal sense of its responsibilities. He does not think of himself as one who is to *teach* some day, but as one who is to take upon himself a distinct work, *his own teacher's work*, to follow in the footsteps which he can see plainly, and to measure up to a standard already set clearly and unmistakably.

This imposes two duties: First he must study his teacher's personality in the broadest, fullest sense of the word; his abilities, his knowledge, his general equipment. Second, he must be content with nothing less; and, the more he can improve upon that standard, the better he will be able to fill the position waiting for him.

EAT SLOWLY.

BY WARDIE CRESCENT.

The art of non-assimilation is one which most of us, without perhaps being aware of it, have at our finger-ends. We practice it industriously every day, and, that being the case, it can hardly be matter for surprise that we become adepts at it long before we have learned to excel in any other direction. It might be otherwise if we lived a natural existence; but that is precisely what few of us have any opportunity of doing; we are flung into the stream of city-life at an early stage, our parents say that it is good experience for us, and we have to accommodate ourselves to its whirl and rush as best we may. We learn quickness, the quick lunch especially in its many forms; by and by we come to think that we prefer it to any other; time is too precious, we dare not waste it by taking our food with deliberation; we therefore encourage ourselves to believe that we must, in our own interests, acquire the habit of rapid swallowing. As it is much more easy to do this, under the nervous conditions by which we are surrounded, than it would be to acquire the habit of patience and deliberation, we soon are masters of the art of how not to assimilate.

If questioned as to whether or not we considered an overdose or a too rapid dose of food to be beneficial to any living creature, we would probably be ready with our answer. We smile when we see our neighbor cramming. That is not the way to do, we say; for we know that food when taken in such a way can never be digested, and is much more likely to produce unhealthy growth in the individual, whether spiritually or physically, than to be in any way a profit to him. If he were to hear our criticism and reply that we noticed his error the more readily because of our own tendency in the same direction, we should smile again, if indeed we did not laugh outright. For, in spite of our earnest determination to be modest, we are convinced at least of one thing, that we know ourselves: our strength, our weakness, our good points, and our failings. We know what is good for us and what is not. Above all, we know that we are no longer children, we have attained to man and womanhood, and there is one thing in particular which we learned when

very young. That is, that food to be beneficial must be eaten very slowly, and that, if we do not allow sufficient time for digestion and assimilation, we might as well not eat at all. It is one more of the good old adages which we have heard so often that we no longer think of them as applying to ourselves. Whether in taking our physical or our mental food with us it is the same; we forget the kindly Friar's injunction: "Wisely and slow; they stumble who run fast."

We cannot even be quietly receptive in the presence of our friends. Talk we must, especially if we have nothing to say, for then indeed there is virtue in conversation; he who has acquired the habit of regarding trivial matters as better topics than none at all is already far advanced. His powers of digestion and assimilation are weakened, and he is calling on his nerves to supply the blank. If he turn out to be a wreck at the time when he might have been expected to be a sound human vessel, it can hardly cause surprise. We meet at very short intervals, says a seldom considered writer, not having had time to acquire any new value for each other. We meet at meals three times a day and give each other a new taste of that musty old cheese that we are. We have to agree on a certain set of rules called etiquette and politeness to make this frequent meeting tolerable, and that we need not come to open war. In other words, we do not give ourselves time for digestion and assimilation. It is only necessary to listen to the conversation between the young man and woman of to-day to realize this fully. Heaven forbid that they should talk philosophy! But something less inane and unworthy might surely be forthcoming if their relationships were less strained while seeming to be so free.

It is because students practice so constantly the art of non-assimilation that they so seldom attain to terms of real friendship, of real intimacy, with their work. They coquette with it, toy with it, become impertinently familiar with it; but know it and really care for it they do not. If they did they would respect it, they would not so gladly set it aside when their daily duty toward it was performed; they would not heave sigh of relief and say, thank goodness that is done, I have been really busy to-day; now I can have a little pleasure for an hour or two.

Music is the poetical medium of expression for what is not in the province of literature, of sculpture, of painting, of acting, or of architecture. Whereas literature, whether in prose or verse, describes or states emotions or perceptions or impressions; whereas sculpture imitates the outward forms of animate beings; whereas painting vitalizes with color the forms of sculpture; and whereas acting adds speech to the written words of the dramatist, music embodies the inward feelings of which all these other arts can but exhibit the effect.—*Macfarren.*

THE CHOICE OF TECHNIC.

BY WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD.

[The following rather comprehensive query was referred by the editor to Mr. Sherwood. His reply contains much suggestive thought as to the training in higher musicianship such as leads to independence on the part of the player. It indicates a course of training which will make it possible to discover in a composition itself certain clear indications as to interpretation and the choice of technical means to express that interpretation. The best educators in music recognize that the player who will interpret a work of art must learn the principles of art-construction. The student of piano-music should also study composition, not to compose, but to help him to interpret.—Editor.]

"Will you kindly express your views on the following questions: An artist takes a composition that he has never seen before and prepares it for a recital. In doing so, he naturally gives it an interpretation; this interpretation is dependent upon a number of things which are only in part indicated by the so-called 'expression-marks' as suggested by the composer. Our query is: What is it that guides an artist in his choice of different touches, or in his selection of certain effects that demand certain touches in order to realize them? There must be some system upon which he works, something that gives reason for his selection of legato in one place, staccato in another, portamento, arm-stroke, wrist-stroke, or finger-action, and in the possible varieties of touch and rhythm and of tempo. There must be something in the music, in its apparent character, which suggests certain styles of execution."

The reply to this amounts to almost an entire musical education, and can be answered by an enlightened and highly-trained teacher in modern methods of music-study and analysis, and technic, by giving a long course of lessons to an intelligent pupil. There are so many sides involved in such study that the average teacher scarcely covers them all. He may be great in a few things and unfortunately deficient in others necessary to form a well-balanced, artistic whole. I am reminded of one of my visits to Liszt by this question.

A young woman, I regret to say an American lady from New York, was playing the "Soirée de Vienne" to the great master, or, rather, she was playing at it. She had an abundance of strength, and while bringing out all the themes for the right hand, generally with much more energy than taste or artistic feeling, she was spoiling the entire composition with slovenly and undeveloped accompaniment with the left hand. Liszt sat down to the piano (after he had considerably amused those present with various shrugs of the shoulders and sarcastic remarks behind the young lady's back) and played the part written for

the left hand through some two pages. His grouping of bases (generally consisting of one note each measure) into phrases, making thereof expressive melodies, and his touch, piquancy, and blending of the harmonic parts played in chords by the left hand, was such a thing of beauty and artistic interpretation in itself that an ideal musical performance was the result. The master's imagination and musical feeling were shown in this performance to such a degree that no one missed the principal parts of the composition as written for the other hand.

And herein lies a great secret. The music-student who would really interpret music well must study the rhythm and accent, the harmony and phrasing, the melodic designs, the relative values and proportions of *all parts* of the composition to be rendered. Many music-students of my acquaintance have taken diplomas in the study of harmony at various musical institutions both at home and abroad. These same students appear to be unable or unwilling to investigate the harmony and other theoretical elements as used by the composers of the music they would perform. They do not stop to think how this kind of analysis, properly developed, helps the student to construct and to outline the composition he plays, as if created by himself; how that, in finding out the processes, the symmetry and methods generally of the composer, he *first* understands the true outline of expression; he learns what to accent and how to accent; he helps his memory amazingly and develops an inner consciousness of the art-elements in their true nature in the work before him.

This kind of study, leading, as it does, to a real awakening of one's musical nature, is the best guide to that "will-of-the-wisp," TECHNIC! Such music-study, more than anything else, has enabled me to distinguish between the employment of different methods of action and varieties of touch.

The various modern uses of the arm, wrist, hand, and knuckle-control, as *related* to the use of the fingers, involve a dozen opportunities where the old methods would yield one. The analysis of interpretative elements in music, as shown by such theoretical works as those by A. J. Goodrich and "Pianistic Expression," by Adolph Christiani, are very practical and useful works in this most necessary line of study. The two hundred canons by Kunz, in the Schirmer edition, with a long preface, containing theoretical explanations, can be recommended to every genuine music-student who would know the truth.

I have endeavored, in editing the following list of publications (Theodor Kullak, "Seven Octave Studies," Op. 48; Henselt, "If I were a Bird"; Chopin "Etudes," Op. 25, No. 1 and No. 9; Moszkowski, "Musical Moment," Op. 7, No. 2; A. Hollaender, "March in D-flat," Op. 39; Grieg, "Ase's Death" and "Anitra's Dance" from "Peer Gynt," Op. 46; W. H. Sherwood, "Coy Maiden," Op. 10; "Gipsy Dance," Op. 11; "Medea," Op. 13; "Buy a Broom," "Ethelinda," "Exhilaration," "Caudle Lecture"; "Christmas Dance," Op. 14; "Allegro Patetico," Op. 12; "Autumn," Op. 15; Rheinberger, "Fugue in G-minor"), to throw some light upon interpretative technic, etc., with a view to helping out in this line. The suggestions, particularly in the "Octave Studies" and the use of the damper pedal, will probably be objected to by those who only half-understand them, or who do not give them a fair trial.

My own course of instruction, with the aid of assistant teachers, is permanently outlined to cover such theoretical and analytical points, comprising the analysis of music in its simplest elementary form and continuing through a course of harmony as related to expression in the performance of the student's pieces; continuing through the different kinds of analysis as suggested above, and including interpretation and recital classes in addition to private lessons in piano-playing. Such a course is calculated to look after the student's musical advancement from a sufficient number of sides to avoid narrowness and the pitfalls of the average music-student. A pupil working on such lines ought to be able to tell at all times what key he is playing in, what harmony he is reading, which notes belong to that harmony, and otherwise. He ought to train the ear through the habit of listening to his own work, coupled with such intelligent analysis as would enable him to remember the accidentals throughout the measure, on account of their sound and natural relation to the design of the composer. He should actually be able to correct wrong notes, if he finds them in print; to know where to accent and in what proportion; to manage the damper pedal rightly, and select appropriate movements of the hand and qualities of touch.

This subject admits of unending remark and study. It is as broad and many-sided as music itself—its resources almost infinite.

THE NATURE AND RANGE OF FUNDAMENTAL EAR-TRAINING.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

I USED to think that any piano-pupil who would practice good music and learn it by heart would eventually arrive at really sympathetic playing of it, largely through the unconscious influence of contact with musical inspiration from the great composers. The more gifted ones *will* do this. But even these often show a tardiness or complete failure to grow into refinement and mature taste in music, and later I have discovered that this failure has been due almost invariably to simple inattention and carelessness of ear. Many a pupil, who by good luck has become able to play quite long programs by heart, has shown a liability to fail in memory under stress at points impossible to be excused if there had been any continuity of musical thought in the pupil's mind. The fundamental failure of most of our music-teaching is in its not laying proper foundation in individual ability to hear all the things which go to make up music. Not to hear is the same to a player

as not to see to a painter. Music travels into the sensorium of man by the gate of the ear, and by this gate only. This, therefore, is the strategic point. Get a good ear, a really good ear, and everything else is possible.

Some Workers on These Lines.

The main principle above has been widely recognized, and is made a good deal of by many modern teachers, chiefly women. Their work has everything in its favor; but a great deal of it does not fully recognize the amplitude of the ground which must be covered before we have a foundation for all that part of our musical art which includes the great masters.

I have taken occasion to interview several practical teachers of children concerning their course upon this line. For example, Miss Julia Caruthers, of Chicago, who has a large and flourishing school, devotes her ear-work to the simple matters of pulsation, measure, and time divisions; and to the accurate hearing of diatonic melody, extending later to hearing a second voice in connection with a leading voice already observed and recorded. This is excellent so far as it goes. I believe the popular writer for children, Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, now of St. Joseph, Mo., conducts her ear-training along similar lines; but, as she has many advanced pupils, later on she includes more of the particulars of the more advanced hearing.

Miss Blanche Dingley, of Chicago, who brings to her work a long experience in music,—in chamber-music, piano, and the harp,—takes the highest ground on this subject of anyone I have talked with. Miss Dingley says: "I do not consider it any trick at all to teach a child to hear and note short melodies of diatonic construction. Any child who knows the scale ought to be able to do this kind of work with very little trouble, and it is only in consequence of neglect that more pupils are not able to do it. I consider all this work to be a legitimate task for the public school, and believe that all pupils of good ears are able to hear so much of music as this almost as soon as their attention is directed to it. This is not the point. I begin along a different line.

Harmonic Treatment an Important Element in Art-Music.

"What is it that differentiates our art-music from all the great flood of popular music? Simply the harmonic treatment; even the characteristic elevation of melody in art-music is due primarily to the harmonic relations, and not essentially to the melodic intervals themselves, being noticeably different from those of popular music. As soon as we turn to the harmony of art-music, *there* we find the key to the entire significance of it. The moods mainly turn upon the harmonic foundation; to appreciate Bach is first a matter of harmony and later of that form of harmony which we call polyphony: that is, the concurrence of several melodies at the same time each with a rational progression. This element not only lies at the foundation of our love for Bach, but also enters into the proper interpretation of all the greater music of the great writers since.

"Moreover, even in harmony, I desire much beyond what is commonly considered sufficient. To appreciate the plain harmonies of the key, the tonic, dominant, and subdominant in the major mode, I do not think any adequate foundation for the later development of taste of which we are in search. It is the unusual chords, the diminished and augmented chords, the key-relations in the minor mode, which are needed as a foundation for understanding the poetical music of all the great masters.

What Pupils Should Learn to Hear.

"Therefore I desire the young pupil to learn to hear chords in key, to recognize off-hand, instantly, the effect of any chord legitimately introduced in key-connection. The peculiar expression of the notes of the scale depends upon the chords to which they belong, and not wholly to the place of the individual tone in the scale. Therefore when a pupil has learned to recognize first the usual chords of the major tonality with certainty, then I introduce one after another of the less usual ones: those of the second, third, sixth, and seventh degrees. The difference between major and minor, and the novelty of the diminished triads are ear-effects entirely capable of recognition, even with no great experience; otherwise there would be no fine music, since all the fine music turns upon these more subtle tonal effects.

"What I am after is the effect of the given chord—'in block,' as you might say—heard off-hand and instantly recognized as the chord of *do, fa, sol,* etc., without distinguishing or listening in this act for the place of the treble or bass—merely the characteristic effect of the tonic, dominant, subdominant, and later the others. Then it is to hear how the chord is placed, which chord-tone is uppermost, and which the lowest. Later on, in this method, the inversions are as easily recognized in their key-relation as when the chords are in fundamental position.

"Then we learn to hear still more definitely. A given succession of chords is recognized; to make it as easy as possible, the tonic, followed by dominant, and this by tonic. Now the question is to sing the melody of the soprano, that of the alto, the tenor, and the bass—all of which is, of course, perfectly easy to hear, when once the attention is properly directed. To be able to follow and to reproduce the melodies of the inner voice of a progression has in it a world of future power for the student. We are already beginning here toward Bach.

"So soon as certain fundamental elements of the training are established along these lines, the pupil will be able to transpose correctly by ear, repeating any short progression in almost any key desired.

Moreover, as a consequence of study of this kind, the student begins to notice a world of difference between the mere empty commonplaces and jingles which commonly fill up the first steps to playing, and simple pieces which really are musical and mean something—which is the same thing, although I do not consider this repetition superfluous."

Here the interviewer asked whether she had any system by means of which this work could be done in classes.

Class and Individual Work.

"I do not think that this work can be done in classes," she said. "It is not a question of certain exercises, but of certain individual qualifications in hearing. It is necessary to handle every pupil individually. Each step must be repeated until exact hearing is made sure along that step, when an advance is made, and reviewing is one's main occupation. It is not possible to ascertain in a class which pupil really hears and which smartly anticipates the slower utterance of a real hearer. Yet nothing but actual hearing, conscious hearing, is of any value as foundation for later attainments."

Work Demanded by this Plan.

With regard to the keyboard progress under a system which begins in this way by teaching music (for music consists of certain designed tonal effects), Miss Dingley is positive that even in the first grade the playing covers as much ground, and after that progresses vastly more rapidly. The truth of this will appear probable enough as soon as we remember that all pupils who happen to have this kind of musical qualification naturally (as all artistic pupils have it) advance with prodigious rapidity and reach advanced artistic work at a period when the average pupil is doing business with forms utterly destitute of musical value.

When asked for a definition of the compass which ought to be covered by a pupil in the first grade, Miss Dingley replied: "For completing the first grade I would require a pupil to know perfectly well at least eight tonalities, major and minor; in the sense of being able to designate the signatures and accidentals off-hand, for any key, name instantly the tones composing the chords in such keys (tonic, chord of *re*, chord of *mi*, etc.), and be able to play cadences or successions of these chords in any designated musical order. I would not expect them to be able to hear inversions clearly until toward the end of the second grade: partly for the reason that listening for inversions diverts attention from the relations of the chords in the key—which is a general effect, like a color, or an individuality, to be cognized intuitively and without conscious listening for individual tones.

"The pupil begins to play scales in her second lesson, and by the end of the first grade should be able to play easily and well all these eight scales in all kinds of measure, according to the Mason system—at least with one tone to a unit, and a beginning with two to a unit. She would also have done some work in the arpeggio according to Mason's system."

I asked her what she held concerning the ability to recognize absolute pitch. To this she answered: "I do not desire the pupil to know absolute pitch at this stage. In my experience, one who hears absolute pitch fails to hear sensitively. The power and meaning of music turn not upon absolute pitch, but entirely upon key-relations, chord-successions, and tone-quality, with rhythm as the organizer. Given an ear sensitive to these things in music, and absolute pitch can be acquired by the majority, later, without detriment; but in the beginning absolute pitch is a disadvantage.

"If I were to be asked whether a system of exercises could be formulated covering a systematic ear-training along these lines, I would say that to a really musical teacher no set exercises are necessary. All teachers know the harmonies belonging to the key, both major and minor, and some are able to improvise harmonic phrases intelligently. You begin with the simplest possible relations and progressively add to the complexity. First major triads, later minor; then sevenths; the chords of the minor key, etc. As soon as one chord is made familiar, teach its construction practically, upon the keyboard." Miss Dingley places emphasis upon securing instantaneous anewers to questions. She says that nothing is really known which cannot be thought instantly; therefore she works at the same point until it can be quickly answered in this way.

I have devoted so much space to this interview because these views are in advance of most of those presented on the subject; and I have seen their value demonstrated in advanced pupils as well as to children. They are worth thinking over and working upon. At least I think so.

WOMEN AND ORIGINALITY.

BY ALEXANDER MCARTHUR.

Originality, the hall-mark of genius, is born of confidence. As a rule, women, as artists, lack confidence. They are copyists rather than creators, content to follow in the beaten path, to imitate, to be led rather than to lead.

Harsh criticism.

This lack of confidence has been largely augmented by criticism. In fact, women have had much to contend with as regards their critics. "Up to the present," say these latter, "no woman has written a symphony equal to Beethoven; Pessimism in criticism has killed many a fruitful *ergo*, no woman can write symphonies." The same is said of every other domain in music in which women have yet to make their mark. Critics have become so used to berating the efforts of feminine composers that a hearing, if given at all, is biased.

Should the composition happen to be fairly good, it is received with that faint praise so damning in itself. Should the work be mediocre, with derision; its faults particularly emphasized, its good qualities overlooked, left uncommented on, or sneered at. germ, and it is to be regretted that its application has been so persistent in woman's work.

Music waits for the creative spirit in woman.

In a sense, however, women have invited this. They have accepted form in music as they have found it, have written after a pattern not invented by themselves, which probably explains their comparative failure.

Sappho of Mytilene enriched poetry by a lyric measure of the most harmonious character, called, after her, the Sapphic measure, a measure copied in the Latin tongue by Catullus and Horace. Those fortunate enough to include Greek in their accomplishments can bear witness to the strength, the power, and beauty of the Sappho fragments that are known to us to-day.

Rosa Bonheur followed no *genre* in painting. Like Sappho, she created one, and in remarking this it is well to remember that the success of these two women is beyond all cavil, above all suspicion.

In music we still await the advent of a Sappho or a Rosa Bonheur, and, unlike Rubinstein, we do not despair of such an event. Up to the present there is no doubt that in music women are intellectually the inferior of men. But this means nothing so long as men and women are born and art lives. Women students should ignore the contumely cast on their efforts by the opposite sex. Above all, they should not start out with the idea that, because they are women, they cannot reach the heights. A woman with ability can do all that man has done, and more. The paths are open to all, the choosing of the goal alone is the chief difficulty. It is here that confidence comes in, and, if women only had confidence in themselves, they could remove mountains of prejudice and myth as to their lack of ability.

What is woman's sphere in music?

Very many question woman's domain in music. Is it to write symphonies and cradle-songs, or is it to inspire the writing of these in those whom they love and are loved by? The latter is certainly the lot of the greater number, and, it may be added, the happier. The woman who chooses to inspire rather than to write has chosen the better part. It has often been said that, were there no women, there would be no art. And, taking even the most pessimistic view as to the ability of the sex, women can well rest content in their powers of inspiration. One has but to glance over the biographies of Wagner, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and, in fact, all of the composers, with very few exceptions, to realize what an influence the women loved by them have exercised in their art. In this respect George Sand has probably done as much for music as for literature, for it was during the period of her love friendship with Chopin that the music of the latter was greatest and grandest.

Sustained effort necessary.

The lack of sustained effort more than anything else explains woman's want of rank in music. From their childhood men are impressed with the idea that they must look out for themselves, must bring out the best that is in them, must fight to conquer that they may live. It is different with women. They are taught to await the coming of one who will assume all these responsibilities for them.

No art requires greater pertinacity, endurance, and industry in its mastery than music. It is precisely these attributes that are left out in the education of women, whereas they are the basis upon which the whole training of young men is built. It will always be an interesting question how much the sordid instincts of life—mere bread-winning—have to do with success. Possibly it has more to do than we think, and poverty may have done more for art than we give it credit for. Poverty creates effort, sustains it, increases it; and no art requires effort so absolutely as music. Men have had no doubt of this in the past, and their success has been consequent. Women have still to learn this lesson.

Unsympathetic attitude of critics.

It is somewhat disheartening to read Rubinstein's dictum on women in music. But, the quicker some woman takes it to heart, the better. "I know," writes the great Russian musician, "no love-duet composed by a woman and no cradle-song; I do not say that there are none in existence, but that none composed by a woman has had sufficient artistic value to be stamped as a type." There is this, however, to be said in woman's defense: It is only of late that she has given really serious attention to the art, has made it a means of livelihood, and she is doing so now amid very adverse criticism.

When Augusta Holmés' last opera was given at the opera-house in Paris, its advent, long before a hearing was possible, was hailed with jest and scoffing by the French critics. On the night of the first performance, when hurrying through the *Café de Paris* to be in time, I passed one of the most eminent critics leisurely sipping his *petit verre* and smoking.

"You will be late! Come along," I said.

"*Ma foi*, no," he replied. "I shall let you have that pleasure. I shall sit here and think. I know what the Holmés music is like, and later the others will tell me."

Next day his criticism appeared without his having heard a note of the music; and needless to add it was adverse.

No need for doubt.

Women students, however, should not be deterred from trying by this attitude of disdain toward their work. Nor should they be discouraged by the harsh judgment of a musician like

Rubinstein as to their powers. Rubinstein was not infallible in his judgment,—as witness his opinion of Wagner and Brahms, and it must be remembered that no dictum is infallible, no matter from whom it emanates. Women should cultivate confidence in themselves and hope. Above all, they should cultivate effort.

It is to the energetic women of this country that the victory of conquering the adverse opinion of their efforts as composers will doubtless belong. This victory will come when women determine to give up being copyists and have the courage of forging ahead for themselves, after their own fashion and in their own way; in a word, of being original.

THE VALUE OF NUANCE.

BY J. S. VAN CLEVE.

Lowell wrote a poem entitled "L'Envoi," in which he moralizes awhile upon the illusory character of beauty, personified as The Muse. Finally he discovers that this wonderful goddess of beauty is to be found in our very innermost lives, in our daily haunts, at our hearth-stones. We music-students may certainly apply this same thought to our work. Many of the very highest beauties are those which are right at hand.

Thus, the matter of nuance—that is, shading—is of so great importance that it is transcended by nothing in the whole art of the piano. It reveals itself in the very name of the instrument, "*Piano Forte.*" You may not be an Italian scholar, but surely you know enough of that language to be aware that these two words signify "soft" and "loud," or "gentle" and "strong." So, then, the notion of changes in the intensity of tone is fundamental to the very idea of the instrument itself. This is its history, also.

True, J. S. Bach never cared much for the pianoforte, and all his life preferred the harpsichord and even the clavichord; but that was owed to the wretched inadequacy of the hammer machinery in his day. Nevertheless, here as in the case of the steam-engine, which also was at first clumsy, weak, and ineffective, a great and valuable principle was struck upon. How absurd then it is when we are asked, as so often happens, to hearken to piano performances as monotonous as a desert in the matter of expression, and as dull as a gray, clouded sky.

No instrument we possess is more tiresome or more fascinating than the piano. And one of the chief causes, perhaps its very best and leading source, is this capacity of the instrument to utter tones of many degrees of intensity; that is, loudness. There is absolutely no excuse for you if you play this noble instrument in a dull, uniform, mechanical way, for it is so easy to shade upon the piano that one can hardly help it. You must have a singularly stolid and brutal muscularity if you are able to strum and to hammer on and away without ever letting in a small amount of nuance to relieve the impression. Yet through some defect, either of nature or of our modes of teaching, this dulness and oneness is surprisingly common. No instrument tells you so quickly when you have struck with energy or with gentleness as the piano. If you ever studied the pipe-organ, you will have been made painfully aware of the total lack of accent and quick shadings in that instrument. True, it has advantages all its own, but accent is not one of these, and accent is the very life of music.

But by nuance we include far more than accent alone. Thus, there are five degrees of intensity usually talked about, viz., *pp*, *p*, *mp* or *mf* (practically the same), *f*, and *ff*. To these we must add *ppp* and *fff*. Thus there may be said to be seven usual degrees of sound in constant use and demanded by composers. But it is easy for a pianist with strong or moderately strong fingers to subdivide these seven into two or even three minuter degrees each. From the tasteful application of all these gradations what endless charms arise! Soft melodies, fiery melodies, massive accompaniments, tender accompaniments, light pulse-beats of living accent, fierce "Thor-hammer" blows of passionate accent, thunder-storms, wild agitation and painful passion; broad, liquid calms of unspeakable peace and rest; gay ripples, arch-whispers, caressing lullabies, eager war-songs. What a throng! And these are not all. Into all these, and into a hundred special varieties of music, the element of nuance, or dynamic shading, enters as so essential, that you might as well have a sermon delivered from the pulpit by a phonograph and not by a living preacher as to turn out these wonderful things in a blank, obtuse way, unregardful of the wondrous palpitations of emotion hiding beneath your finger-tips. It is little less than a crime against music for a student to attempt to play any composition until the dynamic marks have been thoroughly fixed in the mind.

THE TENDENCIES OF MUSIC.

BY HARVEY WICKHAM.

There has been throughout all the ages of animal and vegetable existence a gradual extermination of certain forms of life; and a survival, according to Darwin, of the fittest. The evolution of musical instruments reveals a similar phenomenon, the law of the "survival of the loudest" being plainly in evidence.

Since the earliest times there has been a growth from works which, when produced according to their author's intentions, were thin and transparent, acoustically speaking, to those that are sonorous to a marked degree. Every new composer of the first rank is accused by his contemporary critics of being a producer of mere noise. Yet, in a few years, his symphonies seem delicate *salon* pieces compared with what a later genius turns out. What thunderous symphonic poems the future has in store only pos-

terity will know. Beethoven has certainly arrived at that pass where most of his pieces are regarded as truly popular music in the large cities, and well adapted for small halls. Wagner is still in the van so far as ponderosity is concerned, but that he will be overtaken none need doubt. The piano of to-day is to the harpsichord of yore as wine unto water: incomparably stronger. The organ in a modern church is as compared to Pan's scrannel pipes as Niagara unto Tennyson's "Brook." Inventive genius will some day put a great orchestra under the control of the virtuoso's fingers.

Another tendency of music is from harmony to discord. Mr. S. P. Warren, the veteran organist, once told me that there seemed to be an amazing love for the harsh abroad in the land. He did not express himself as being hostile to it, nor altogether in sympathy with it; he merely noted the result of his observations.

Harmony, as we now understand it, is a relative term. Most terms are used relatively as the world grows wiser. Once, science spoke of living and of dead organisms. Now, they say "alive" and "more alive," since nothing is perfectly animated and nothing entirely inert. Perfect harmony is the unison of two tones, each pure and devoid of harmonics or overtones. Such harmony is only theoretically possible. In such identical sounds the waves would accurately correspond and reinforce each other. The octave comes next, in which interval the waves coincide one time in two, as everybody knows. In the fifth the coincidence is once in three; in the third, once in five; the intermediate harmony, once in four, being supplied by the double octave. Simple relations such as these are easily comprehended by the untutored ear, and constitute what early musicians called concord. True, even very early musicians used more involved chords; but they treated them as unmusical noises to be "resolved," as pains to set off pleasures, as shadows to make the harmonic figures stand out of the canvas, so to speak.

But as certain schools of painters learned to love shadows, not as contrasts merely, but for themselves; so the tendency in music has been to regard more and more discordant intervals as beautiful in themselves, and the twentieth-century ear can listen with complacency to combinations of tones whose coincident vibrations are very remote. In other words, education seems to rends the ear capable of recognizing relations more and more remote. For it is relationship perceived between simultaneously sounded tones, doubtless, which gives the sense of concord; just as it is relationship perceived between successive tones which gives the sense of melody, speaking of pitch; or rhythm and meter, speaking of power and duration.

It would appear at first glance as if there was a tendency from the easy, technically speaking, to the difficult. This conclusion, however, should be received with a grain of salt. It is true that new styles involve new difficulties, but is it not also true that new difficulties are not necessarily greater difficulties? To think Mozart simple of execution is to reveal your ignorance to the observing. The virtuoso who has mastered Brahms is not necessarily master of Bach. When public taste demands the same perfection of finish in interpretations of the new masters which it does in interpretations of the old, it may be shown that there has, indeed, been an evolution toward actually increased difficulty in musical compositions. At present modern works are not familiar to many, and an audience which would detect flaws in the playing of a classic might lose sight of similar faults in a brilliant impressionment of a novelty. The greater complexity of the latter would contribute to this.

If I were to say that there had been a drift in taste from short pieces to long my readers might cry, "You have put the cart before the horse." It is easy, for the piano-teacher especially, to fall into the error of supposing that composers write more briefly than formerly. This is on account of the remarkable improvement of the short piece which has been made: an improvement dating from the time of Chopin. But great works are still long works, as a general thing. The grand style never dies out, it only languishes in some ages. It cannot even be said to languish now. And when we consider that "passages," connecting passages I mean, have been relegated by an enlightened taste into limbo, it will be seen that, so far as significant measures are concerned, modern works of the first rank contain them in greater number than works of the old schools. It is not now sufficient that a passage performs a useful function in rounding out some predetermined "form." If it do nothing but that blue-pencil it. It must mean something of itself; and stand on its own legs, so to speak. This sudden determination—and sudden it was, and we owe it again mainly to Chopin, or perhaps to Chopin and Schumann—this determination, I say, to do away with all "packing," all "filling," all "leading" (to use a printer's phrase), had of itself a tendency to shorten the number of measures which a given theme was likely to be developed into.

We cannot say that the tendency of our art has always been in a direction toward greater and greater complexity without limiting the statement somewhat. Of contrapuntal complexity the Belgians made the *reductio ad absurdum*, and in form it would seem, considering the matter superficially, that the movement has been in the opposite direction. But be not too hasty in making such assumption. True, the composer is no longer bound to the strict contrapuntal formulas laid down by Cherubini, nor to the sonata and allied rondo forms of Haydn and Mozart; but he must satisfy a higher necessity than tradition, and it is only because the practices of living authorities have not been crystallized into set rules that they appear formless. Besides, so long as any particular factor has been specialized, just so long has the tendency been evident for that factor to become complex.

At present, emotional content is the all in all, and will anyone deny that Pergolesi appealed to more primary emotions than Wagner? In the depiction of

finer shades of feeling, the feelings of highly developed civilizations, there is always a danger that the art which reflects them will pass away with the ephemeral conditions which produced it; and permanent art-works must arise from conditions which underlie all ages and all societies. But the fact I wished to bring out is that our composers do express a complex content. It is easily supposable that this may degenerate into a fad, as did counterpoint and the rondo. Eventually a happy mean, a state of equilibrium, seems to be reached by all things.

There is a tendency to make a fetich of speed at present. Composers have become "note-splitters," in the phrase of an old German professor, and from the *Longa* have gone to the One-hundred-and-twenty-eighth note; not on account of increased speed in their meter, of course; but in the desire to subdivide the rhythm into remarkably fine particles. And virtuosi—who can tell where their velocity will end? In something slower, let us hope; unless the human mind is to accustom itself to thinking with ease at what now appears a killing pace. Excessive speed is probably a mere pendant to that restlessness which our emotional times have impressed of necessity upon the content of contemporary art.

THE SPIRIT OF WORK.

BY W. J. BALTZELL.

A VERY evident fact in the world-life of to-day is the tendency toward a development of the material resources of the country. The period is one of commercial expansion; the spirit of the age, one of intense activity. Men are at work everywhere; let us hope that the drones are becoming fewer and fewer. But great as has been this development, we know that we are standing on the threshold of a much greater expansion. Every worker is needed and there is enough work of some kind to keep everyone busy.

We are fast changing our minds on the subject of work. We do not believe that it is a penance for the sin of our common progenitor. The fact is that work of some kind is the true basis of life. Without it the man of sound body and sound mind cannot retain health and strength. A distinguishing feature of American life is the activity in commercial life of men who in other countries would be among the idlers.

"If I didn't have to work" we hear persons say. And what then? Would life be a season of continual happiness? No! The mind and character would become weakened just as unused muscles waste away. "If only I didn't have to work so hard for what I get" says a music-student. But, after all, the getting is the important thing. You get it, even if it be at the expense of much application. It is that constant activity that strengthens and hardens the powers to steady and long endurance. But another thought arises. Perhaps you have not learned to work economically. There is much in that idea. But you may be sure of one thing: if you keep on working things come more easily, and in the same time one is able to do more work. The more easily we learn, the more we are expected to acquire; even we ourselves expect that we shall do more.

The final measure of what one shall do, however, is not quantity, but quality; and we shall not gain that end without taking thought as to our methods and our aims.

STUDY YOUR TEACHERS.

BY W. J. BALTZELL.

ON page 275 reference was made to the *dramatic* way of looking at things; that is, viewing things as things that become, not as things that remain as they are. From this idea was developed the thought that the student is to keep in mind that some day the work of his teachers will devolve upon him, and that his present duty is to prepare him to take up the work which time shall one day call his teacher to lay down. This thought is advanced for the reason that an abstract conception never has the force, as a principle of action, that comes from a concrete illustration. A student may think: Some day I shall teach. No one can object to this thought. But it is too vague. There is no ideal in it. Our weak human minds need the stimulus of a personal ideal. When the student says to himself: "My teacher is advancing in years. In the course of time he will be unable to work so hard and so long, and finally will lay down his work altogether. I want to be able to carry on that work. I believe in the principles of his instruction. I must master them. I must take them into my own thought and work. I must study them and improve them. I must make myself strong that I may be to my pupils all that my teachers have been to me." Is there not value in this personal ideal? The young student of history is greatly influenced by his reading of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Columbus, of Washington, of Lincoln, of Grant, of Roosevelt. The student of music has the same qualities as the student of history. But he has this advantage: He comes into direct contact with his teachers. He has the stimulus of their presence, their speech, their interest, their sympathy, and the tremendous force of their whole personality; the force which is one of the strongest factors in the making of character.

The student is but partly using his opportunities if he do not strive to come into intimate connection with his teachers. This is particularly the case with that student who expects to take up the teaching of music as a livelihood. If the teacher be strong and capable, there is much that he can do for his pupil besides instructing in piano-playing and in theory of music as required in piano-playing. Will that small amount of instruction fit a pupil to teach? Will that kind of work alone develop in the pupil the qualities

that shall prepare him to do the responsible work that shall later come to him?

We are often told of the unconscious influence of a teacher upon his pupils. Such is the case. The teacher does more for his pupils than the special tasks he assigns will accomplish. But why shall the student be satisfied with "unconscious influence" and stimulus? If "unconscious influence" is worth something, let us improve the value of the influence by making it conscious and voluntary. Is the teacher to do this? Not all. This may be part of the duty, but the student has a large share. The kind of a teacher he shall one day be is conditioned by the kind of a student he now is. No teacher is satisfied with the docile pupil who does the assigned work willingly and as well as he can; is always prompt, ready to take a suggestion; who listens attentively, gives no trouble, and plays at recitals whenever asked. No! The ambitious teacher values the pupil who asks questions, who wants to know things; who wants to know the "why" of things, not of music only, but of teaching; who draws from the experience that the teacher has gained in all of these years.

That is the kind of a pupil we want the student-readers of THE ETUDE to be. Keep your teachers up to the mark. Press them hard. Ask questions about teaching. Find out how they do things, how they study, how they teach, how they gain new ideas, how they judge of new things, how they keep themselves in touch with the world of progress, all those points in which the special force of the man shows itself. That is a splendid study and the best opportunity for the music-student. Learn your lessons, but also learn how to work and to live from the living example before you. If you have a teacher who cannot be to you the kind of teacher just described, try to get a teacher who can be more on the pattern described. In default of the best, take up with the best you can reach. But never forget how important a factor you are in your own development. You must take thought for your own progress. Your teacher will guide, will support, but you must *will* your steps. That is the way to independence. When you have won the latter you can be a teacher of others. Your student days, in one sense, are over.

IT takes a whole man or woman to accomplish any one undertaking in the best manner. He who neglects ten faculties for the sake of cultivating one will find that one to be far less perfect in its operations than its hot-house culture would seem to promise. In fact, whatever is sought with exclusive eagerness is likely to elude our grasp.—*Eugene Thayer.*

BY expression of thought in a musical work we mean the following qualities which we recognize in a work of art: First, the knowledge which the artist possesses of his material; second, the ability he displays in controlling his material; third, and most important of all, his choice of the best means for the presentation of his ideas.—*H. A. Clarke.*

THE REFLEX OF PLAYING UPON EXECUTION.

BY EDWARD HALE, A.M.

I ONCE heard Mr. Apthorp say that, of the great pianists, von Bülow alone had spent protracted labor upon his technic; the others had reached soloist maturity in a very few years. Thinking about this, I ran over in my mind the history of musicians I have known, and was surprised to find how many of them dodged in some way the weight of the technical problem. Such as were blessed with superior gifts were accounted for; but there were others who quite unexpectedly blossomed out into really fine players; not by dint of surpassing diligence either, for some of them were never systematic or industrious in their work. There was one in particular who from the first was exceedingly wayward in his habit of study; his mind was not alert and his hand was really very bad; he practiced never faithfully, and studied not at all. Yet he distanced all immediate competitors and won a reputation as a concert pianist.

The reverse of the picture is not less remarkable. There was the multitude of students who bent good, even superior gifts and unstinted industry to the task and never really gained a hearing. One of them only the other day I heard complain bitterly of his student experience. He was taught according to the theory that the first task of the pupil is to achieve a technic. Every other consideration was postponed.

"I never really played anything. I was held so close and persistently to the grindstone of finger exercises and etudes that I never reached the point where I could reap any of the legitimate results of my hard work. I would have made a player; I had the industry and the temperament. I am simply another victim sacrificed on the altar of medieval perversity in teaching."

Now the most obvious explanation of these things is that in one case energy was wisely directed, and in the other, not. I think it is the true explanation. The particular individual first referred to above almost from the very first had something to play. He got possession of a repertoire and kept it. Perhaps he did not master more than a single sonata, but that was an available one, and he could really do it. As he went on he picked his pieces and got them in hand, and in spite of his waywardness in study improved his treatment of them until he made a name as an effective player.

On the other hand, those others saw the technical problem large and devoted themselves to it with endless perseverance, evidently expecting that its mastery would secure them a vantage-ground where all the other elements of their coveted accomplishment would be easy and certain. They never appreciated the value of bringing things immediately to finished performance.

There is here an instructive, nay, an authoritative, lesson to be learned from nature. In the long process

of evolution numberless forms intervened between lowest and highest, but each of these reached perfection in its own kind. In us, who are a part of nature, that same deep principle obtains, and we must learn how to apply it in every activity of our lives. The illustrations are numberless, but we need not go beyond the one now in hand. The teaching of the object-lessons given above, backed up as it is by that of nature, is that the immediate application of means to ends is the true secret of achievement.

There is such a thing as squandering time in the pursuit of an "abstract" technic which wisely and economically applied would result in a conspicuous success. The purpose in view of the piano-student is to play. Let him then immediately become, in his own measure, a player, and so gain the most wholesome and stimulating reaction to be had upon his daily study. Let him at once put to use what technic he has, and extract from it the utmost practical advantage. And the moment he is thus actually launched upon his proper career he will find most practical use for all the hours of his daily practice. The pressing problems of his expanding repertoire will leave him no time to hunt the *ignis fatuus* of an "abstract" execution.

PREPARATION OF CONCERT-PROGRAMS.

BY EDWARD B. PERRY.

Assuming that one has selected the numbers for a well-diversified program, compositions which he is capable of playing well, and in which he is interested, —for, if he is not interested in them, be sure that his audience will not be,—there are *three* important and distinct elements which must go to make up a really artistic performance of them, viz.: the physical, the mental, and the emotional.

The Physical Element in Music.

First to consider, in point of time, though not of importance, is the physical, generally covered by what we know as *technic* in its broadest sense.

What is requisite.

Bach is said to have remarked: "Piano-playing is an easy matter; all you have to do is to hit the right notes in the right time." That is needful, truly, and is, perhaps, the primary step, but it is by no means all. It is hardly the beginning. Not only are the right notes, in the right time, essential, but a complete command of all technical resources, the varied kind and degrees of touch requisite to make the notes mean something, and make intelligible music, not merely pleasant or unpleasant sounds. Every muscle of fingers, hand, wrist, and arm must be trained to follow the bidding of the will instantly; easily, surely, without conscious effort; and then this voluntary control of muscular means must be adapted and directly applied to the special needs of the pieces to be played, until the mechanical difficulties in them can be overcome with the confident ease and freedom of long habit, and the automatic accuracy of numberless iterations, not once, by lucky chance, when everything is favorable, but always and certainly, as matter of course. The runs must be clear, clean, and even; the octaves sure, brilliant, and crisp; the chords firm and resonant; the melodies must sing and the embellishments scintillate; the quality of tone must be capable of modification to meet the needs of each varying passage. Produce a good pianissimo tone; soft, but clear, telling, musical, without dropping half the notes. When a crescendo is demanded it must be *made*, not merely indicated or hinted at.

All these things are merely mechanical, sensuous. One may be master of them all and still not be able to play the smallest work intelligently; but they are the indispensable means to the end. And they can be mastered only by long, careful, intelligent, laborious practice, not merely in a general way, but upon the particular pieces we are to play. Much that is called genius is "the infinite capacity for taking pains," as has been well said, and every detail of every piece must have our special attention and its special share of practice.

Inspiration of the moment an unsafe guide.

It is a mistake to suppose that one can possess such a general command of technic as to play everything well, merely on the inspiration of the moment. No finished work was ever done that way. The more general the technic, the easier the conquest of a given composition, of course; but it must be directly applied and adapted to every separate work to insure results. It is unapplied technic, which, like an unbroken horse, may have a potential value for the future, but is useless at present.

Automatism.

Much of the success in playing depends upon controlled automatism, what the doctors call organic or ganglionic memory, applied in the form of correct and firmly-fixed habits of nervous and muscular action, acquired by long and careful training. Therefore train the hand to do its work by means of the work it is to do. Let technic and its application to the work being studied grow together, so killing two birds with one proverbial stone.

Technical control of any work ripens with its age. Kullak used to say: "Study a thing once for yourself, twice for your friends, three times for the public."

The Mental Element.

Memory.

The second element to receive our attention is the purely mental, but in several subdivisions:

First, memory, the ability to play accurately, surely, and confidently without notes, which is expected of all pianists of standing nowadays. This capacity varies largely in different individuals at the start, but may be cultivated to an almost limitless degree in all, with sufficient and properly-directed effort. Do

not depend on the ear or finger memory exclusively, or even mainly, as is the usual habit. These are aids, collateral helps, and not to be ignored; but the only safe dependence is *mind-memory* strictly; know what you are going to play, be able to analyze and to dissect it, and to begin anywhere, at the beginning or in the middle of any strain or passage, and play correctly that particular part by itself, as you would repeat the third verse of a poem you know, without having to start at the first and rely on momentum to carry you through. Every theme, every cadenza should be a distinct, independent musical idea in the mind, with its own beginning and end and individual character, so that when you come to it you know it as a separate entirety, not as a mere continuation of the previous pages. It is best and surest to commit away from the piano; or, at least, if at the instrument, which is easier, then at the very start, before playing the work at all from the notes; learn thoroughly a page at a time; then lay the music aside and practice, always from memory, thus fixing it.

Rhythm. Another mental factor is what may be called objective insight, by which one perceives what effects of rhythm and tone-color are needed to make clear the composer's musical intentions and ideas in a given work, and what means to employ to secure these effects.

Every composition depends in part for its purposed effect upon a certain, carefully-considered rhythmic swing and character. It is an essential part of the work, as much as the melody or harmony. If the rhythms given, either from ignorance or mere caprice, are faulty or uncertain, the impression produced is like that of a picture whose drawing is out of line, namely: indistinct, askew, distressing, no matter how warm and beautiful the tone may be.

I do not mean they must be exact to the metronome. A judicious use of the rubato is allowable in all modern music; but do not confuse *rubato* and *assassinato*, as is constantly done. Rubato does not mean making a march into a galop, or a waltz into a whirligig; nor playing one measure in three-four time and the next in three-eighths; nor treating the first half of a melodic phrase as a song and the last half as an embellishment. Practice with metronome, not all the time, or with view of playing so in the end, but often enough to show you what you are doing, and to give you a definite outline to follow, and to depart from also, later, in certain places for certain purposes, but intelligently for an end, not unconsciously, or at hap-hazard. The outline must be there always, and distinctly felt by the listener, and variations from it must be always within given limits.

Doubling the speed, for instance, is not a crescendo or making eighths into quarters a retard. That is merely an arbitrary and inexcusable change in the movement, having no effect but to confuse the hearer. The feeling of hurry and agitation is produced by gradually accelerating the time with its general character still preserved, not by radically changing it.

Rhythm is the pulse of music. Too great and sudden a depression or too feverish and delirious a haste means death. But the normal pulse varies in different classes of compositions, as in human beings: men and women, for instance. Ascertain the normal pulse-beat for a given work and preserve it, with only the natural fluctuations of shifting moods.

Variety of tone-color. Again, suitable shades and variety of tone-coloring are absolutely necessary to the proper presentation of any musical conception, precisely as the painter must select, fix, and prepare the colors on his palette with an intelligent regard to the needs of the picture he means to produce; so the pianist must choose with discrimination the exact tonal tints which are needed for the various parts of a composition, and must know just how to obtain, blend, and apply them at will. You cannot depict a funeral procession with no colors but green, blue, or scarlet, nor a court festival with only dead black or neutral grays and browns. Similarly you cannot play a funeral march with nothing but a hard, brilliant, staccato-touch, nor a gay waltz with only a dead, cold, characterless one. You must command the whole range of different tone-effects, and the mechanical means of producing them, and use them with common-sense.

The Emotional Element.

Last, most subtle, most vital to the highest success in interpretation, yet most difficult to define, explain, or acquire, is the emotional element, the soul of all art, for which all art-forms are but the body, the vehicle of expression. To play emotionally is not always to play as *you* feel, by any means.

Emotional control. The emotions must be trained, directed, subordinated to the intelligence, and they can be guided and developed like the muscles. To play a cradle-song fortissimo or prestissimo merely because you feel hilarious or angry or facetious, is neither emotional nor artistic in the true sense. True emotional playing is to enter into and fully sympathize with the expressed mood of the composer, actually feeling it with him and striving to express it in the music, precisely as if both mood and music were your own. It is just what the good actor does when he grasps the meaning of a rôle objectively at first, works himself up to and into it, lives the part for the hour, and acts it as if he were actually the person he is representing.

Variety of mood in a program. The average recital program calls for a dozen totally different, yet pronounced and vivid, emotional experiences in an evening, and the player must change instantly and completely from one mood to another, perhaps its opposite, between numbers. For example, from the martial enthusiasm of a polonaise to the mournful tenderness of an elegy, merely by an act of volition. A mental intention simply is here not sufficient. The transition must be real, emotional. The feelings must be trained like the fingers to respond instantly and

fully to the demands of the will, and to *be*, not *seem*, what is required of them. It is this controlled, directed emotional intensity, this intelligently-focused force of genuine feeling, that holds and thrills an audience, and that makes all the difference between a really great artist and a merely great pianist.

Development of the emotional element.

This emotional insight and sympathy is partly temperamental, but may be developed infinitely by careful musical study, by collateral study of literature, especially the best poetry, and of the beauties and terrors of Nature in all her moods; by much hearing of the best that is available in the way of concert and the drama, and by self-culture in every form and self-analysis, with a view of clearer knowledge and grasp of your own moods. Try to *realize* what you feel and the reason for it; name, classify, and correlate your moods, and get a speaking acquaintance with them.

Be able to say in plain, comprehensible English, if not in poetic form, just what mood a composition produces in you, and you wish to produce in others by means of it. If you cannot, be sure you do not really know and will not be able to give it a definite and impressive interpretation. To impress your audience you must yourself feel intensely and distinctly, and emphasize the mood with unmistakable directness.

REFLECTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.

BY LOUIS ARTHUR RUSSELL.

II.

Varieties of Touch.

The student will realize at once that, if the artistic conditions which obtain in correct phrasing are to be satisfied, a variety of pianoforte-touch must be within the control of the player. Touch in pianoforte-playing is broadly divided into two varieties,—legato and staccato,—and this extreme division is the usual limit of variety with amateur pianists. There are, however, many modifications of these two qualities of touch, and no one can ever hope to play expressively who has not at command a control of diverse qualities of touch not fully expressed by the term legato or staccato. These two touches, however, are the basis of all piano-technic, and all other qualities are but modifications of these.

The fundamental touch, the normal quality, in piano-playing is flowing, connected legato, and this quality should be most thoughtfully cultivated. The detached quality, staccato, is the direct opposite of the legato. Many brilliant passages require this touch throughout; all single tones or chords, etc., require it, and the closing notes of phrases are delivered with more or less forceful staccato. When passages are to be played staccato the fact is indicated in the music notation either by words or signs. If there be no indication of the kind the passage is always to be played legato. The closing note of a phrase which requires a detached or staccato ending is not so clearly marked, except in the best editions of music. If the composer or editor has neglected to mark the phrasing, the player is left to his own musical discernment, and must determine the musical sense of the composition and phrase it accordingly, just as in printed language a correct appreciation of the sense of a line or sentence will supply missing punctuation-marks.

The Clavichord-touch vs. the Pianoforte-touch

The various qualities of pianoforte-touch are accomplished by the complete or partial use of the entire apparatus of the hand and arm. In the time of John Sebastian Bach, and until the time of the invention of what was known as the English piano-action, the fingers were the exclusive means of eliciting tone from a piano. The peculiar mechanical construction of the clavichord, and even the later development, the harpsichord, required very little power from the player, but when the iron-framed modern piano, with its deeper key-fall, its powerful hammer-action, etc., came into use, and when the style of music had outgrown the delicate traceries of the Viennese school, which found its fullest expression in the beautiful sonatas and concertos of Mozart, then the pure, pearly finger-action of the old-school virtuosi was found insufficient for all of the requirements of pianoforte-playing.

The polyphonic style of Bach, or the brilliant passages of the Viennese composers, required fingers; the new school, as established by Clementi, required more; and gradually there have been developed means of producing a tone which has power, dignity, and deep, expressive character, which requires the full or partial use of the fingers, moving sometimes from the first joint, and again from the joint at the hand (third, or metacarpal, joint); the entire hand from the wrist, either in direct up-and-down action or in rotary motion, or the forearm and the upper arm.

The Staccato-touch.

The staccato-touch is of several varieties, and is the result of several classes of movement of finger, hand, and arm.

The extreme finger-staccato is better produced by what Heinrich Germer calls the snapping action of the finger, a spiteful striking of the key in a quick, wiping movement, which draws the finger-tip across the key, closing the joints to the palm. This class of touch is advocated by William Mason. The old, Bach-like touch, when used on the modern keyboard, becomes nearly a staccato, although its use in rapid passages (its only proper place) produces a gliding effect almost legato. This touch is a most delicate movement of the first joint of the finger; the body of the hand remaining quite quiet, the first finger-joint closes gently, but quickly, toward the palm. In former times, with shallow key-fall and delicate

tangent and plectrum, instead of our deep action and hammer-stroke, this delicate caress of the keys was sufficient, and a perfectly quiet hand was possible in all passage-work. This touch, under proper guidance, may be made to serve excellent purpose on the modern pianoforte, in passages quite piano, marked *leggiero*, etc.

Another staccato-form is the hammer-stroke from the third finger-joint, with instantaneous rebound without close of finger, directly up from the key. This touch is usually, in slower passages, supplemented with a bounding wrist and, finally, forearm. All of the varieties of staccato-touch find their most convenient use in particular movements and rates of speed.

The more rapid the tempo, the less hand-movement can there be. So it happens, after a careful training in all the varieties, that the student finds the playing apparatus adapting itself to the requirements of the moment. Great power and slow movement naturally call in play all the forces available, while the more delicate passages relieve the non-essential muscles and joints, till at last the very finger-tips themselves seem to be the only active parts. In octave and chord-playing the fingers, wrist, and forearm, with a supporting force from the upper arm, combine as in more absolutely finger-passages; the more rapid and light the passage, the less movement required.

THE LEGATO-TOUCH.

The true legato-touch requires the release of one key at the exact instant of the stroke of the next. This joins the tones of the two without overlapping. In this touch the keys pass one another in the exact center of space of the key-fall. An extreme legato—which is really an overlapping of the tones—is produced by holding the first of the keys down, after striking, till the next key has reached its full fall of stroke, after which the first key is allowed to rise. Ehrlich advises a regular practice of this touch with strong hammer finger-stroke, with elbows firmly held at the waist. The raising of the fingers for the legato should, in general practice, be but slight. What is called surface-touch should be cultivated carefully.

A heavy hammer-stroke, with finger high upraised, should be sparingly used, as the quality of tone is apt to be hard, and also the action is both unnecessary and ungraceful. A slight indrawing of the fingers at the first joints will, especially with snort, chubby hands, be helpful, if carefully watched, that the true legato be preserved. In this touch with first joint aiding the stroke, the legato- and staccato- touches come closely akin, in effect, for in the lightest form of staccato and this delicate first joint surface legato the least degree of detachment in the one and of connection in the other will obtain.

There are touches or manners of striking the keys which may be looked upon as purely preparatory: *i.e.*, the Ehrlich deep stroke, extreme legato; the Mason so-called clinging legato, with great pressure and substitution of fingers upon one key; the Wieck and Virgil table-work; the Jan Pychowski finger-dropping and hand-shaping exercises; and such exercises as Ward-Jackson's finger-gymnastics, etc.

STIFFNESS, THE GREAT HINDRANCE IN ART.

The first essential of pianoforte-playing is freedom. The entire arm and hand must be absolutely free from contraction. Following this comes the cultivation of an appreciation of just the amount of effort necessary to raise a finger or the hand or arm without strain. Then comes the finger- and hand- dropping exercises, which show the freedom of the muscles from stiffness and their response to the calls of the will. From this point, where the muscles have been called upon for no exhibition of power, the cultivation of power and quality of touch begins.

THREE ITEMS OF TOUCH.

The three active items of touch which follow preparation are: first, the stroke, with drop of hand or finger, or both; second, the key-pressure, the real speaking moment of the touch; third, the release. The hand leaving the key may drop off the keyboard in complete relaxation or may rise for another threefold effort as before. This touch or stroke of the key may be performed with three separate impulses of stroke, rest, and release, or may sweep through the three as one impulse without division. This latter is what really occurs in performance, while the division of impulses is for preparatory, watchful practice.

EVERY VARIETY OF TOUCH AT COMMAND.

All preliminary practice should then be directed to the manner of performing these three items of touch, with the end in view that every variety of tone-production shall be freely at the command of the player when he studies the interpretation of a composition. For he will find requirements for dropping finger, hand, or arm with the weight alone of each or with added force; for the rest upon the key, with pressure or without (this item in touch gives the singing quality much of its character); for the release of the key more or less abruptly, with closing fingers or entire hand, with up-bounding of the hand or arm or both, or with relaxed drop from the keyboard.

Surface touches will miss the first of these items, the blow upon the key being given without dropping upon it. The surface legato has been explained; the surface staccato (usually octaves or chords) may be delivered by a sudden closing of the hand so that the fingers sweep across the key-surface and spitefully press them down with a quick rebound of the hand at the wrist and forearm at elbow, or the rebound may be made after a direct pressure without the closing of the fingers across the keys (wiping or snapping, this closing of the fingers is sometimes called).

There are still closer modifications of these touches, but their explanation exceeds the limit of this paper. Let it be urged that the piano-student to-day who is not cultivating a general understanding of the varie-

ties of modern pianoforte-touch will never reach artistic feeling in his or her work. And, furthermore, if the piano-student will attend properly to this mechanico-artistic side of piano-playing, he or she will soon find that to play well is not the matter of so many years of drudgery, as has long been thought, but that from the early stages of the work quasi-artistic results will be attained, the musical phrase will readily be interpreted in its fulness of truth and beauty, and the study of pianoforte be raised from a dreary task to an esthetic recreation, fruitful in the extreme, both to mind and spirit.

ARTISTIC FREEDOM.

BY C. VON STERNBERG.

Kullak's view.

Years ago I sat in Kullak's studio, a young and enthusiastic student. One of my classmates, a young Englishman, was playing the slow movement from a Beethoven sonata, and played it too fast. Kullak remonstrated: "This is not an *allegro*, but an *adagio*"; but no sooner had that word escaped his lips when my classmate—who knew too much—parried Kullak's criticism with:

"Pardon, master, it is *andante!*"

Like lightning the usually sweet temper of the master changed, and in an angry tone he said:

"Well, all right. *Andante* or *adagio*. All the same! The tempo is in the *music*, not in the *superscription!* Can't you feel that you play too fast?" The poor fellow then stated at great length that he had consulted a metronome, and that from the figures recorded under "*andante*" he had selected the exact medium speed. Of course, that was the end. Kullak said simply:

"I never argue with machines, and, since you believe them more, continue your studies with them. You may go."

Mendelssohn and Berlioz.

Some time after this episode Berlioz's books appeared on the market, and in them I came across an incident which I have since found corroborated in other works.

Berlioz was spending his prescribed *prix de Rome* years in Rome, when young Mendelssohn (on his memorable Italian voyage) called on him. After the exchange of first courtesies Berlioz left the room for a few minutes to fetch some refreshments. Mendelssohn sauntered to the piano, and finding an orchestra-score of Gluck's "Orpheus" on the music-stand, began to play a little. The score was opened in the middle, so that no speed-prescription could be seen without turning back many leaves, which Mendelssohn did not do. But no sooner had he started when Berlioz shot out of the other room and yelled, at the top of his strident voice: "*Mon cher*, you play that too fast; much too fast; oh, by ten beats per minute too fast!" The polished, well-bred Mendelssohn only shrugged his shoulders and said, with a fine smile: "Possibly! I never consult tempo prescriptions in works that are familiar to me. Perhaps the tempo notation is wrong."

Some American traits.

Later on I came to this country, and I understand a good many things *now*, but when they first happened they seemed decidedly funny.

One of the first pupils I had was a teacher. While he was playing in a queer, strained fashion, I said, at a certain place in his piece:

"Try that staccato a little lighter, please," and in return he asked:

"About touch 7 or 8, you mean?" He had his touches numbered!

Another one had his *pianos* and *fortes* calculated and fixed in his mind by *ounces!*

Still another, who played the first movement of a Beethoven sonata all through without ever touching the pedal, answered my remarking upon it by the return question:

"Is the pedal permitted in a Beethoven sonata?"

A young lady, who played very nicely and with rather natural expression, had the notion to stop after every well-executed passage and ask me:

"Was that fingering right?"

Is the reader catching the drift of these—alas!—true stories? Shall I augment them by telling what I heard one of my best pupils say of me when she thought me out of hearing:

"He's a great *Un*teacher!"

I did have to *un*teach a great deal, because a large number of my students suffered from an overdose of laws, rules, regulations, doctrines, and methods! And what is the invariable experience after I have succeeded in unrooting all these hard-and-fast prescriptions? That the girls or boys show as much common sense (some call it talent) as the others, and that when they learn to think their *own* thoughts, consult their *own* feelings, use their *own* judgment, they bloom out like a flower in the sunshine and become sensible, reasonable, and rational musicians.

CHOOSING THE TEMPO.

Note-value.

Supposing a piece of music were printed without any annotation of tempo, or it were marked—as a good many are—*tempo giusto* (the right speed); is there nothing in the music that would give us an indication of the proper speed?

Let us suppose the piece was the slow movement from the very first sonata (op. 2, No. 1) by Beethoven, and let us see how we can find the tempo. Say that we see this piece for the first time and started it (by mistake or tentatively) at the rate of about 138 eighth notes to the minute. For the first 10 measures this would go fairly well, but in the 11th there are two ornamental turns in close succession which are impossible, or requiring an extraordinary technic, to be played in this tempo; not to speak of it that they

are occurring in a song-like, melodic strain where no ornament should be made quicker than the human voice can make it, because in the rendition of all melodies the peculiarities of the human voice should be the guiding element. However, let us suppose that a man without musical feeling, but with a huge technic,—say, Rosenthal's,—was doing the playing, and that these two little ornaments caused him no difficulty, from the 23d to the 26th measure, and further on he would, nevertheless, find himself in pretty hot water. It would then occur to him to try—again only as an experiment—a slower tempo. By this time, however, at the second reading things will not look quite so new. The memory helps him in reading now, and, being thus partly relieved of the strain of *quick sight*, his eyes will look *deeper* for the *fitness* of things.

Character of the subjects.

Some people measure the tempo of a piece by the speed in which they can play the notes of smallest time-value, and if our player consulted only this plebeian principle he should come rather *near* the right tempo in this piece. But, then, there are *andantes* and *adagios* in which no thirty-second or sixty-fourth notes occur. There he will have to look for the character of the subjects (song-like, or martial, or odd, or grotesque) and for their handling by the composer. If, at the end of this movement of which I speak, the alternating staccato and legato scale-runs in *pianissimo* execution (followed by a melodic strain of two measures of which the last is repeated, and repeated *staccato* again) do not give him the right tempo; if, I say, after all this he still needs to be told by a metronome or person what the tempo should be, I am much afraid that the tempo will be all that is right in his playing.

We know that in the sonata form the composer selects his two subjects with a view to contrast; in most cases it is the first which is more impassioned, while the second presents a calmer mood. Sometimes the order is reversed, however; as, for instance, in Beethoven's Op. 14, No. 2, and (to my mind) in Op. 22; but the contrast is always present, and these contrasting themes do simply not admit of the same speed for both. So there *must* be a change of tempo, and yet *such a change was never indicated by Beethoven!* It is the achievement of modern times that we are no longer governed by a mere technical term, but look into things with line analysis; that we spy out the (perhaps unconscious) train of the composer's thoughts; that—in one word—we *interpret* his music instead of grinding it out according to the letter.

Real force of certain terms.

I do not wish to intrude with any humble creative efforts into the illustrious company of great masters, but if I ever felt a true kinship with a great composer it was in the atrocious tempo prescriptions which, for instance, Schumann has *mostly* put over his pieces. Alas, that it was only in such sins that our kinship consisted!

But hold! Are these sins really so bad? Are such words as *grave, largo, adagio, andante, allegro,* and *presto* really designations of speed? Let us see. *Grave* means gravely, momentous, *weighty*—remember the word: *gravity*—and that has a far stronger bearing upon the character and mood of the piece than upon its speed; *it is an appeal to our imagination,* not to our technic. The same holds good for *largo,* which means broad, ample, extended, expansive. *Adagio (recte: ad agio)* means in English, at leisure, deliberately, which refers to speed only circuitously, but very directly to the state of mind or mood. *Andante* means either going or walking, the Italian language using the same word for both meanings. Now, it can surely not refer to the *speed* of a walk, for people's legs are of different lengths; it must be the quiet mood of a "let's take a walk," of a stroll, saunter, that the term refers. And how people can take *allegro* (cheerful) for anything but a mood description is an unfathomable mystery to me. *Presto,* too, which means hastily, does not refer to speed so much as to the mental state.

It might be said that by usage—the great Anglo-Saxon excuse for philologic violence—these words are *accepted* as speed-marks, to which I should reply by asking serenely: *"By whom?"* Surely by no one that knows better! Why should Beethoven remark over one of his Bagatelles *"Con una certa espressione parlante"* (with a certain speaking expression)? Why all the thousands of additional remarks if *allegro* or *andante* were definite terms?

Other considerations.

There are many other considerations which must influence the tempo, considerations reaching into physiology, acoustics, and psychology; but they should require the space of a volume (which I may publish some day). Suffice it here to say that the size of the hall, the size of the apparatus (orchestra, piano, or both; or two pianos; or trio, quartet, etc.), the quality of the instrument, the *"tone"* of the singer or player *(timbre* or touch) have much to do with it.

Tempo is as much an individual matter as every other item of conception; in fact, the selection of tempo is one of the tests of a good orchestral conductor. Moreover, it is often—as, for instance, in the present manner of Wagner interpretation—a matter of artistic tendency of the times. Let us look for a moment at the markings of force.

NUANCES.

Dynamic signs.

In the 10th measure of the same *adagio* of which I spoke before, there is an *sf.* Does it mean that the charming ascent to the upper *C* in the midst of a *piano* melody should be a shrill yell? or any attention claiming degree of sudden emphasis? Can it mean more than a hint to the player's eye gently to raise his voice? Yet the same sign may in some other piece mean that very yell which should so offend us here. Schumann's "Träumerei" contains no dynamic signs except a *p* at the start and another

p at the end. Does this mean that the entire wonderful little gem should be played without any variation of force? If so, why did he put another *p* at the end? He probably felt the necessity to indicate that the end should be soft again, no matter to what emotional climax the player might have risen during the piece. But *where* this climax should be he sayeth not, either because he trusted to the player's sense of propriety or because he did not exactly know. And as to this climax, if it were not thus tacitly admitted by Schumann, but indicated by an *f* or *ff*, could it really have meant: as strong as possible? Should not a real, conventional *ff* have fallen out of the frame of this little miniature picture? We can surely not go through the whole gamut of force degrees in every piece; we cannot give *everything everywhere!* The size of the piece, its general character, its gait,—in short, the whole context must be considered in selecting the degree of importance we attribute to such dynamic signs.

Other signs. As to slurs, staccato-dots, I dare not venture upon that ground for there, indeed, is ambiguity rampant!

Now, the reader may ask: Do you mean that tempo-marks, dynamic signs, phrasing slurs, etc., are superfluous? That we need not teach their meaning any longer to our pupils? That every little chit of a boy or girl should henceforth follow his or her own notions? No, far from it.

But in answer to the first question I must and will say that to some people tempo and other annotations are almost superfluous, and that the others should be taught that all these signs are to be taken in a far more general way.

To the second question I reply that we should teach our pupils the truth, and not errors, however much they may be sanctified by tradition, that most unscrupulous and indolent of historians. We should tell them, for instance, that *allegro* means *cheerful*, and not *quick;* we should address the better nature in our pupils instead of cramming their memory with hard and fast *rules* and single, only, and unalterable meanings. We should teach them to *feel* the right *tempo*, the right *force*, the right *phrasing*, instead of drilling them into these things in parrot fashion.

And to the last question I respond: "Sure!" So long as I find that my pupils have a definite idea of tempo, dynamics, phrasing, or the like, I never interfere. I let them go on until one of two things happens: either they find by fatigue that they started too fast, or I argue and debate the matter with them as earnestly as if I were dealing with a great artist. This, of course, applies to pupils who *work;* the others require the teacher's suasion, severity, or otherwise, as the case may be.

Pliancy, not rigidity. There is too much cant in music-teaching. The amount of strictly musical knowledge which can be imparted is, after all, very small, and when that is told, ah! then the teacher begins to show not so much what he knows, as *what he is.* His personal qualities reveal themselves in his teaching. Music *in itself* can have neither a refining nor a brutalizing influence; but such an influence can be derived from it by the way we are *led to understand it;* and to lead our trustful pupils into the sanctuary of a great man's soul and mind through the portal of his works we can surely take no more foolish road than to insist upon a rigid, inflexible meaning of terms which our wiser forefathers have purposely chosen from among the most pliant, flexible, and even vague words in human language.

FACTORS IN PUBLIC PERFORMANCE.

BY EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

The well-rendered program, the most carefully selected and thoroughly prepared program, may be, and often is, utterly spoiled in its public rendition, even by highly-gifted and well-equipped pianists, for lack of a few simple, but essential, elements in their work. First among these, perhaps, is self-confidence. Stage-fright, or as the Germans aptly call it, "lamp-fever," has slain its thousands of talented and promising public performers. The secret of self-confidence, strange as it may seem, lies in a paradox, namely, self-forgetfulness. If a paraphrase on scripture is allowable, I would say: "He that loseth himself for art's sake shall find success."

Self-Consciousness.

Excessive self-consciousness is especially the bane of young players. Try to remember that your listeners do not care a fig for you, or your success or failure, except in connection with their momentary enjoyment of the music. If you die to-morrow, twenty others just as good are waiting to fill your place, and they would not give you a thought. It is not of the slightest consequence to anyone but yourself, whether you get safely through that cadenza you have been practicing for months, or come to grief in the middle of it. Most of your audience do not even know it is there, and, if you leave it out bodily, will be none the wiser; even omniscient critics, those terrors of the inexperienced, will most probably commend your worst effort and censure your best; and, if you chance to change any of the numbers on your program, will not seldom praise your interpretation of things you did not play, and condemn your treatment of others which you did especially well. Remember that the only thing that really counts is that general impression produced upon the audience by the music, the artistic *effect felt* rather than understood by your hearers. Strive to stir and to rouse them to a genuine, impersonal enthusiasm for the music as such; force them to feel with you its emotional power, and forget yourself in so doing.

Self-Effacement.

The habit of playing for others for purely musical ends, without reference to social or professional suc-

cesses, is worth everything in establishing the right kind of self-confidence. Ask your friends in to hear, not *you*,—that would be rank egotism,—but some interesting composition you have been studying, precisely as you would call their attention to some new book or picture. When you point out the beauties of a fine painting, neither you nor your friends are absorbed in the question whether your gestures are in the most approved style, or your hand and arm are in the best, most graceful position. You are both engrossed in the picture, and it never occurs to you to be nervous. So in the music, take your thoughts off yourself, your skill or lack of it, your desire for vain glory, and focus them on the composition; throw yourself into *that*.

It is not *your playing*, but the *piece* your friend is interested in. Self-confidence does not mean that intolerable conceit and nauseating self-complacency which are sure death to artistic achievement and progress. Be certain that if you are wholly satisfied with your performance, no one else will be, and that your talent, if you ever had any, is in the advanced stages of decay. The true artist is always modest, aspiring, unsatisfied, ever striving toward an ideal that ever recedes as he advances.

Hence the many hours of discouragement and self-distrust: but one should remember that all standards are relative, and acquire the habit of doing the best of which he is now capable, without fear or morbid sensitiveness.

Freedom and confidence come rapidly with practice in playing for others. There are some who are more vain of their critical than their musical ability, and will not play at all, for fear some one may think they do not know the work might be done better than they can do it. This is a form of egotism and vanity almost as bad as excessive conceit, though not so common.

Sincerity.

Another factor in successful public performance is earnestness, or sincerity. Mean what you wish the music to say; mean it honestly, vigorously, intensely; and play as if you meant it. Let there be no doubt or mistake as to your intentions. Accent decidedly; enunciate every phrase clearly, emphatically, with the lingering stress of genuine feeling on the important points in it, as a good actor does his lines; punctuate not only intelligently, but intelligibly, distinctly, pausing long enough for even the obtuse listener to become aware that there is the end of a subject or sentence, before beginning the next. Much depends on this clean-cut division of musical ideas, and it is too often wholly disregarded. In brief, DECLAIM your music, precisely as you would a fine poem, with a view of making it fully understood. Every slightest detail has its relative value and must count. It is not without good reason that the French say, not, play the piece, as we do, but "*say the piece*," recognizing that music is a language, and must be talked, not simply played.

How often we hear pianists, even so-called good ones, rushing through a composition in a race against time, sliding carelessly over the treasures of melody the work contains, as if not aware of their presence, or not deeming them worth the trouble to bring to the surface, mumbling hurriedly through the easier parts, with a "who cares for you, I must get on" manner, till they remind one of the usual Episcopal service, wholly unintelligible unless you know it by heart; coming out strongly on a final chord now and then, as if to say: No, I am not quite asleep, are you? and bending all their efforts and interest on making what theatrical people call "a hand," with one or two showy cadenzas, as if *they* were the most, instead of the least, important thing in the work; showing plainly in every measure that they have no thought, no care, no conception even, of anything in the music beyond a chance to display their own technic.

What wonder the public is bored, and asks, with Browning, "where the dickens is *music* in all this?" Play every smallest part of every least showy composition as if you were dumb, and had but that one moment to live, and this were your *only* means of expression; as if the notes were the last message from your heart to the friends about you, created spontaneously by the necessity of self-utterance. Play with your whole heart and soul and mind and strength; then shall you reach the hearts, as well as the ears, of your hearers, and stir an echo in their souls that shall last after your playing has ended and been forgotten, and be a voice to call them onward and upward to higher and better things.

Personal Details.

There are some minor details of personal appearance, manner, and so forth, which must be considered in public work, though they have more influence upon success than they are entitled to on their merits; or would have, if conditions were more ideal, or the artistic judgment of our people more developed. If I had my way, I would have every pianist, for instance, play behind a screen, and the public should not know whether it were a man or woman, black or white, blind or doubly clairvoyant, Russian, Irishman, or red Indian. These things are really none of the public's business. They have nothing whatever to do with the artistic ability of the player or the effects produced. The sole, legitimate question is, or should be, what grade of music is furnished, what impression results. We shall never have correct art standards, or the purest artistic enjoyment, till all these irrelevant factors of personality, dress, and manner are eliminated from the equation.

But, as things are to-day, they demand some attention, if one does not want to see the results of ten years of study and self-discipline destroyed by a lack of polish on his boots, or a spot on his shirt-front. So long as there are women in the audience who enjoy and commend a singer chiefly because he

has white hands and "such a love of a mouth" it behooves the singer, if he wants to fill his house, to keep his hands clean and his mouth from uncouth grimaces. So long as the pianist must do his work under the curious eyes of his audience, he should endeavor to dress, move, act, and generally appear as inoffensively and inconspicuously as possible. The true artist will always avoid ostentation and mere display in his person, or in his work, as he would the plague. He will scorn to win notoriety by extraneous circumstance and trickery, and will rather be called a country clown, a crazy crank, or a born fool, than a dude, that smallest and lowest embodiment of the contemptible.

But he will avoid also eccentricities in dress, and all ungainly and superfluous motions at the instrument as things which tend to distract the attention of his hearers from his art-work. He will cultivate a quiet, dignified, yet easy manner, and an expression of face that is equally removed from the smirk of self-satisfaction and vain glory, and the repellent frown of discontent and cold indifference. He will treat his audience as his friends, with genial courtesy, yet retaining his self-respect, give them the best he has to offer freely as his guests, and be heartily glad if they enjoy it, for their sake more than for his; and he will always remember that the best taste in the manipulation of the keyboard, as well as in dress and manner, is displayed when the least attention is attracted to it. The highest compliment to your dress is not to notice it, and the highest to your technic is to forget it.

Just so with regard to a desirable stage-presence, bow, position at the piano, response to applause, etc. These should be noticed, if at all, as appropriate, easy, and natural; neither particularly bad, nor particularly striking; a mere graceful and good-natured concession to the unessential, but harmless, requirements of outward appearances.

In playing, one should remember that the same rules hold good as in adjusting a high-grade machine. Economize power and time, eliminate all lost motions. Every unnecessary movement wastes time, nervous and muscular energy, and distracts the attention. Throwing the hands above the head to produce a fortissimo chord, for instance, is sheer affectation and wholly useless. No real power is gained, and the quality of tone is sure to suffer. In fact, no chord should ever be struck by a direct blow from above in any case; it is certain to be hard and disagreeable. In octaves use the wrist only, not the whole arm. Why drive tacks with a flail, when a tack-hammer is quicker and better, and so on.

To sum up, strive for repose; modest self-reliance, based upon conscious self-control; close, unwavering concentration of mind upon the work in hand, and externally be yourself on the stage and off it; but see to it that you, yourself, are neither slovenly in dress nor given to offensive mannerisms, there or elsewhere.

CLASS-MEETINGS.

BY CARL W. GRIMM.

Musical clubs led by intelligent amateurs or educated musicians are undoubtedly doing good work to promote musical intelligence and interest. Yet for pupils the musical-club system does not always seem the best method of assembling them. They are too inexperienced to know what they ought to do. Then the selection of officers often leads to jealousy and serious trouble, and, instead of centering the attention on lofty art ideals, it dwindles down to personal matters. I think class-meetings arranged by teachers the best form of educating students to take delight in the greatest music and make it part of their lives. A pupil should know that there is something to strive for beyond his finger-exercises, scales, studies, and pieces in hand.

"More work," some teachers may say, "and nothing for it!"

Now, there ought to be more than the love of money-making in music-teaching. Besides if you could surround yourself with more enthusiastic pupils, would you not make the effort? It would be more enjoyable for you to teach such pupils and they will stay longer with you, because they would find more in music to learn than merely some tinkling pieces. Furthermore, such work in their behalf would endear you to your pupils. After all, it will pay in the end. Not only private teachers, but also music-schools, ought to have class-meetings.

Now I will explain one way of arranging the programs for such class-meetings, which can occur at any interval the teacher sees fit to have them (every two to four weeks), whenever some of the pupils are prepared for one. It is not meant that all pupils must participate, only those who have something to contribute to the occasion. These are not recitals, which are good in themselves, and indispensable, but in them the spirit of self-glorification pervades.

In class-meetings the study of a composer or a particular work of his is put in the foreground. Suppose you wished to have Schubert for the subject of the meeting. First of all, you would have a biographical sketch of the composer. You need not go to the trouble of writing an essay, for there are many excellent works which will relieve you of even that exertion. For example, W. S. B. Mathews' "The Great in Music," "Music, its Ideals and Methods," "How to Understand Music," and "The Masters and their Music." Or if you wish to have a specially famous work (a symphony, oratorio, or cantata) of a composer performed and explained, the works of George P. Upton will be of great assistance, viz.: "The Standard Operas," "The Standard Symphonies," "The Standard Oratorios," or "The Standard Cantatas." Symphonies are best played in four- or eight-hand arrangements.

The class-meetings are therefore unexcelled opportunities for ensemble playing. This creates sociability among pupils; many a lasting and useful friendship is formed, promoting the good and happiness of two persons having a passion for the study of music. The solos to follow the reading should be confined to such music as the pupils have been studying, and consequently will be an inducement to review music previously learned.

The time of a meeting should be from sixty to ninety minutes. If there is time for it, have one of those useful "Talks" found in Tapper's books, for example, "Chats with Music-Students" and "The Music-Life and How to Succeed in it." After such an article a miscellaneous program may follow in which industrious pupils may be permitted to play some numbers. A teacher can divide his pupils into a senior and junior class. Naturally the mode of addressing the junior class will be somewhat different from that of the senior. There are many works to assist the teacher in this; Allen, "Germany's Famous Composers"; Barnard, "The Tonemasters"; Crawford and Chapin, "Letters from Great Musicians to Young People"; Tapper, "Pictures from the Lives of Great Composers for Children"; Tapper, "Music Talks with Children"; Tapper, "The Child's Music-World"; Lillie, "The Story of Music and Musicians for Young Readers"; Macy, "Young People's History of Music." Enough material to select from. If you want more, then get Scribner's musical-literature list. There are many articles in THE ETUDE which may be used for such purposes. Let a pupil read the portion you may assign to him or her. Giving the information to the assembled class is much more forcible than if you would give it to each individual in private instruction. You get the undivided attention of all, and engender a contagious enthusiasm upon which all progress depends.

These class-meetings are not only good for the small towns, but also for the large ones, where pupils can have the opportunity of hearing symphonies and grand operas performed. If the symphony orchestra of your city would perform a Beethoven symphony, for instance, then you could have that work played in duet arrangement beforehand and accompany it with readings from the following books of analysis: Grove, "Beethoven and His Nine Symphonies." Elterlein, "Beethoven's Symphonies in Their Ideal Significance. Taetgen, "Beethoven's Symphonies"; or Goepp, "Symphonies and Their Meaning." And thus in all similar cases.

In short, there is a great field to work upon to prevent the teacher from getting rusty. Music-teaching means more than merely giving a technical training, it means to educate. These class-meetings need not be limited to the pupils, each may bring a guest. Some of the seed that you thus scatter may fall upon the wayside and stony places, but some of it upon good ground and bring forth plentiful fruit.

REFLECTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.

BY LOUIS ARTHUR RUSSELL.

III.

TECHNIC.

THE thought of technic is most depressing to the average piano-student, yet this essential item in his studies is far from being dry and uninteresting if properly taught.

For what do you study technic? What, indeed, is technic?

Technic is the mechanical means of expressing an art. It includes everything the musical executant uses in his performances except spirit, which is apart from the purely technical items as a sculptor's conception and ideal are apart from his chisel and mallet.

In pianoforte-playing the technic of the player is his "chest of tools"; it is the means at his disposal through which he may reveal the spirit of a composer, as recorded in cold notes on the music-page. A mechanic (artisan) takes great pride in his "kit" of tools and his ability to use the best and most approved appliances in his craft. I do not think that any intelligent workman considers his tools and the use of them superior to the work which they produce, but he certainly knows that his best work is done with least effort, only with the best obtainable tools. Will you then, my piano-student friend, dream of so wonderful a thing as pianoforte-playing as a thing that can be as well done with poor tools as with good ones? Consider a moment the following:

Paderewski is a great piano-player. He demands the best piano he can secure, and it is made for him. He can play any scale, in any way, and at any required speed. He can play any sort of an arpeggio. He can play double thirds, double sixths, octaves, chords, wide skips, etc., at almost any rate of speed. He can play legato or staccato, a singing tone, a *leggiero* run, or the most quiet hymn-tune-like passage. He can produce a great variety of tone-colors from the pianoforte, as required. He can play with great power, or he can caress the piano till it hums as softly and placidly as a purring kitten sleeping on your knee.

Do you think this is all spirit? Well, let me tell you most positively, 'tis not! Paderewski spent years of toil in developing that "dreadful thing," technic. And, if he had not done so, that beautiful, musical spirit of his would have failed to utter itself before the world.

Yes, the most exquisite musical genius needs every possible aid technic can give it, else it would often limp where it must needs bound along with perfect facility, knowing no restraint because of mechanical difficulty, but feeling ever freed from all fetters, able to express itself at once with native promptness, as a rushing torrent of tone or as a simple prattling

brooklet of melody. Will you then expect to do without "sharp tools" in *your* piano-playing?

If you wish to play piano you will need to know the major, minor, and chromatic scales, and the various chords with their arpeggios, for these form the basis of musical thoughts, as expressed upon the pianoforte. You will need to know and to be able to play a melody in staccato or legato. You will need to have a clear conception of what a phrase is, and how to deliver one. You will need to know a wrist hammer-stroke from a wrist bounding-touch, a finger or wrist flexing staccato from a hammer stroke-touch, an overlapping legato from a true purling touch, etc., etc. You will need to know how to gain power without stiffness; how to gain elasticity without weakening your touch; how to make a piano sing, or to declaim dramatically; how to know where the limit is, which defines power, without stiffening strain. Yes, and many more delightful bits of knowledge make the piano-student's life a busy and an interesting one.

All of this goes hand in hand with music, and may be studied alongside of what we call repertoire, or what the student usually names "pieces," so that the acquirement of technic is made, not a drudgery, but a continuance of intellectual and musical delight, making a pleasure of doing well the work of the hour, as the worker prepares himself for a higher work on the morrow.

No parrot speech in this; no "learning of pieces" alone, but the real study of pianoforte-music and of pianoforte-playing.

THE YOUNG MAN IN MUSIC.

BY HARVEY WICKHAM.

SHALL the young man enter the musical profession? Several things are to be considered before we can answer the question in the affirmative. The first is: can he make the calling a profitable investment?

I have an innate prejudice against things which do not pay. No matter how glowing the prospectus may be, if an undertaking is unable to balance its accounts with the treasurer, if it is unable to stand on its own monetary legs, so to speak, I am prone to regard it with suspicion. You must show me special reasons for the existence of an institution which is in debt, for the great laws of human need find a remarkably clear reflection in the cash-book, prominent exceptions to the contrary notwithstanding. Consequently, if music be not a good investment, I advise the young man to have nothing to do with it, outside of leisure moments.

But it is a good investment—sometimes. Did you never see a merchant succeed notwithstanding the fact that his predecessor on the same site failed most completely? One finds profit where another finds loss. There is gain in any business for the right man. The young man in music must be the right man. He must be a musician, both by nature and education. He need not be phenomenal in either respect. A man is justified in keeping a dry-goods store, even though he have neither the capital nor the ability of a Wanamaker. Most of us would be unremarked and unremarkable anywhere. In no position can the average man hope to do the work of the exceptional man. If a musician is poor and inefficient, perhaps the blame need not be laid at the door of the muse.

I have said that the young musician must be a musician by nature. He seldom fails in this respect. It is a rare thing to find men, unmusical by nature, practicing the profession, except those who have a business talent so pronounced that they would succeed financially in any undertaking. I would like to weed these men out if I could, for they do not a little harm to others, and would do as much good to themselves along lines for which they are better fitted.

But most would-be artists are really artists—in the rough. The great mistake is made in the polishing. So much is poor polishing, or no polishing. Everybody is likely to jump to the conclusion that he has a good education, musical and general. Let everybody ask himself this question: "If I have a good education, where did I get it?" It certainly never can have come of itself. Have you studied long and faithfully under instructors of recognized competence? Have you supplemented instruction with earnest and systematic self-investigation and inquiry? Have you topped off all with hard-earned experience? If not, what reason have you to think that you have a musician's education? Experience is something you cannot begin with, it is true, but you are a mere beginner till you have at least a little of it. It does not matter how lavish Nature has been, the young man would better keep out of music unless he is prepared to supplement talent with culture.

Education need not stop short with art. A general business education is needed by every man of to-day. The music-teacher who cannot keep an account-book, who does not know the difference between a certified and an ordinary check, who does not know how to protest a promissory note, nor that a contract is void without a valuable consideration is ill fitted for life. It is not so much the need of the facts, though they are very useful things to know, but the need of the broadening effect which knowledge of the world and the world's ways gives the learner. In the course of obtaining a modicum of worldly knowledge, one picks up a great deal of worldly wisdom! He learns something about business men while mastering a few of the intricacies of business methods. Besides, these methods, mechanical as they appear, have a powerful and beneficent effect on the character. The discipline at West Point has an effect upon every fiber of the cadets. They are different men because they have to appear on parade with every button on, doubt it not. The little trifles of existence strike deep roots into our souls.

For the young man who has a soul sympathetic to

sounds, who has disciplined his perceptions and obtained a working knowledge of the ways of men in business, there is plenty of room in music. Privations in plenty he will find. So does the young banker,—or the horse-jockey, for that matter. He will have to endure the indifference, perhaps the contempt of some men. So does the President of the United States. He will have to work hard and long. So does the itinerant tramp. The musical profession needs the bright young man. He will find a welcome and a reward.

ECONOMY FOR THE ADVANCED STUDENT AND THE TEACHER.

BY EDWARD HALE.

I IMAGINE I shall carry most teachers with me when I say that there is no minor problem I would sooner have solved for me than this: How may I play as much and as well as I want to with the limited time and gifts I have at my disposal? Not that I am extravagant in my ambition. I want simply to know by heart and artistically play whatever I give my pupils. And, once or twice in the season, master a program such as a teacher of the pianoforte ought to do once in a while.

Part of the problem arises from my stubborn unwillingness to practice. Not that I do not like to, for I do, very much; but because an hour of mental alertness is so precious! and I have so much use for it! And then practice yields so little beyond technic.

These things haunt me, and I find a systematic attempt to analyze the situation always results in some fresh light to me. Possibly it would to the other teacher or student.

In the first place, then, I must not be in the least at sea about what it is I am driving at. This applies to a year's work, a life's work, and to the passage I am just at this moment practicing. I practice to-day for to-morrow and for next year. I am working now on a piece I do not expect to put on a program for a couple of years, until it ripens. I have in mind what I will do ten years hence.

In the piece I am just now to work upon I first of all nail the difficult passages; then I nail the spot in each where the difficulty lies, pare off all the rest, and practice the difficulty alone. And, first, when I have got it cornered, I inquire whether or not I have had the same thing before; and sometimes I find that I really have this technical element stowed away in a corner of my head. Before I attack it in this new guise I go back and refresh it as it stood in the work I learned years ago. It's a trick that will save the thoughtful student hours of precious time. But now and then when I have stripped the difficulty to its core, I discover that it demands something I haven't in my technic, at least in a shape finished enough to cope with it successfully. Then I leave the passage for a time and focus my industry and experience upon getting as soon as possible what I need.

Now, this deficiency nearly always concerns the fourth and fifth fingers. So I accept the hint and daily practice an exercise which rehearses those and the third finger in all the movements they have to make. For I know that, upon that day when I shall have brought them up to the level of my best fingers, I shall play as well as I ever care to.

This detailed practice needs supplementing; for which I provide, for one thing, in this way: Whenever I can spare the hour from the more pressing day's work, I play a program. That is, I choose a group of pieces I have in hand, and make as good a performance of them as I can. And I have an idea that that is the best simple thing I do in my piano-study.

The notes before me contain one other suggestion which I want to put down here; for I have before my mind the fellow-teacher and the advanced student, whom I imagine to be pressed for time and studying economy as I am.

There is a fellow-student of mine gifted with a mind of extraordinary swiftness of movement. What I have to dwell upon he siezes instantly; intricacies scarcely exist for him; he knows always just what he is doing. Practice, with him, avails to the fullest extent. Now, the problem is: how shall I eliminate the difference between us,—how shall I make my practice avail as his does? His avails because there is a perfectly definite design in everything he does at the keyboard. Can I attain that? Yes, when I reduce the thing I want to do to the needed simplicity. Of course, there will be always this difference between us that his simplicity is so different from mine; he will be always accomplishing more in a given time than I.

But with that I have nothing whatever to do; it is a difference in congenital gifts; my one task is to make the quality of my work as good as his or any man's. I simply want to make the best I can out of the stuff, as Jean Paul said. And if I am never to drive many nails I will at least see that I hit the particular nail at the moment challenging me exactly on the head, and hit it as hard as I can. I know that if my brilliant friend did not so hit his nails even he would never get anywhere. He gets there because he hits. And so will I!

MANY musical students make the mistake of their lives by commencing teaching and other professional work before their own musical studies are completed. It is a sore temptation to a talented young musician not to break off in the middle of his studies and plunge into the maelström of money-making, when pupils, church-work, and concert engagements are offerred to him. In the case of the doctor, lawyer, or dentist, the law protects the half-fledged student and the public as well, because it will not allow him to practice until he has obtained his degree.

TECHNICAL PHASES OF PIANO-PLAYING.

BY EMIL LIEBLING.

An article which is to deal with the whys and wherefores which actuate different artists in the physical peculiarities and varieties of attacking and presenting pianistic work will necessarily leave scope for great diversity of opinion, for "*de gustibus non est disputandum*," and even doctors disagree. Still there must be some underlying cause or principle, so elastic in character as to change and shift readily in its application to individual cases.

Differences in Hands.

The difference in hands has considerable to do with the manner of using them, and yet it seems as if hands of all descriptions, sizes, and shapes have been made to play well provided the right man (or woman) was behind the gun. Tausig, Pinner, and von Bülow had small hands; Godowsky, de Pachmann, and Joseffy do not wear number eight gloves; Rubinstein's hand was large and ample, and very fleshy, and d'Albert's resembles his in that respect. Joseffy's hands make up in width what they lack in finger-length. The possessor of a very small hand, like Mr. Sherwood, is necessarily forced to resort to many peculiar motions in order to encompass stretches and skips, which Mr. Seeboeck, for instance, could easily reach. Madame Carreño's hands and arms are solid and heavy and in marked contrast to the technical outfit of Madame Bloomfield-Zeisler, which presents the very opposite features; one might go on *ad infinitum*, and yet all these artists play splendidly and have their own ways of doing it. Take Paderewski, for instance: His hands are muscular, the fingers long and slender, yet he controls the whole gamut of dynamic shadings from the force of a sledge hammer to a zephyr-like whisper.

In the Public Eye.

To some extent all artists are actors as well as poseurs, and are driven to that expedient largely by the audience. Men like Rosenthal, who disdain the half-darkened stage, the halo of long hair, who appear on the stage and seat themselves at the piano in a quiet, business-like manner, deprive themselves greatly of the halo and glamour which a little eccentricity and skillful stage management engender; but, after all, one is only too willing to consider the incidental chicanery and mannerisms a necessary evil and put up with it, provided the performance is satisfactory, and de Pachmann's nonsense is only tolerated, because, after all, when he settles down to his work, it is nobly done; the self-restraint which characterizes Rosenthal's appearance applies also to Godowsky; this rare artist, however, lacks the physical force of Rosenthal and in that way does not play to the gallery with the same effect.

There is an endless amount of entirely needless juggling with the keys in the playing of most all performers. After the key has been struck and is held down no amount of squeezing, jiggling, or moving of finger, arm, or wrist makes the slightest difference, and yet we are constantly treated to gymnastic gyrations which have no earthly bearing on the actual performance. Of course, when a grand effect is intended, we expect to see as well as hear a grand effort, and the visual sensation has everything to do with the tonal results. We hear an opera better, when using the opera-glass, because the singers are brought nearer to us, and we see them sing; similarly do we receive a different perception of force, when we see the arms brought up high in the air, and then descend rapidly and land the hands on the keyboard with unerring strength and precision.

Great Power from Hard Practice.

To produce just that orchestral and strident effect (as in the second theme of Liszt's etude, "Die Wilde Jagd") all artists preserve a rigid attitude of all muscles from the finger-tips to the shoulder and use the entire combination like a sledge-hammer, not pausing in the descent, nor relaxing until after the stroke. This sort of playing is comparatively modern and was probably not used by the older virtuosi, who would otherwise have reduced the instruments of their period to kindling-wood very quickly. Rosenthal combines with this arm-movement a peculiar snapping of the wrist, something like the cracking of a whip, which, in his case, probably serves to relax the muscular tension.

But all these tight-rope walkers of virtuosity, these Blondins of the piano, do such prodigious practice as ordinary mortals never conceive of. These Kubeliks and other comets of the concert stage saw wood at the rate of 25 hours a day and 61 minutes to the hour, and never ask: How long will it take? Nor do they propose to accomplish day before yesterday's task on the day after to-morrow! The endless toil goes right along, and in that way they not only ascertain what they can do best, but also the manner in which that specialty can most easily be mastered, and these individual peculiarities fit their own cases only, and often form dangerous precedents for others to follow.

They do not disdain to study a finale from a Liszt Rhapsody for years before presenting it to the public (Carreño), nor to retire from publicity for six or eight years after graduating with highest honors from a Vienna conservatory in order to file away unremittingly at their technical deficiencies, real or fancied, until the high and ideal standard of their own goal is reached (de Pachmann). These artists study a task for two years, which it takes fifteen minutes to perform, and consider the time well spent and themselves lucky to have accomplished so much in so short a time; they practice risky and ticklish places in the "Don Juan Fantasia" and Campanella until the element of chance is totally eliminated; certain jumps as in the Chopin variations, opus 2,

and the etudes, opus 25, Nos. 1 and 3, also at the end of the scherzo opus 31, and the scherzo from the sonata, opus 35, in certain Scarlatti movements, at the end of the first Schumann "Kreisleriana" number, and the coda of the fantasie, opus 17, also in some older compositions by Willmers and Moscheles, are attacked unhesitatingly and played with perfect composure and absolute correctness.

Selection of Technic.

The exigencies of the task often suggest the only possible technical solution; where, for instance, the harmonies fairly crawl along, as if in a fog after the second intermezzo in "Kreisleriana," No. 2, we use the fingers accordingly, low down, with something of the kneading organ-touch; that all Bach is played with a high, clear, hammer-like finger-stroke goes without saying, for in no other way can that automatic precision be obtained, which alone insures correct polyphonic playing. Where sentiment is involved, a clinging pressure is exerted, and many motions are resorted to in order to secure variety of tonal effects; in the half-staccato chords, which form one of the variations in Chopin's berceuse, a bright and glassy effect is simulated by a participation of the forearm, instead of using the wrist alone; such selections as Mendelssohn's scherzo, opus 16, No. 2, are, so to speak, played entirely in the air, with the lightest possible wrist-staccato; the marvelous lightning-like rapidity of Madame Zeisler's runs is often aided by a decided raising of the wrist and the fingers seem then to be in the best possible position to accomplish the desired effect and result.

In Schumann's "*Des Abends*" the player should utilize a low position and play well into the piano, avoiding all side-motions and keeping the fingers almost entirely in actual touch with the keyboard, making up by pressure what s lost by the lack of stroke. Chopin's nocturnes often require lengthened and curved finger-positions in quick succession, according to the required expression; light cadenzas usually involve curved fingers, arpeggio-work demands as well a horizontal position as the utmost freedom in other motions largely depending upon the shape of the hands, and no general rule can be given for the execution of such pieces as Chopin's etude, opus 25, No. 1, in which many performers are obliged to poise and support the hand almost entirely on the little finger while the rest of the palm is in nearly a perpendicular position, while larger and wider hands can preserve more unity of condition. Broken-chord passages, such as we encounter at the beginning of the finale in Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, are best played with quiet and horizontal position of the hand, taking care to keep the thumb well over the keys; in all selections involving wide spreads—Liszt's "*Waldesrauschen*," etc.—the remarks given above in connection with the Chopin etude, opus 25, No. 1, will equally apply. Continued wrist-octaves are often facilitated by shifting periodically from a low to a comparatively high position of the wrist, and this expedient is often resorted to advantageously in Rubinstein's staccato etude, Liszt's "Erl-King," Godard's "*En Route*," and the middle portion of Chopin's polonaise, opus 53.

Of great importance is the upward arm-movement in pieces which commence with an unfinished measure: Schumann's "Faschings-schwank," "Grillen," and seventh novellette, and the opening of Mendelssohn's concerto, opus 25, illustrate this point well; the eye of the hearer readily perceives the movement, and if the following measure is then played with proper accent, the rhythmic *rapport* is successfully established, without which the listener is completely at sea in regard to the proper time-beat. Where sudden contrasts are required, as in the scherzo of Beethoven's sonata, opus 31, No. 3, and in the third variation from sonata, opus 26, a sudden stiffening of the muscles, coupled with an elastic arm-stroke, is in order. Often we introduce the beginning of a melody with a forearm movement effectively instead of using only the fingers, as in Neupert's etude in F, and Brassin's nocturne, opus 17; legato passages in double thirds are played with perfect quietude, the hand slightly turned in the direction toward which it is going; all unnecessary swaying motions of the body are to be avoided without, however, encouraging an ungraceful rigor; de Pachmann invests a mazurka or waltz with a peculiar charm by a slight sympathetic movement of the body, but with him it is an accepted part of the whole show, and he is so utterly *sui generis* that we gladly condone the offense.

Strongly to be condemned are the excesses of brute force and unwarranted changes of rhythm which characterize the performances of many great artists; but here again we must remember that "*quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi*" and that it would be as stupid to apply the tape-measure of conventional pedagogic requirements to a Paderewski as to imitate his offenses. It is just as well on such occasions to temporarily dispense with our critical acumen, lean back, thank Providence and our stars for giving us this star, and mentally exclaim: "Go in, good boy; hit 'em again." But the result is deplorable when tyros like Gabrilowitsch and Hambourg set tradition and sanity aside and inflict technically imperfect and mentally unbalanced performances on us. With these weaker vessels the extraordinary St. Vitus-like movements of the hands continue incessantly without rhyme or reason, and they disregard the fact that it is only what we do before and while we strike that affects the tone, and that, when the key is once pressed down and bottom is struck, nothing more can be done.

Strictly speaking, there is hardly a performance by a virtuoso which is not open to condemnation on rhythmical grounds, but it really seems as if the very extravagancies which are so offensive to the trained listener form the basis for the success with the audience at large, and after all one person's owl is another's nightingale and "*wer vieles giebt, kann jedem etwas geben.*" The truest test lies in the atmos-

phere created by the artist for the listener, and in this indispensable requirement, many fail while others glory in imperishable fame; it is in this regard that the strong objective players of the Rubinstein type excel, while the followers of the analytical and subjective von Bülow school suffer by comparison; intellectual pleasures may last longer than those of sensuous emotionality, but who would not rather enjoy the frenetic plaudits of an enthusiastic audience, wild with excitement, than the rational retrospect and deliberate attitude of the reasoning *cognoscenti;* from the box-office point of view the former success likewise yields much more satisfactory and telling results, as evidenced by Kubelik's present experience in America.

Where we desire to emphasize the ending of one phrase, and the commencement of a new sentence, a deliberate raising of the arm is of great assistance and makes the division more intelligible to the listener. There are some peculiar *portamento* effects in compositions of the character of Liszt's D-flat "Consolation" and "*Cantique d'Amour*" where the same fingering is employed for continued double thirds or melody-notes; in such instances we use the whole forearm as a reinforcement of the hand, which is really active while the fingers are comparatively passive, yet firmly held. The position of the pianist should be reasonably quiet, the face should not be poised over the keys, nor is it good form to emphasize the difficulty of a passage by an upward jerk of the hand at its conclusion, with a corresponding oscillation of the head in the opposite direction. We rarely hear a perfect legato nowadays, but are usually treated to a semistaccato with obligato pedal and an immoderate use of the soft pedal, and it almost seems that an artist who plays a pure legato is relegated by the patronizing critic of the day to the days of Hummel, Moscheles, *et al.*, and yet this very quality is extolled in the work of singers and violinists.

No Cut and Dried Methods of Selection.

It is thus evidenced that circumstances govern cases; those who claim to have rigid and cut-and-dried methods for each exigency are like the doctors whose patients die after a successful operation; it is like pronouncing the word either—you can say eether, or ither, and whichever you use somebody will make you wish that you had said the other; some use a high wrist, and some the low, and most of them ought not to attempt using theirs at all. Some of the best work is done by unconscious volition; you ask the artist and he answers: "*Je ne sais quoi.*" He is like the darkey at the hotel who picks out your hat from five hundred others, not because he knows that it is yours, but because you gave it to him. Call it what you will,—instinct, talent, aptitude, or genius,—some have it, and others never can acquire it; perhaps it is Kismet. We heard a little 17-year-old girl here a few weeks ago who played a tremendous program superbly and seemingly had nothing more to learn, while only last week I attended an exhibition of very poor piano-playing by a lady who, chronologically speaking, has had ample time to do better, and there you are! When I studied in Berlin many years ago Ehrlich made the same point in regard to Anna Mehlig, who was just beginning to attract attention, and who at the age of 16 played with dazzling technical facility; practice will do much, but not everything, and we all remember Josef Hofmann at a tender age. I have never forgotten a masterly performance of the Bach-Liszt "G-minor Fantasie and Fugue" by Adele Aus der Ohe at the age of 13, and of Chopin's E-minor concerto by Joseffy at 16. Most of us are apprentices until we are 50, and find it a hard C. O. D. world; some drop out, some are knocked out, while others are forced out, and I pity the many who are completely out, and do not know it, and their name in the profession is legion.

Careful Study.

There is a disposition to underrate the difficulty of the task, and we do not place the blame of failure where it really belongs, and often we practice a seemingly easy selection like the Boccherini menuet for a month and then wonder why we cannot accomplish it, instead of thoroughly investigating the real state of affairs right at the beginning and saving valuable time in the end thereby; there are many performers who play neither well enough nor badly enough to interest us; they are on a level of dull, respectable commonplace mediocrity; to this category belong the people who give "functions" at fashionable hotels under patronage of society people, and whose advertisements refer more to their teachers than themselves; with them it matters but little what and how they play; but with earnest students the how is a matter of much concern, and I trust that the above desultory hints will prove of service.

When you play Schubert's "*Du bist die Ruh*" look the very repose which is intended, whereas Kullak's arrangement of Lützow's "Wilde Jagd," with its bugle-calls and cavalry charge, necessitates a visible staccato and violent treatment in accordance with the score.

Variety is the spice of life and furnishes the condiment which seasons the common gruel of existence; interpretation is largely individual, and many sins are committed in the name of tradition; the means of interpreting are also unlimited and cannot be devised accurately. I have read the preceding articles in The Etude on the same topic with interest; the writers gave their own experiences, which makes good reading, but is hardly convincing; when all is said and done, each performer is apt to make his own selection from the bill of fare at hand. In listening to an artist, judge him by his best efforts only, for they furnish the correct criterion; where there are strong lights, there must be also powerful shadows.

THE ORGANIST AS A COLORIST.

BY WILLIAM BENBOW.

EDUCATION in musical color if left generally to the hap-hazard process of unconscious tuition. So far as the general public is concerned, the brass band, the theater orchestra, and the pipe-organ offer the usual means by which the people absorb some notion of the difference in the quality of tones. In comparison with the others, the organ has one advantage in being able to present four-part harmony in one homogeneous color.

For example, one can play the tune "Hursley" with a uniform flute quality on the organ. How could it be done in the band or orchestra? For almost all practical needs the different individual stops "run through," and so have a much larger range than the corresponding orchestral instruments. And this point is emphasized when we consider the different colors of tone produced by the same instrument; for example, the tones of the violin G and E strings. Compare any string stop—take the Geigen Principal—and the greater homogeneity will be apparent at once.

In making such comparison there is no thought of claiming that the violin stop is an exact imitation of the color of the orchestral violin. Every string stop of the organ has its own tint or hue, just as each string of the violin has.

THE ORGAN HAS ITS OWN COLOR.

And a combination of all the string stops of the average three-manual organ gives a rich color-scheme *sui generis*. The small scale and winding of the pipes bring out those upper partial notes that give the tones their thin and incisive quality. And if we take a broad sostenuto 'cello passage and play it on the organ with the combined eight-foot string stops, the similarity in timbre will be marked.

With the means at his command, there is no reason why the organist should strive to imitate orchestral colors except in transcriptions from orchestral scores. The different hues of string, reed, flute, and organ-colors should furnish him material enough to make endless color-schemes. And the modern tendency toward making the whole organ a swell organ adds to the possibilities of giving expression to the voices of each manual in solo or harmony passages. The swell pedal already permits us to make a fairly good accent, no doubt it will be further improved, to become more immediately responsive to sudden dynamic changes.

REGISTRATION FOR COLOR.

Every student is forewarned that there is a great temptation for the church organist to fall into a rut in the matter of registration. The demands of the usual church-service soon show him that there is a certain combination that serves as a normal one for the majority of purposes, and which will permit him to make changes without too much manipulation of mechanical accessories. Furthermore, the services of the non-liturgical churches will easily confirm him in this habit. For ordinarily the prelude is played under untoward circumstances, the people coming into church, removing garments, getting their books ready for the service, etc.; and this indifferent atmosphere reacts upon the organist. As the most natural consequence, he soon slips into a habit of choosing preludes that do not demand too many changes in registration. This is true of the postlude, too. And the hymns, as sung by the average congregation, leave little opportunity for much change in color. In fact, the organist of such a church finds his most encouraging moment in accompanying the choir in responses and anthems. It happens also that the anthem is the one point of the service when the audience is in the proper attitude of quiet and attention to take in the color-effects. An organ-solo during the collection gives the same chance.

Happily, there is a growing appreciation of fuller liturgical services among all denominations. And the different responses, versicles, and even amens give the organist a fine occasion to use various color-masses. The great danger is that he may be content to play his accompaniments in the same brown color throughout, especially if the congregation attempts to join in the singing. Unfortunately, too many fall into this "cathedral" habit and rely upon the combination pedals to vary the volume of sound, without giving much heed to the difference in color. The fatal facility of the great crescendo pedal simply aggravates this tendency to magnify the dynamics of the organ as over against its color-possibilities.

MECHANICAL AIDS TO COLOR.

Another habit that helps to neutralize the distinctively color contrasts is that of coupling the manuals too much. The organist feels that it is only by coupling with manuals having a swell pedal that he can produce any crescendo and diminuendo. And the more expressively he wishes to play, the more likely he is to rebel against the solid dynamic level of tone of the manuals unconnected with a swell mechanism. Here it becomes a question whether he shall registrate for greater expressional possibilities or for greater color-variations.

In saying these things we are not forgetting that the use of the great crescendo pedal and of the couplers does affect the coloring, but we wish to accentuate the point that their effects are not perceived as color-effects, but rather as variations in intensity.

The trend toward adding to the organ more varieties of string and flute registers makes it more possible for the organist to present the most agreeable contrasts in color by keeping the manuals uncoupled and giving each a color-mass of its own. It might be practicable for us to suggest to the modern organ-builder that the organist would be grateful for a set of combination pedals or pistons to operate different color-masses, just as large organs now have their reeds on separate accessories.

THE UNSATISFACTORY PUPIL AND HIS LACK OF INNATE RHYTHM.

BY CHARLES W. LANDON.

THERE are two classes of poor timists, those who have naturally a feeble sense of rhythm, and those who do not take the trouble to guide their playing by the inner rhythmic sense. Pupils of the former class can develop a true rhythmic sense, but it must be done systematically. Outside help, as the ticking of a metronome or counting aloud, is of little value; the development must be from within. The special and ever-present aim in every lesson and in the daily practice must be the unfolding of the inner rhythmic feeling.

Every exercise must be played with accent and for evenness of note-lengths. In every musical person music awakens a more or less strong feeling of time, a rhythmic beating that keeps pace with the tempo in which the piece is being performed. When a pupil is playing he must be taught to rely upon this inner feeling of time-beats for the dividing of the note-values he is playing. But he can only do this by giving his first attention to the feeling, and his next to calculating note-values and making them conform to the inner metronome.

Not only must all exercises, scales, and arpeggios be played with counts, and especially with accents, making the tones between the accents soft,—and much attention should be given this point,—but, if there is more than one note to a beat, his eyes must rest on the next note of the beat that takes the count, and then instantly seek out the next count note, meantime resting firmly on the inner rhythmic beat for a true regularity of counting. If the notes are of various lengths, as in etudes and in pieces, his special endeavor must be to place the counts on the correct notes in each measure, relying on the inner sense of rhythm for doing this evenly, while he thinks out the note-value to get it correct as to time.

Pupils of the second class do not take the trouble to think out note-values, but heedlessly play on, careless whether they play true time-lengths or not. In their case it is inexcusable laziness. They hate the trouble of counting aloud. When they do count it is a mere thoughtless "one, two, three, four," without painstaking accuracy to give to each note and rest its own value. It is useless to count aloud unless the pupil measures off the notes by his counts, mentally calculating the exact length of every note he plays, and bringing it to a true time by the help of his feeling of rhythm. Pupils of this class have the inner feeling of rhythm, but are too indolent to measure their work by it.

The former kind of pupils need at first much work in notes of even lengths, as etudes all in sixteenths, etc., playing with extra-strong accents for the express purpose of strengthening the inward feeling of rhythm. Give pieces that have a strong rhythm, such as marches and waltzes with a pronounced dance-feeling and pieces of a vigorous and bold style, such as "Witches' Dance," by Concone; "Louis XV Minuet" and "Persian March," both by de Kontski; Mendelssohn's "Wedding March"; and even such pieces as Blake's "Waves of the Ocean" galop, and "Galop de Diable" by Ludovic. Four-hand playing of pieces with marked accent is valuable to pupils, especially etudes and pieces in which the notes are of various lengths. The inner rhythmic feeling is of great value in such cases.

For instance, the pupil has been playing several measures with an easy accompaniment in eighth notes, and now comes to a short passage of quarter notes only or *vice versâ*, and makes the notes all of the former length. This shows that he played not from the inner feeling of rhythm, but by the outward sense of hearing notes sound regularly. Such a pupil needs to be shown the distinction and difference.

Although everything except rhythm that goes to make up the best playing may be present to the fullest degree, if that is lacking all the rest is worthless, for we get our understanding and enjoyment of a piece by and through rhythm. As the arch will not stand without its keystone, so a musical performance must have an evident rhythm or it is unintelligible and will give no pleasure. The amount of enthusiasm at a piano-recital is in direct ratio to the artistic uses the player has made of rhythmic influences, both in the standard beats and expressed accents of the given measure, and in the larger and broader rhythm of light and shade and climax within the phrase, and the sweeping contrasts from *ppp* to *fff*. Beautiful touch, exquisite phrasing, perfect accuracy, and all that go to make up the ideal artist are useless unless he is master of and makes evident the rhythmic possibilities in his program-numbers.

The pupil who is a poor timist should practice especially to develop his rhythmic sense. If he often stops counting when he is taking a lesson, it is because he practices too much without it, and a good way to break him of it is to let him finish the phrase, or wait until he comes to a halt or makes a mistake in time; then start him back at the measure where he left off counting aloud. Doing it over again with counts he will take as your means of being sure that he shall always count aloud.

Every teacher has some pupils who are a continual disappointment; they never play musically, have a good touch, play fast enough, seem to have almost every essential for a good player, yet never play musically. It took the writer many years to discover that the fault was a lack of rhythmic feeling. The past few years he has succeeded in making acceptable players of this class of pupils by working on the above lines.

Much of the attempted rubato which we hear is as crude and coarse as whittling with a jack knife when compared with the delicate and refined carving upon hard wood with the best modern tools.

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